# THE LIFE AND ACTS

Of the most victorious Conquerour

## *ROBERT BRUCE*

King of Scotland.

Wherein also are contained the Martiall deeds of the valiant Princes: *Edward Bruce*, Sir *James Dowglas*, Earle *Thomas Randell*, *Walter Stewart*, and sundrie others.

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STories to read are delectable,
Supposit they nought containe but fable,
Then sould Stories be soothfast were,
If they be spoken in good manner,
Have double pleasure in hearing:
The first is their pleasant carping,
The other is, their soothfastnesse,
That shewes the thing right as it was.
And soothfast things that are pleasand,
To mens hearing are most pleasand:
Therefore I would fain set my will,
If my wit might suffice thereetill,
To put in write a soothfast Storie,
That it may last in memorie:
Da that no length of time may let,
Nor gar it haslily be forget.
For old Stories that men prieves,
Represents to them the vertues

Of stalward folk that lived air.
Right as they then present wair.
And certes they sould weill have the prise,
That in their time were wight and wise:
And led their life in great travell;
And oft in hard stoure of battell,
Wan right great praise of Chevalrie,
And was boyde of all Cowartrie:
As was King Robert of Scotland,
That hardy was of heart and hand:
And good Sir James of Dowglas,
That in his time so worthie was:
That of his praise and his bountie,
In sundrie lands honour wan he.
Of them I think this book to ma,
Now God of grace, that I may swa
Treit it, and bring it to good ending,
That I say nought but suithfast thing.

When Alexander the King was deid,
That Scotland had to steir and leid,
The land sir yeares, and mair perfay
Lay desolate after his day:
Till all the Barouns at the last
Assemblit them, and that full fast,
To cheise a King the land to steir:
That of the ancestrie Cummin weir,
Of Kings that had that Royaltie.
And had moist right their King to be,
But Invy that is so fellown,
Made among them dissention.
For some would have the Ballioll King,
For he was Cummin of the ouir ayring
Of her, that eldest sister was:
Other some contrarvit that cais:
And said, that he their King sould lie,

That

That was of als neir degrie.
And Cummin was of the first Dale,
And of branches Collateriale.
They said, succession of Quarrie,
Was not till lower state alike:
For there might not succeed a Female,
While founden might be any Male,
That were in lyne even discendand:
They beir all otherwayes in hand.
For then the nirt Cummin of their seed,
Man, or woman should succeed.
By this reason the Lords thought haill,
That the Lord of Annandaill,
Robert the Bruce, Earle of Carrik,
Ought to succeed to the Kinrik.

THe Barons this were in visoord,
And on no manir might accord:
Till at the last they all accordit,
That all their speech should be recordit,
To Sir Edward of England King,
And he should sweir but tarrying,
He should as arbiter declair,
Of the two that I told of air:
Who should succeed to ly on right.
And let him raigne that had the right.
This Ordinance they thought the best,
For at that time was peace and rest
Betwirt Scotland and England baith,
That they could not perceive the skaith,
That toward them was appearand,
For why the King of England
Held such friendship, and covenants,
With their King that was worthie:
They trow'd that he as gud neighbour,
And as friendfull Companzeone.

Would haue iudged in lefe Lawfe,
But otherwife yed all tin giue.

A Folke blinded full of great follies,
Had ye bethought your nurriture,
What perill might to you appeare,
Ye had not wrought in that manere,
Had ye tane kep, how that this King,
Alwayes withoutten faillyeing,
Trauell'd for to win Satyrie,
And through his might did occupie
Lands, that were to him marchand,
As Wales was, and all Ireland,
That he put into fuch thirlage,
That they that were of his Parage,
Should run on foot, as Kibalds all,
When he would ryde folke affaile,
Durft none of Wales in battell ryde,
Nor yet fra Euen tell Aprile
Caftle, nor walled towne within,
But he fhould lith and liuynes tine,
Into fik thirlage them led he,
Whom he ou'rcame with his poufhie,
Ye might fee how fhould occupie
Through flight, that he might not through maiftrie
Had ye tane kepe what was thirlage,
And had conffidred his blage,
That gripped ay but gaine giuing,
Ye fhould without his debylling,
Haue chofen you a King, that might
Haue holden well your land at right.
Wales enfample might haue been
To you, had ye it well fene,
And wife men fay be daynous,
That will thereby himfelf chaftis,
For vnfaire things may fall ouerfay

The morne, as they did yesterday:
But ye trusted unto Fortune,
As simple folk but subtilitie,
And wist not what might after fall:
For in the world that is so wide,
Is none determinate to that shall
Know any thing that's for to fall,
For GOD that is of small Pousie,
Referr'd it to his Majestie,
For to know in his Prescience,
Of things to come the contingence.

In this manner altered were
The Barons (as I said you are)
And through their owne bail content,
Messengers to him they sent.
To th' holy land, then bound was he,
To Saracens to warre surely,
And fra he wist what charge they had,
He buskèd him but more abade,
And to England again is gane,
And left the purpole that he had tane,
And syne to Scotland would fast he,
That they should make an Assemblie,
And he in hie should come to do;
In all things, as they witte him to.
But he thought well through their de bait,
That he should sliely finde some bait,
How that he all the Seniory
Throw his great might should occupy;
And to Robert the Bruce said he;
If thou will hold in chefe of me
For evermore, and thine ost swing;
I shall do so, thou shall be King.
Sir (he said) so God me save,
The Kinrik zarne I nought to haile:

But if it fall of right to me:
And if God will that it so be,
I shall als frely in all thing
Hold it, as longes to a King.
Or as mine elders before me
Held it in freast Royaltie.
The other wyrit him, and swair,
That he should never have it mair:
And turnit him in wraith away,
But Sir John Balliol perfay
Assentit sone to all his will:
Wherethrow after fell meikell ill.
He was King but a little while,
When throw great subtiltie and gyle
For litill encheloun or for nane,
He was arreistit and syne tane,
And degradit sine was he
Of honour and of dignitie.
Whether that it was wrong or right,
God wait it that is most of might.

When Sir Edward the mighty King,
Has on this wapes done his thing,
With John the Balliol, that so sone
Was all degraded and undone:
To Scotland went he then in hy,
And all the land can occupy:
So haill, that both Castle and Towne,
Were all in his possessioun;
From Weik anent Orkney,
To Mulesnuke in Galloway;
And stuffit all with Englishmen
Schireffs, and Baillies made he then,
And all kins other Officers,
That to governe the land affeires,
He made of English Nation,

Then

Then worthit they so feirs and fellonn,
And so wicked and so grievous,
So heyy, and so covetous,
That Scottishmen might do nothing,
That ever might please to their liking.
Their wifes would they oft lp by,
And their daughters despiteously,
And if any thereat were wraith,
They would him wait with a great straith:
For they should soon finde encheloun,
To put him to destruction:
And if any man neir them by,
Had any thing that was worthy,
Hound, or horses, or other thing,
That pleasand was to their liking:
With right, or wrong have it would they,
And if any would them gainsay,
They would so do, that he should tyne,
Either life, or land, or live in pyne:
For they them dammit even at their will,
Takand no keip to right, nor ill.
Alace they dammit them fellounly,
For gwd knights that were worthy,
For little encheloun, and oft for none
Were hanged by the necks like one.
Alace, they sore that ever was free,
And ay in fredome wont to be.
Through their mischance and their follie,
Were thirled then so wickedlie,
That their foes their judges were:
What wickednesse may men have maire?
O how fredome is Noble thing:
For it makes man to have liking.
Fredome all solace to men gives:
He lives at ease that freely lives:

A Noble heart may have none ease,
Nor nought else that may it please,
If fredome failyer: for fre liking
Is parred above all other thing,
Ohe that hath ay lived free:
May not know well the property,
The anger nor the wretched dome,
That is coupled unto thirldome:
But if he had assayed it,
Then all perqueir he might it wit:
And should think fredome more to prise,
Then all the gold men may devise.
For contrarie things ever mare,
Discoverings of the other are:
And he that into thraldome is,
All that he hath in bandoun is,
To his Lord what ever hebe,
Yet he hath not so meckle free,
As fre living to leave or do
It that his heart drawes him to:
And yet Clarks make question,
When they fall in disputation:
If a man had his thirle ought do:
And in the same time came him to
His wife, and asked him his det,
Whether he his wifes need should bet,
And pay first what he ow; and syne
Do forth his Lords commanding:
Or leave his wife unpaide, and do
It that his Lord commanded him to.
I leave all the solution,
To men of more discretion.
But sen they make sik comparing,
Betwirt the debts of wedding,
And Lords bidding to their will thell

Ye may well see though none should tell,
How hard a thing that thraldome is:
For men may well wit that are wise,
That wedding is the hardest band,
That any man may take on hand,
And thraldome is well war then dead;
For while a thirle his life may lead,
It marres him both bodie and banes,
And dead annoyes him not but anes.
Shortly to say, is none to tell
The sore condition of a threll.

THus gate they lived in thrildage
Both poore and rich of hie parage.
For of the Lords some they slew,
And some they hanged, and some they drew;
And some they put into prison,
Withoutten cause or Encheson,
And among other of Dowglas,
Sir VVilliam put in prison was,
That of Dowglas was Lord and Syre,
Of him they have made a Spartyre:
For in prison they him slew,
And his lands that were faire anew,
They to the Lord of Clifford gave,
He left a sonne, a little knave,
That then was but a little page,
And syn came to great vassalage,
His fathers death he venged sa,
That in England I under ta,
Was none in life, but they him dred:
For he so feill in armes sched,
That none that lives can it tell,
So wonder hard things befell,
Till him, or he to state was brought,
But there was none aboutour that mought.

Attoney

Astoney his heart, nor gar it let
To do the thing it was on set.
For that he ay thought earnestly
To do his deed actively.
He thought he was not worthy no weill,
That might not of annoyes feill:
And that for to encheif great things,
With hard travell and barganings,
Should gar his prise ay doubled be:
Therefore in all his lifetime he
Forsoke never pain nor travell,
Nor never would for mischief faile,
To drive the thing even to the end,
And take the chance that God would send.

¶ His name was James of Dowglas,
And when he heard his father was,
Put in prison so felloumly,
And that his lands so baillely
Were given to the Cliffurd, perfay
He wist not what to do, or say.
For he had nothing to dispend,
Nor there was none that ever him kend,
Would do so meikle for him, that he
Might with sufficience founden be.

THus was he wonder will of wane,
And suddenly in heart hes tane,
That he would travell over the sea,
And a while into Paris be,
And dree mischief where none him kend,
While God some succour to him send:
And as he thought, he did right sa,
And soon to Paris can he ga,
And lived there full simplily,
Where that he glad was, and joly,
And to sic exercise oft he yeid:

As

As courte crabes of youth beid,
And whiles in play and vanity,
The whilk sometimes may availze
For knowledge of many estates,
May whiles availze many gates,
As to the god Earle of Artois,
Robert befell into his dayes:
For oft fenzeing of Kinaldie,
Availzeit him and that greatlie.
And Cato sayes intill his writ,
To fenze folp whiles is wit.
In Paris neir three years dwelt he,
And then came tything over the sea,
That his father was done to dead,
Then was he wonder will of read.
And thought that he would home againe,
To loke if he thrive any gaine,
Pight win again his heritage,
And his men quit of all thirlage.

## The first ring of Lord Douglas.

TO Saint Andrews he came in by,
Where the Bishop full courteouslie,
Received him and gart him bear,
His knives, to carve to him, and cheare:
And cled him then full honorably,
And ordainde chamber where he should ly.
A well great while there he lest he,
All men him loved for his vertie:
For he was of full fare effeir,
Wise, courteous, and debonair,
Large, and lobing alse was he:
And over all thing he loved lawtie,
Lawty to love is no follie,
Through lawty lives men right wiselie,

With

With one vertue of lawtie,
A man may yet lamented be:
And but lawtie may none have pris,
Whether that he be wight or wise.
For where it faileth, no vertue,
May be of price, nor of value.
To make a man to good, that he
May simply good man called be,
He was in all his deeds lele:
For he dented not to deal
With trattourie nor with tatel:
His heart on his honour was set:
And him contented on his manner.
That all him loved that were him nere.
But he was not so faire that me,
Should speak greatly of his beauty.
In visage was he some deal gray:
And had black haire (as beard lay)
But then of limmes he was well made,
With banes great and shoulders brade.
His bodie well made, and lenpie,
(As they that saw him nere a tie)
When he was dight, he was lovely:
And merke and sweet in company.
But who so battell might him se,
Another countenance had he:
And in his yeerly lifped some deal,
And that set him full seemer well.
To good Hector of Troy might be
In many things likened he.
Hector had blacke haire as he had,
And stark limmes, and right well made,
And lifped also as did he,
And was fulfill'd of all bounty:
And was courteous, wise and wight,

But

But of manheed and marble might:
To Hector here I nowe compare,
Of all that ever in tweild were:
For in his time so wrought he,
That he should greatly loved be.

HE dwelt there thus till on a tide
The king Edward with mickle pride
Came to Sterling with great mayne:
For to hold there an assemblie,
Hitherward went many a Baroun,
And Bishop William of Lambertoun
Went hither als, and with him was
His Esquyre Iames of Dowglas,
The Bishop led him to the king;
And said Sir, here to you I bring
This Child, that claimes your man to be,
And prayeth you for Charitie,
That ye receive here his homage,
And grant to him his heritage.
What lands claimes he, said the King?
Sir, gif that it be your liking,
He claimes the Lordship of Douglas:
For Lord thereof his father was.
The king then wrothed him angerly,
And said Sir Bishop, listerlis
If thou would keepe thy fealtie,
Thou make no such speaking to me.
His father was my mine fellown,
And died therefore in my presoun:
And was against my Royaltie:
Therefore I ought his airs to be.
Go purches lands where ever he may,
For thereof gets he none perfay.
The Clyfford shall have them, by the,
Ay leifully hes served me:

The Bishop heard him to answer,
And durst then speake to him no mair:
But from his presence went all by,
For he dred sore his fellony:
So that no more he spoke thereto:
But did that he came for to do.
The King in England went againe,
With many men of meikill maine,

LOrdings who likes for to heare,
The Romance now begins here
Of men that were in great distres,
And allayed full great hardynesse,
For they might come to their intent.
But syne our Lord sic grace them sent,
That they sensyne through great valour,
Came to great right, and hie honour,
Magre their foes ever ilk one.
That were so fell, that ay for ane
Of them, they were well a thousand,
But where God helps, who may withstand
Yet if we say the suithfastnes,
They were eir more than they were lesse,
But God that is of meikill might,
Preserued them in his foresight,
To venge the harmes and the contrares,
That they fell folke and oppressares
Did to simple folke and wo thy
That could not save themselves: for thy
They were like to the Maccabees,
That as men in the Bible sees,
Throw their great worthy and valour,
Faught in many a stalwart stour:
For to delyver their Countrie,
Fra folke that thrisy Iniquitie
Held them and theirs into thirlage,

They

They wrought so throw their vassallage,
That with few they had victory
Of mighty kings (as sayes the storie)
And delivered their lands all free,
Wherefore their names should loved be.

THis Lord the Bruce I spoke of air
Saw all the kinrik so forfair,
And so troubled the folk saw he,
That he thereof had great pitie.
But what pity that ever he had,
No countenance thereof he made:
While on a time Sir John Cuming,
As they came riding from Striviling,
Said to him, Sir, will ye not see,
How that governed is this Countrie?
They slew our folk but Encheloun,
And bes this land against reasoun:
And ye thereof Lord should be,
And if that ye will trow to me,
Ye shall thereof gar make you King,
And I shall be in your helping:
With thy, ye give me all the land,
That ye have now into your hand:
And if that ye will not do swa,
For sik a state upon you ta:
All haill my lands shall yours be,
And let me take the state on me,
And bring this land out of this lage,
For there is neither man nor page,
In all this land, but they will be
With us, to make themselves free.
The Lord the Bruce heard his carping,
And weinde he spake but sothfast thing:
And for it liked to his will,
He gave soon his assent theretill.

And

And said, sirs ye will it be swa,
I will blythly upon me ta
The name, for I wote I have right:
And right makes oft the feble wight.

THir Barons thus accorded are,
And that ilk night written were
There Inventours, as thes made,
To hold that they forspoken had.
But over all thing we worthy treasoun:
For there is neither Earle nor Baronn,
Nor Duke, nor Prince, nor King of might,
Though he be never so wise nor wight,
For wit, worship, praise, nor renoun.
That ever may keep him from treasoun.
Was not all Troy with treason tane.
When ten years of the siege was gane,
Where there was slaine eight hundred thousand
Of them thereout through strength of hand,
As Dares in his book did write,
And dyted their battell and their slate.
They might not have been tane with might:
But treason took them through her slight,
And Alexander the Conqueroun,
That conquered Babylons towre.
And all this world of length and breed,
In twelve year through his noughty deed:
Was slyne be Troyed by poyson,
In his own house through treason.
But ere he died his land dealt he,
To see his death was great pity,
Julius Cesar alas that ever
Britane and France as worthie man,
Africk, Arabie, Egypt, and Syrie
And als Europe all battelde,
And for his worship and valour

Of Rome was first made Emperour,
Syne in his Capitoll was he
Throngh them of his counsell privie,
Slaine with bodkins unto the head,
And when he saw there was no read,
His ene with hand enclosed he,
For to die with more honestie.
Als Arthur that throngh Chevalrie,
Had Britane, Pictters and Laive,
Of twelve Kinrikes that he wan,
And also as a Noble man,
He wan throngh battell France all free,
And Lucius Tyber panquisht he.
Then he of Rome was Emperour,
And yet for all his great valour,
Modreed his Sister sonne him slew
And gwd men als ma than anew,
Throngh treason and throngh wickednesse,
The Bruce thereof beares witnesse,
So sell it of this cunning making,
The Coming went unto the King
Of England, and told all the cace,
But I trow not all as it was.
The Indentour to him gave hee,
And syne shawed the iniquitie,
And therefore syne hee tholed deid,
That to it could set no remeid.

When the King saw the Indentour,
Hee was angrie without measure.
And swore that hee should vengeance ta,
Of the Bruce that presumed sa,
Against him for to braull and rise,
Or to conspire in sic a wise:
And to Sir John Comin sald hee,
That hee should for his lawtie

Be rewarded, and that highly,
And hee him thanked humbly,
And thought well to have the leading
Of all Scotland but gane saying:
Fra that the Bruce to deatly was brought,
But oft failyeis that fooles thought.
And wise mens etteling
Comes not aye to that ending,
That they thinke that it should come to:
For G D D wats what is ado,
Of his etling right so it fell,
As I shall afterwards you tell,
He tooke his leave, and home is went,
And then the King a Parliament
Hes set, then after hastely,
And hidder summond he in by
The Barons of his fewrie,
And to the Lord the Bruce sent he,
Bidding to come to that gaddering:
And he that had no perrelooing,
Of the treasoun, and the falset,
Rade to the King but langer let:
And in London him harbried he
The first day of their assemblie:
Syne on the morne to Court he went,
The King sat into Parliament,
And before his counsell privie,
The Lord the Bruce there called he:
And shawed him the Indentour,
He was in full great aventour,
To tine his life: but G D D of might
Reserved him to hier hight:
That would not that he so were dead,
The King besought him in that stead,
The Indentour, the Seale to see,

And

And asked if that it sealde hee.
He loked the Seale full tentively,
And answered him full mekely.
And said, though that I symple be,
My Seale is not all time with me.
I have another ilke to beare:
Therefore if that your willis were,
I aske you respet for to se
The letter: and therewith a vile me
Till the morne that ye be set,
And then but any longer let,
The letter shall I reuler here
Before your Court planeyere,
And there untill a bourgh draw I,
Mine heritage all halely.
The King thought he was traist anough,
If he his land in Bozrow herich,
And let him with the letter passe,
To enter as forespoken was.

Thee[s]caping of the *Bruce*, and the dead of *Iohn Cuming*.

THe Bruce went to his Imes swyth,
And wit ye well he was full blyth,
That he had gotten that respyte,
He calde his Marshall to him tyte,
And bad him loke on all maneare
That he made to his men good cheare.
For he will in his chamber be,
A well great whyle in privitie.
With him one Clarke and no ma,
The Marshall to the hall can ga,
And did his Lords commanding.
The Lord the Bruce but more letting,
Gart prively bring Steedstwa,
And he, and the Clarke withoutten ma

Lap on withoutten perceiuing,
And day and night but sojourning
They rade, till on the nit day
Comming to Lochmabane are thy,
His brother Edward there they fand,
That thought ferlie he tane on hand,
For to come hame so prively,
He told his brother haistely,
How that he there summond was,
And how he escaped through grace.
So fell it in the samine tide,
That at Dumfreis right there beside,
Sir Iohn Cumyng sojourne gaue,
The Bruce lap on but any baide,
And thought but any more letting,
For to quite him his biesdoring,
Hidder he rade but longer tee,
And Sir Iohn Cumyng there he met,
In the Frers at the hie Awter,
And shewed him with bourding cheire,
The Indentour, syne with a knife
Right in that place he reft his life.
Sir Edward Cumyng als was slaine,
And other als of mekle maine:
And not for thy yet some men sayes,
That that debate fell otherwayes:
But whosoever fell in debaite,
There through he died well I waite,
He misdid that greatly but were,
That gaue no gyrth to the Altere.
Therefore so hard mischiefe him fell,
That I heard never in Romance tell,
Of man so hard sted as was he,
And after came to ill bountie.

NOw againe to the King go we.
That on the morrow with his baronis

ate into his Parliament,
And after the Lord the Bruce he sent,
Right to his Inges with knights kene;
When he ottirnit had cared bene,
And his men after pan asked they,
They said that he sen yesterday,
Dwelt in his chamber ithandly,
And a Clarke with him anerly,
Then knocked they at the chamber there:
And when they nearr none make answer,
They brak the wyrt, but they found noght,
He was away that they there sought;
They told the king all haill the race,
And how that he escaped was,
He was of his eschape sorie,
And swore in ire full stalwartlie,
That he should dayone and banged be,
He menalled as him thought, but he
Thought it should passe another way:
And when he as ye heard me say,
Into the Kirk Iohn Cumyng had slaine,
To Lochmabene he went againe,
And gart men with his letters ryde,
To friends upon ilk syde.
They came to him with their menye,
And his men als assembled be,
And thought that he would make him king,
Over all the land the wood can spring,
That the Bruce had the Cumyng slaine,
And among others letters are gane,
To the Bishop of Andrewes toune
That told how slaine was the Barroun,
The Letter told him haill the deed,
And he till his men can it read:
And then he said, full sikerly,

I hope that Thomas prophecy
Of Erſkiſtoun, ſhall verray be
In him: for ſo our Lord me ſee,
I have great hope he ſhall be King,
And have this land all in leading.

## The Dowglas Meeting with King Robert.

IAmes of Dowglas that aye where
Alwayes before the Biſhop thare:
Hee had well hard the Letter red,
And he toke alſo full good heede
To all that the Biſhop had ſaid,
And when the bondes downe were laid:
To Chamber went hee then in by,
And James of Dowglas priſily:
Said to the Biſhop, Sir, yee ſee
How Engliſhmen through their pouſſe,
Diſherites mee of all my Land,
And men have gart pon underſtand,
Als that the Erle of Carrike,
Clames to governe this Kinrike:
And for pon Man that hee hath ſlaine,
All Engliſhmen are him againe
And would diſherite him blythly,
And in a Line with him am I.
Therefore Sir, if it bee your will
I would take with him good and ill,
Throughy him I thinke my Land to win,
Magre the Cliffurd, and his kin.
The biſhop heard, and had pitie,
And ſaid, Sweet Sonne ſo God me ſe,
I would blythly that yee were there,
So that I not reproved were.
On this maner well worke thou may,
Thou ſhalt take farrand my Paltray.
For there none Horſe is in this Land

So wight, nor yet so well rymand,
Take him as of thine owne head,
As I had given thereto my rede.
And gif his keiper ought grunches,
Loke that thou take him magre his,
So shall I mose allowyed be
Almighty GOD, for his pouistie,
Grant that he thou passes to,
And thou so well all time may do,
That ye pos fra your foes defend.
He taught him liber for to spend:
And syne gave him his benysoun,
And bad him passe his way off toun:
For he would sleps till he fuys gane.
The Dowglas then his leif has tane,
Right to the horse as he him had,
But he that him in keeping had,
Warned him well dispitously,
But he that wraithes him ouirly,
Felled him with a stroches stout,
And syne but any longer lout,
The horse he sadled hastely,
And lap on him delynerly,
And passed forth but lea be-taking.
Deare GOD that is ouer all things King,
Save him and shield him fra his foes:
All him alone the way he taes,
Toward the towne of Lochmabane,
And a little fra Ayrik stane,
The Bruce with a great rout he met,
He rade to Scone for to be set
In the Kings stole, and to be King.
And when Dowglas saw his comming,
He rade and hailled him in by,
And lowted to him courteously,

And told him haitly all his state,
And what he was and ais what gate,
The Clyffurd held his heritage,
And that he came to make homage
To him as to his rightwous King,
And that he bount was in all thing
To take with him both gud and ill.
And when the Bruce had heard his will.
He receivid him in great daynte,
And men and armes to him taught he.
He trowed well he thould be worthy,
For all his frientis were ay doughty.
Thus gate made they their acquaintance,
That never pet for no mischance
Departed while thay living were.
Their friendship ay wast maire and maire:
For he serued ay lelely
And the other ay trewly
That was both worthy, wight and wise,
Rewarded him well his service.
The Lord the Bruce to Glasgow rade,
And sent about him till he had
Of his frinds a great many.

Coronatio Regis ROBERTI.

And then to Soone in hy rade he,
And was made King but longer let,
And in the Kings stole he was set:
As in that time was the maner,
But of their noble and great affeir,
Their service nor their royaltie,
He shall heare now nothing of me.
Mattaine that he, of the Warrenage
That hither came take their homage
And syne he went over all the land,
Friends and friendship purchasand:
To maintain that he had begun.

He wist ere all the lands were lost
That he should finde hard bargaining
With him that was of England King:
For there was none in life so fell,
So proud, so hie, and so cruell.
And when to King Edward was told,
How that the Bruce that was so bold
Had brought the Cuming to an ending,
And how he had syne made him King,
Out of his wit he gan full nere,
And vow gart call him Sir Aymere,
Of Wallans, that was wise and knight,
And of his bands a doughty Knight.
And bade him men and armes take
And in all hy to Scotland gae,
And burne, and slae, and rise Dungeons,
And hight all Fife in wardoun
To him that might either take or sla,
Robert the Bruce that was his fa.
Sir Aymer hy gat he him hame,
Great Chevalry with him he had,
With him was Philip the Mowbray,
Sir Ingrayme Umfraywile perfay,
That was baith wise and stalwarthe,
And fulfild of great Chevalrie,
And of Scotland the most party,
They had into their company.

The first Speaking of King Robert, with Sir Aymer.

FOr yet then meikle of the Land
Was into the Englishmens hand.
To Perth they went unto a vent,
That then was walled all about.
With fell towres right hie battailled,
For to defend if it were assayed.

The

Therein dwelt Dir Aymery
With all his great Chevalry,
The King Robere wift he was there,
And what kin Chiftanes with him were,
Ye assembled all his menye,
And had fetll folke of great bountie:
But their foes were mo than they,
By fiftéen hunder as I heard say:
And yet ye he had there at that nede,
Fetll folke that doughtie were indeed,
And Barons that were bauld as Baire,
Two Erles als was with him there
Of Lennox, and Athol were they,
Edward the Bruce was there alway,
Thomas Randell and Hew de la Hay,
And gud Dir David de Barclay,
Fresell, Somerwell, and Inchemertine,
James of Douglas there was fone,
That then was but of little might,
And other fetll fautie men in fight:
Als was gud Oriftull of Setoun,
And Robert Boyde of great Renoun:
And other fetlmen of mickle might,
But I cannot tell what they hight.
Though they were few, they were worthy,
And fulfiled of great Chevalry,
And in battell in gud arrap,
Before Sain Johnftoun they lay:
And bad Dir Aymer ith and fight
And he that in his mickle might
Truffed on theim that were him by,
Bad his men arme them perely:
But Dir Ingrayme of Umfrawille
Thought it was all to great perill,
In plaine battell to them to go,

While that they were arrayde so:
And to Dir Aymer then said he,
Dir, if that ye will trow to me,
Ye shall not ish them to assaiye:
Till they are purveyed in battaiye:
For their leader is wele and wight,
And of his hand an noble knight,
And he bes in his company
Many a good knight and worthy,
That shall be hard for to allay
While they are in so good array:
For it should be full mickle might
That now should put them to the flight,
For when they folke are well arrayed,
And for the battell are purveyed,
With thy that they all good men be
They shall far more be awlle,
And welk more to be dred then they
Were set some deill out of array,
Therefore ye may gar lay them till,
That they may this night if they will,
Gang harbrie them, and sleep and rest,
And on the morne but longer frist,
Ye shall rise forth to the battaile,
And fecht with them but if they faile.
So shall they wend to their harbrie.
Some shall by Forrey palle fickerlie.
And they that dwells as lavging,
If they come out of travelling,
Shall in short time unarmed be,
Then on our best maner may we
With all our fairs Chevalry
Ryde toward them full hardely:
And they that weries to rest all night,

When

When they se us arraype to fight,
Comming on them so suddenly,
They shall arraine be greatumly,
And ere they knit in battell be,
We shall spend us in hot that we
Shall be all readie for to semble,
That some for ernestie shall trimble,
When he assaipe is suddenly,
That with a visement is haughty.

## The Lodging of King Robert in the Park of Methven.

AS he deuised, so have they done,
And to them outwith lent be lone:
And bad them hurle them that night,
And one the morne come to the fight.
When they saw they might noe mair,
Toward Methven lone can they fare:
And in the Wod them lodged they,
The third part home to the Forray:
And the lave some unarmed were,
And skailed to lodge them here and there.
Sir Aymer then put myne abade,
With all the folke he with him had,
Ished enforcedly to the fight,
And rade into a randome right,
The straight way toward Methven,
The knight that was unarmed then,
Saw them come on enforcedly,
And to his men can hastily cry,
To armes swyth, and make you paire,
Here at our hand our foes are:
And they did so in full great hy,
And on their horse tept hastely:
The King displayed his baner,

When that his folke allemblies were,
Pe said Lordings, now may ye se
That you folke enough habunte,
Papes thoin to doe to us with fight,
t that they drean to doe with might.
Now perceive I, that who will trow
His ta, it shall him sometime grow:
And nought for thy, though they be fell.
GOD may right well our werdes dell:
For multitude makes no victory,
As men have red in many Story.
As few folke oft have vanquisht ma,
Trow ye that we shall doe right ta,
Pe are ilkane wight and worthie
And called of great Chevalrie.
And wate right well what honour is,
Wayke ye therefore on ilk a wise,
That your honour be saved ay,
And one thing will I to you say,
That he that dies for his Countrie,
In hight of heaven shall herdred be.
When this was said they saw commande,
Their foes ryding at their hand,
Arrayed right adisedly,
Wilfull to do Chevalry.

The Battell of *Merbois*, and the first Discomfit of King *Robert*.

ON either side thus were they there,
And to assemble reasie were:
They straght their speares on either syde
And so rudely can raging ryde,
That Speares all to frushed are,
And feill men dead and wounded saire,
The blood out of the bernies braist,
Of best any of the worthiest,

That

That wilfull were to win honour,
Plunged into that ſtalwart ſtour,
And routes rude about them dang,
Men might habe ſæn unto that thrang,
Knights that wight and worthie were,
Under Hoꝛſes fet defouled there.
Some wounded and ſome all dead,
The graſſe wart all of blod all red:
And they that held on Hoꝛſe in hy,
Swapped out Swoꝛds deliberdly,
And to ſell ſtrokes gabe and tooke,
That all the rinke about them ſhooke,
The Bruces folke full hardely,
Shawed their great Chebalray:
And he himſelfe attour the lave,
So hard and heabie dints gabe,
That where he came they made him waye,
Pis men them put to hard aſſay,
To ſtint their foes mickle might:
Then they ſo faire had of the fight;
That they wan place aye mair and mair.
The Kings ſmall folke neꝛs vanquiſht were
AND when the King his folke ſæ ſæne,
Begin to faiſye, ſoꝛ pꝛoper teene:
To his Enſeny can highlie crie,
And in the ſtour ſo hardelie,
He raged till all the ſemble ſhoke,
He all ſo hewd that he obertooke:
And dang on them while he might dꝛæ,
And to his folke he cryde hie.
On them, on them, they fæble faſt,
This bargans may no longer laſt,
And with that woꝛd ſo willfullie,
He dang on them ſo hardelie:
That who had ſæne him in that fight,
Should hold him foꝛ a doughtie knight:

Bat thongh he stout was, and h ar di,
And other als of his companie,
There might no worship there availie,
For there small folke all haill they failie.
And fled and skailled here and there,
But the good that escaped were,
Baide fighting in that stalwart stour,
To conquelle them endleile honour.
And when Sir Aymer he hath seene,
The small folke fleeing haill bedeene,
And saw so few abide the fight,
He drew to him monie a knight,
And in the stour so hardelie,
He rushed with his companie,
That he rushed his foes ilk ane.
Sir Thomas Randell there was tane,
That then was a young batcheler,
And Sir Alexander the Fraser,
And Sir David the Barclay,
Inchemertine and Hew de la Hay,
And Somerwell, and other ma,
And the King himselfe alswa,
Was set into so hard assay,
Throngh good Sir Philip the Mowbray,
That rade to him full hardelie:
And hint his renyie, and then can cry:
Helpe helpe, I have thee new made King,
With that came riding in a ling,
Christall of Seroon, when he so
The King saw seased with his foe,
To Sir Philip his knots he raught,
That thought he was of meikle maught,
He gart him stakker stille,
And had to eird gane hastilie,
War not he held him by the Steed

Out of his hande the bridle yede,
And the King his Enseigne can cry,
Relieu'd his men that stod him by,
That were so few that they not might
Indure the force more of the fight:
They pricked then out of the preasse,
And the King that all angrie was:
For he his men saw flee thus fra,
Said then Lordings sen it is sa
That weir runneth against us here,
God is wee paste off their danger
While God us send efforces some grace,
And it may fall, if they will chace.
Notte them combate some deal wee shall,
To that word they assented all:
And from them wallaped uppermere:
Their foes also they weary were:
That of them all they thaked nane:
But with prisoners that they had tane,
Right to the towne they held the way,
Right glad and joyfull of their prey.
That night they lay all in the towne,
There was none of so great renowne,
For none so hardie of them all,
That durst harbrie without the wall:
So dread they for the game comming
Of Sir Robert the doughtie King:
And to the King of England sone,
They wrote haillie as they had done:
And he was blyth of that tydyng,
And for despite bade draw and hing
All the prisoners, though they were nane,
But Sir Aymer did nothing sa,
To some both life and lands gave he,
To leave the Bruce and his fortie,
And serve the King of England.

And

And of him for to hold their land:
And warie the Bruce as their foe,
Thomas Randel was on of tho.
That for his life became their man,
And others that were taken than,
Some they ransom'd, and some they slew,
And some hanged and some they drew.
In this manet rebuted was
The Bruce that great mourning maes
For his men that were slaine and tane.
And he was alto will of wane;
For he trowed in none seikerly,
Except them of his company,
That were so few they lea ree might be,
Five hunder men of haill menzie:
His brother also was him by,
Sir Edward that was so worthy:
And with him was a bold Waroun,
Sir William the Halyburtoun,
The Erle of Atholl he was there:
But ay sen they discomfite were.
The Erle of Lennox was away,
And was put to full hard assay,
Ere he met with the King againe;
But alwayes as a man of maine,
He him maintained manfully,
The King had in his company
James also Lord of Douglas,
That wise wight and worthy was,
Sir Gilbert de la Hay also.
Sir Neill Campbell and other ma:
That I their names cannot tell,
And Outlawes went to dale and fell,
Dreing in the mountanies pine,
And eat flesh, and dranke water fyne:

He durst not into plaines ga,
For all the Commons went him fra:
That for their lives were full faine
To paile to Englith peace again:
So fares it alwapes commonly,
In comons may no man affy,
But he that may their warrand be:
So fare they then with him, for he
Them fra their foes might not warrand,
They turn'd all to the other hand:
But thaldome that men gart them feele,
Cart them ay parne that he fure well.

THus in the hilles lived he,
Till the moft part of his Penzie
Was riben and rent, and no fhone had,
But as they then of Hides made:
Therefore they went to Aberdene,
Where Neill the Bruce came, and the Quéen
And other Ladies faire and pleafand,
Ilkane for lobe of their husband:
And for leele lobe and loyaltie,
Partner of their paines would be:
They chofed rather with them to ta
Anger and paines, than be them fra:
Syne lobe it is of fik a might
That it does all the paines make light,
And many times makes tender wight,
Als of fik ftrength, and of fik might,
That they may meckle paine indure,
And to forfake none aventure
That ever may fall: with thy that they
There through fuccour their lives may.

¶ Men reade when Thebes was tane
And king Adraftus men were flaine,
That allieged the Cittie,
All the women of his Countrie,

Cam

Came for to fetch him hame again,
When they heard all his folke was slaine.
Where that the king Campeus
Through the host of Menestheus,
That came through pace ryding them by,
With three hunder in company,
That through the kings prayer assayed
And yet to take the towne had failyed,
War not the wives had thirlde the wall,
With picks, where the assailyours all
Entred and destroyd the town,
And slew the people but ransoun:
Syne when the duke his wayes was gane
And all the kings men were slaine:
The Wives had him to his Countrie,
Where was no living man but he,
In women mickle comfort lies,
And great solace in many wayes.
So fell it here for their comming
Comforted greatumly the king:
For why ever ilk night he woke,
And his rest on the day he toke,
A good while there he sojourn'd then,
And eased wonder well his men.
While that the Englishmen heard say,
That he there with his menyie lay
At all his ease, and sickerly
Their hoste assembled they in hy.
And trowed there him to suppryse:
But he that in his deeds was wise,
Wist, they assembled were, and where
And wist that they so many were:
That he might not against them fight,
His men in hy he gart them dight,
And buske them off the town to rowe,

The Ladies rade hard by his syde:
Then to the hilles they held their way,
Where great default of meat had they:
But worthy James of Douglas,
Ay travell'd he, and busse was
For to purchase the Ladies meat,
And æles in many wise wald get:
For whiles venysson he them brought,
And with his hands whiles he wrought,
Girns to take Geddes and Salmons,
Troutes Eeles, and Pertons,
And whiles they went to the Forrey,
And so their meat purchaled they,
Like man travell'd for to get,
And purchast them that they might eat,
But of all that ever there were,
There was not one among them there,
That with the Ladies more praisde was,
Than was Sir James of Dowglas:
And the King oft comforted was
Through his wit, and his business,
On this maner then govern'd they,
Till they came to the head of Tay.

## How John of Lorne discomfist King Robert.

The Lord of Lorne winned thereby,
That was Capitall enemy
To the King for his Eames sake
John the Cumyng, and thought to take
Vengeance upon evell maniere,
When the King wist he was so nere,
He allembled his men in hy,
And had with his company
The barons of Argyle allsa,
They were a thousand well and twa,
That came for to supprise the King, The

That was well ware of their comming,
But all to few with him he had,
And yet he boldlie them abade:
And feill of them at their first meeting
Was laid at erd but recovering:
The Kings folke full well them bare:
And slew and feill wounded sare:
But the folke of the other party
Faught with ares so fellonnly:
For they on fot were cheriltane,
But they feill of their horse hes slaine,
And to some gave they wounds wide,
James of Dowglas was hurt that tide,
And als Sir Gilbert de la Hay,
The King his men saw in affray.
And his Enfenyie right fast gan cry:
And in the stour full hardily,
He rade, and rush'd among them all,
And feill of them their gart he fall:
But when he saw they were so fell,
And saw them so great dints deal,
He dread to tine his men for thy,
His folke to him he can rely:
And said, Lordings, it folly were
To us for to assemble mare:
For they feill of our Horse have slain,
And if we fight with them again,
We shall tine of our small Menzie,
And our selves shall in perill be:
Therefore me thinke maist accordìng,
To withdraw us, wee defending,
Till we come out of their danger,
Our strength is at our hand well nere.
Then they withdrew them hastily:
But that was nothing coinardly.

For fast into a sop held they,
And the King him abandound ay,
To defend behind his menzie.
And through his worthy so wrought he,
That he rescued all the skears,
And so astonisht all the chasers,
That none durst out of battell chase,
For alwayes at their hand he was:
So well defended he his men,
That whosoever had sen him then
Prowe so worthie in vassalage.
And turne so oft time his vilage,
We should say he ought well to be
A King of full great royaltie.

When that the Lord of Lorne saw
His men stand of him sik aw,
That they durst not follow the chase,
Right angry in his heart he was,
And fair wondred that he should sa
Stoney them him alone but mae.
We said, We thinke Martheokes sonne,
Right as Gowmakmorne was wonne,
To have from Fyngall his menpie,
Right so from us all his bes he,
He set ensample thus him like,
The whilk he might more manerlike,
Liken him to Gaudifer Delatyse,
When that the mighty Duke Betyse,
Assayed in Gaders the Forrayours,
And when the King then made recourse,
Duke Betyse toke on him the slight,
And would no more abide the fight:
But good Gaudifer the worthy
Abandound him so hardily:
For to rescue all the skears,
And for to astoney the chasers:

That Alexander to rird he bare,
And so did he Ptolome there,
And good Corineus also,
Danchine, and also other moe.
But at the last there slaine he was,
In that saultzied the libelinelle.
For that the King Chevalrously
Defended all his company,
That was set in full great danger:
And yet escaped haill and feere.

How the King slew the three men that swore his death.

TWo brether were into the land,
That were the hardiest of hand,
That were in all that same Countrie,
And they had swore if they might see
The Bruce, and him over-ta,
That they should die, or them him sla,
Their Surname was Makindorser,
That is als meikle to say heere,
As Durwarts sonnes perfay,
Of their conbeene the third had they,
That was right stout ill and felloun,
When they the King of great renoun:
Saw so behind his menzie ride,
And saw him turne so many a tide,
They abade ay while that he was
Entred into a narrow place,
Betwirt a Loch and a narrow Bra,
That was so strait I understa,
That he might not well turne his stæd:
Then with ane will to him they yæd,
And ane him by the Bridle hint:
But he raught to him ill a dint,
That arme and shoulder flew him fra,

With that another can him ta
By the Leg and his hand can hente
Betwirt the stirop and his sote,
And when the King felt there his hand,
In stiropes stythlie can he up stand:
And strake with Spurres his Steed in by.
And he lanced deliberedly:
So that the other failzied fast,
And nought for thy his hands was yet,
Under the sterop maugre his,
The third in full great hy with this,
Right to the braes side he pred,
And stert behind him on a Steed.
The King was then in full great p:easse,
The whilke bethought, as he that was
In all his deeds abilse,
To doe an outragious bountie:
He hint him that behind him was,
And magre him he can him raise,
From behind him thongh he had swonne,
And laid him ebey him before:
Syne with his sword th dints him gave,
That he the head till harnes clave.
He rushed down of blod all red,
As he that stound felt of the dead:
And then the King in full great hy,
Strake at the other bigorously,
And at the first stroke he him slew,
That he after his sterop drew:
On this wise him delibered he,
Of all these fellouni foes thre.

When John of Lorne has seene the King
Set for himselfe so great helping,
And defend him so manfully,
Was none among them so hardie,
That durst assaile him more in fight,

So dred they of his mækle might.
There was a Baron Maknaghtane,
That in his heart great kæp is tane
Unto the Kings great Chevelrie,
And praisde him in his heart greatly,
And to the Lord of Lorne said he,
Surely Sir may row ye sée
Betane the starkest poblayne
That in your lifetime ye saw tane,
For yon knight through his doughty deed
And through his courragious manheed,
Des feiled into a little tide,
Thrée men of mækle might and pride:
And stoneyed all our menzie swa,
That after him dare no man ga:
And turnes so many times his Steed,
It seemes of us he hes no dreed.
Then can the Lord of Lorne say,
It seemes it likes thée perfay,
That he slayes yon gate our menzie,
Sir said he, so our Lord me sée:
To save your peace it is not sa,
But whether he be friend or fa,
That winnes praise of Chevalrie,
Men should speake thereof séerely,
And sickerly in all my time,
I heard never in song nor rime,
Tell of a man that so smertly,
Encheefed so great Chevalry.
Sik speaking of the King they maded
And he after his menzie rade,
And to sik saultie them led,
Where he his foes nothing med
And they of Lorne againe are gane,
Weening the swaith that they had tane,

The king that night his watches set,
And gart ordaine that they might eat.
And bade them comfort to them take,
And at their mights merry make:
For discomfort as then, said he,
Is the worst thing in world may be:
For through mickle discomforting,
Men oftimes falles in despairing,
And fra a man despared be,
Then utterly vanquisht is he:
And fra the heart be discomfite,
The body is not worth a myte:
Therefore he said, attour all thing,
Keepe you well from discomforting,
And thinke, though we now harmes fele,
That GOD may yet relieve us well.
Men read oft of many that were
Far harder sted then we yet are:
And syne our Lord sik grace them lent,
That they came well to their intent:
For Rome unquhile so hard was sted,
When Hannibal them vanquisht had:
That of Kings with rich stane,
That were off knights fingers tane,
He sent three bolles to Carthage,
And syne to Rome tooke his voyage,
For to destroy the Cite all,
And they within both great and small
Had fled when they saw his comming,
Had not bene Scipio the ying,
That ere they fled wold them have slaine,
And so he turned them againe:
And syne for to defend the Citie,
Thrilled, and servants made he free:
And made them knights everilkane,

And of the Temple syne hes tane,
The armes that their Elders bare,
In name of victory offred there.
And when they armed were and dight,
They stalwart Carles were and wight,
And saw that they were frée alswa
They thought that they had rather ta
The déed, then let the towne be tane:
And with common assent as ane
They issued of the town to fight,
Where Hannibal of mickle might,
Against them arrayed was:
But through the might of Gods grace,
It rained so hard and so heavy,
That there was none so hardie
That durst into the plaine abide,
But sped them all in by to ride
The one part to the Pallioons,
And the other part to the toones.
The raine thus letted the fighting:
So did it twise thereafter syne.
When Hannibal saw this ferly,
With all his great Chevalry,
He left the towne, and held his way,
And syne was put to sik affay,
Through the power of that Citie,
That his life and his land tint he.
Den so wheen and so unworthie
Wan sik a Knight, and so mightie:
We may well by example sée,
That no man should despared be.
Nor let his heart be banquisht all:
For no mischiefe that ever may fall:
For none wat in how little space,
That GOD will sometime send his grace:
Had they fled and their wayes tane, Their

Their foes should the town have tane:
Therefore men that warring are,
Should set their intent e dermare,
To stand against their foes might,
Outher with strength or els with slight;
As they thinke to come to purpose,
And if that they were set in chose,
To die or to live cowardly,
They should erer die Chevalrously.

THus gate them comforted the King,
And to comfort them in can bring
Old Stories of men that were,
Set into hard assayes sere,
And that Fortun contraried fast,
And came to purpose at the last:
Therefore he said, that he that would
Their hearts vndiscomfit hold,
Should ay thinke Ithingly to bring
All their purposes to good ending,
As whylom did Cesar the worthy,
That trabell'd ay so hastily,
With all his might following to make
End of the purpose that he would take
That him thought he had done right nought
Ay to doe while he left ought:
For thy great things enchæved hee,
As men may in his Story see,
Men may see by his Ithand will,
And it should als accord to skill,
That who takes purpose intirely,
And followes on it Ithandly;
Withoutten fainting or falding,
With thy it be cunnable thing,
But he the more be vnhappy,
He shall enchæve it be party.
Have he lifed dayes, it may befall,

That

That he thall well encheve it all.
For they thould have none defpairing,
For to encheve a full great thing:
For if it fall, he therefore faillye,
The fault may lye in his travailye.
HEe preached to them on this maner,
And fainyed to make better cheare.
Then he had matter to be fat,
For his caufe yeed frome ill to wat.
They were ay in fo ha'd travile,
While the Lades began to faile:
That might the travell drie no maire,
Do dis other ais that were there,
The Erle John was one of thay,
Of Atholl, when that he fa'p fa,
The King thus he difcomfit twife,
And fo fell fo he againft him rife,
And leave him in his travell and dout,
His heart began to faile all out,
And to the King upon a day,
He faid, if I durft to you fay,
We live into fo parlie dreed,
And of meat bes fo meikle need,
And is ay in fa travelling
With Cold and Hunger, and Waking,
That I fet of my felfe am fa,
I count not of my life a ftra.
Thir angers may I no maire drie,
For though me worthed therefore to die
I mon fojourne where ever it be.
Leave me thereto for Charitie.
The King faid that he thus gate failzied,
And that he was fo fore travailzied,
He faid, Sir Erle we thall yeed fa,
And againe how it may beft be.

Where

Where eber you be our Lord you send
Grace, from your foes you to defend:
With that in by to him cald he,
They that were to him most paivie:
Then among them they thought it best,
And ordaine for the likliest,
That the Queene and the Erle alls,
And the Ladies in by should go,
With Neill the Bruce to Kildromy,
For they thought they should sickerly
Dwell there while they were vittaild wel
For so starke was the Castell,
That it with strength was hard to get,
While that within were men and meat:
As they ordaind they did on by,
The Queen and all her company
Lap on their horse, and forth they fare,
Men might have seen who had been there;
At like taking Ladies grat.
And made cheekes with teares wat:
And knights for their loves sake
Both sigh and weep and mourning make.
They kist their loves at their departing,
The King bethought him of a thing,
That he fra thyne on fut would goe,
And take on fut both well and woe,
And would no Horsemen with him have,
From them there all baill they gave,
To the Ladies that misterbad,
The Queen forth her wayes rade:
And safely came to the Castell,
Where hir folke were received well.
And eased well with meat and drinke:
Yet might none erle let her to thinke
On the King that so hard was stad,

That

That but two hunder with him had.
The whilke them well goberned ay,
God helpe them that all mights may.

The paine of King *Robert* among the Mountaines.

THe Quéen dwelt thus in Kildromie,
And the King and his companie.
They were two hunder and no mo,
Fra they had sent their Hoyse them fro:
Wandred among the hie montains,
Where he and his oft tholled paines:
For it was to the Winter neere,
And so tell foes about them were,
That all the Countrie them betrayed,
With sa hard noy they them assayed.
Of hunger, cold, and showres snell,
Is none that lives that can tell,
The King saw how his men were stad,
And what annoy else that they had:
And saw Winter was drawing neere,
And that he might on no manere,
Dræ in the Hilles the cold lying,
Nor yet the long nights waking,
He thought he would to Kintyre goe,
And so long sojourne there to roe,
While Winter weather were away,
And then he thought but more delay,
In the maneland for to arrive,
And to the end his weirds drive
And for Kintyre lyes in the sea.
Sir Neill Campbell before sent he,
For to get him Saving and meat,
A certaine time to him he set,
When he should meet him at the sea;
Sir Neill Campbell with his Menzie,

Went

Went his way but more letting.
And left his brother with the King,
And in ten dayes travelde he,
That he gate shipping good plentie,
And vittaile in great abundance,
So made he ready the defiance:
For his friends winned thereby,
That helped him full willingly.

## How the King past over Lochlowmond.

THe King after that he was gane,
To Lochlowmond the way he tane:
And came there on the third day:
But there about no Boat culd they
That might them ober the Water beare,
Then were they loved in great maner.
For it was far alsight to ga,
And they were into doubt alwa:
To meete their foes that spied were wide,
Therefore enduang the Loch side,
They sought so hastilie and so fast,
While James of Dowglas at the last,
Fand a litle sinking Wait,
And it to land they drew full hait:
But it so little was, that it
Might but three ober the Water flit.
They send thereof word to the King,
That was joyfull of that finding:
And first into the Waite is gone,
With him Dowglas the third was one,
That rowed them ober deliderlie,
And set them on the land all drie:
And rowed so oft eyes to and fra,
Fetching up ober twa and twa:
That in a night and in a day,
Commed ober the Loch are they:

For some of them could swoome full well,
And on his back beare a Fardell:
So with swooming and with rowing,
They brought them over, and all their thing
The King a whyle merily,
Read to them that was him by.
Romance of worthy Ferembras,
That worthely overcommen was:
With the right doughty Olyver,
And how the doughty Duke Peros were.
Alleged into Egrymor,
Where King Lanyn lay them before:
With mo thousands than I can say,
And but eleven within were they.
And a woman: that were so glad,
That they no meat therewith them had
But as they fra their foes it wan,
Yet they conteined so them than.
That they the towne held manfully,
Whyle that Richard of Normandy:
Pagre his foes warned the King,
That was joyfull of that tything.
For he weind they had all been slane,
Therefore he turned in by againe:
And wan Monctribill, and part Flagore:
And syne Lanyn, and all his store,
Despiteously discomfite he,
And delivered his men all free.
And wan the Nailes and the Speare,
And the Crowne that JESUS weare:
And of the Croce a great partie,
He wan through his great Chevalrie.
The good King upon this manner,
Comforted them that were sorry him neer
And made him gaming and solace,

While that his men overpassed was.
When they had past the water brade,
Suppose they seill of foes had:
They made the mirrie, and was blyth,
Yet not for thy full seill syth,
They had full great default of meat,
And therefore Pennison to get.
In twa parts are they gane,
The King himselfe was into ane,
And good Sir James of Dowglas,
Into the other party was.
Then in the hight they held their way,
And hunted lang while of the day:
They sought Shawes, and seattes set,
But little good gate they to eat.
Then hapned in that time through cace,
That the Earle of Lennox was
Among the hilles neare thereby,
And when he heard sik blow and cry.
He had wonder what it might be,
And on sik maner spyed he:
That he knew well it was the King,
And then but any more dwelling.
With all them of his company,
Right to the King he went in hy.
So blyth and so joyfull, that he
Might on no maner blyther be:
For he the King weind had been dead,
And he was also will of read.
That he durst rest into no place,
Sen that the King discomfite was
At Methven he heard never tything,
That ever certain was of the King:
Therefore in full great daintie,
The King full homely hailsed he.
And he him welcommed right blythly,

And killed him full tenderly:
And all the Lords that there were,
Were joyfull of their meeting there.
And killed him in great dainte,
It was great pity for to see:
How they for joy and pitie grat,
When that they with their fellowes met.
That they wetnd had been dead: for thy,
They welcommed him more hartfully:
And he for pity grat againe,
That never of meeting was so faine.
Though I thy, that they grat soothly,
It was no greeting properly:
For I trow traistly that greeting,
Comes to men through misliking:
And that none may but anger greet,
But it be women that can weet:
Their cheekes, when them list with teares
The whilk oft times none ill them deeres
But I wate right well but leesing,
Where ever men bes of sik greeting.
That meekle joy and great pitie,
May gar men so amoved be:
That water fra their heart will rise,
And weet their eene on sik a wise,
That it is like to be greeting,
Though it be not like in all thing:
For when men greetes inkerly,
The heart is sorrowfull or angry.
But for pitie, I trow greeting,
Be nothing but an opening
Of heart: that shawes the tenderneese,
Of reuth that in it closed is.

THe Barons upon this maner,
Through Gods grace assembled were

The Earle had meat, and that plentie,
And with blyth heart them it gave he:
And they eat it with full good will,
And sought none other sauce theretill.
But appetite that oft men takes,
For well scowred was their stomackes:
They ate and drank sik as they had,
And to the Lord sik loving made.
And thanked him with full good cheare,
That they were met on that maner:
The King at them then asked parne,
Sen he them saw, how they had farne.
And they full piteously can tell,
Of aventures that them befell:
And great annoyes, and poverty,
The King thereat had great pity.
And tauld them piteously again,
The noy, the travell, and the paine.
That he had tholed sen he them saw,
Was none among them hie, or law:
But he hath pitie, and pleasance,
When he heard make remembrance,
Of the perils that passed were,
For when men ought at liking are:
To tell of paines passed by,
Pleases the hearing wondrously.
And to rehearse their old diseases,
Does them oft comfort more, nor eases:
With thy thereto follow no blame,
Dishonour, Wickednesse, nor Shame.

How the King past to the Sea, and how the Earle of Lennox was chast.

After the meat sone raise the King,
When he had leaved his speaking,
And busked him with his menzie,

And went in hy toward the sea:
Where Sir Neill Campbell sonn them met
Both with ships and with meat,
Dailes, Aires, and other thing,
That was speedfull to their forring:
Then shipped they without en maire,
Some went to Steere, and some to Aire.
And rowed about the Ile of Boote,
Men might se many freelie sote.
About the Coasts there boteing,
As they on Aires were rowing:
And neebes that stalwart were and square,
That wont to span great speares were.
So spanned aires that men might see,
Fele of their hide left on the tree:
For all was doing, Knight and Knabe,
Was none that other disport might habe,
From Steere, from aire and from rowing
To further them in their sitting.
But in samine time that they,
Were shipped, as ye heard me say:
The good Earle of Lennox was,
(I cannot tell you through what cace)
Left behind all with his Baillay,
While the King was far on his way:
And when that they of his Countrie,
Wist, that so left behind was he.
By sea with ships they him sought,
And he that saw that he was nought:
Of pith, to fight with these traitours,
And that he had no neere succours,
Nor the Kings sote: for thy
He sped him after them in hy:
But the traitours them followed sa,
That they well neere him overtin.

Wz all the might that he might do,
Aye neere and neere they came him to:
And when he saw they were so neere:
That he might well their manance beare
And saw them neere and neere come ay,
Then to his Menzie can he say:
But if we finde some subtiltie,
We shall all sone obertaken be.
Therefore I reed but more letting,
That outtaken our arming.
We cast all thing into the sea,
And fra our ship so lighted be:
We shall all row and spæd us so,
That we shall well escape them fra.
With that they shall make dwelling,
Upon the sea to take our thing:
And we shall row but resting ay,
Till we escaped be them fray.
As he divised so have they done,
And their ship have they lighted sone:
And rowed son with all their might.
And when there ship was made so light.
She raiked sliding through the sea,
And when their foes can them se.
Before them alwayes maire and maire,
The things that there fleeting were:
They tok and turned syne againe,
And so they leesed all their paine.

When that the Earle on this manner
And his Menzie escaped were.
After the King he can him by,
That then withall his company
Into Kintyre arrived was,
The Earle he told him all the cace:
How he was chased on the sea,

With them that should his own men be:
And how he had been tane but dout,
Mar it not that he waped out.
All that he had him light to ma,
And so escaped he them fra:
Sir Earle, said the King perfay,
If thou escaped is away.
Of thy tynsall is no plenyeing:
But I will tell thee well ane thing:
That there will fall thee great folly,
To passe oft from my company.
For oft fyes when thou art away,
Thou art set in full hard assay:
Therefore me think it best for thee,
To hold thee alway neere by me.
Sir, said the Earle, it shall be so,
I shall no wayes passe far you fro:
Till GOD give grace we be of might,
Against our foes to hold our right.

ANgus of the Iles that time was syre
And Lord, and leader of Kintyre.
The King right well received he,
And undertooke his man to be:
And him and his on many wise,
He abandounded to his service:
And for more sikkernesse gave him syne,
His Castle of Donabardyne.
To dwell therein at his liking,
Full greatly thanked him the King:
And received his service,
Yet not for thy on many wise.
He was dreading for treasoun ay,
And therefore as I heard men say,
He trusted in none sikkerly,
While that he knew him utterly.

But what kindꝛead that ever he had,
Fair countenance to him he made,
And in Donabardyne dayes three
He ſoiournd ſtill with his Menyie:
Syne gart his men all make them yare,
Toward Rachrin by ſea to fare,
That is an Ile into the ſea,
And may well in the midway be,
Betwixt Kintyre and Ireland,
Where als great ſtreames are rinnand:
And als parillous and mair,
Foꝛ to ſaile them in ſhip fair.
Then the great Raes of Britanye,
Or ſtraites of Marroke in Spainyie,
Their ſhips to ſea right ſone they ſet,
And made readie but longer let,
Ankers, Rapes, both Saile, and Aire,
And all that needed to ſhip fare.
When they were boun, to ſhip they went.
The wind was well to their intent:
They raiſed ſailes, and ſwith they fare,
And by the Mule they paſſed there.
And entred ſone into the Raes,
Whereat the ſtoꝛme ſo ſturdy was,
With wawes wide that boining were,
Waltering as hills here and there.
The ſhips ouer the wawes ſlade,
Foꝛ wind at will blowing they had:
But not foꝛ thy, who there had been,
A great ſtertling he might have ſeen.
Of ſhips. Foꝛ while ſome would be
Right on the wawes ſummitie:
And ſome ſlade fra the hight ſo law,
Right as they downe to ꝛell would dꝛaw:
Syne on the wawes ſtert ſuddenly,
And other ſhips that were by.

Dely

Delyberly drew to the Deepe,
It was great cunning for to keepe:
Their takle into sik a thrang,
And waite sik wawes ay amang,
That reft them oft sight of the land,
When that they to it were merchand.
And when ships were sayling neere,
The sea would rise on sik manner:
That of the wawes the waltering hight,
Would reave them oft off their sight.
Yet into Raughring slikerly,
They arrived ilk one safely:
Right blyth, and glad that they were sa,
Escaped the hiddeous wawes fra.

In Raughring they arrived are,
And to the land they went but mare:
Armed upon their best maner,
When the folk that there winning were.
Saw men of armes in their countrie,
Arrive into sik quantity:
They fled in hy with their Cattell:
Right toward a stalward Castell,
That in the land was neere them by:
Men might hear women highly cry.
And flee with Cattell here and there,
But the Kings folk that were
Delyner of fot, them can overhy,
And them arrested hastely.
And brought them to the King againe.
So that none of them all was slaine
Then with them treated to the King,
That they to fulfill his yarning:
Became his men ever ilk ane,
And hes him truely undertane.
That they and theirs lodde and still,
Should be at all things at his will:

And

And while him liked their to leind,
Everilk day they should him send
Wittail for three hunder men:
And ay for Lord they should him ken,
So that their Fortrelles might be,
For all his men their owne free.
The Cunnand on this wise was made,
And on the morne but longer bade
Mall Raughring both man and page
Kneeled, and made the King homage,
And therewith swore to him fewtie,
To serve him into leele lawtie:
And held him therewith leele Cunnand.
For while he dwelt into that land.
They gave meat to his companie,
And served him right faithfullie.

How the Queene, and other Ladies were tane, and prisoned, and her men slaine.

AT Raughring leave we now the King,
In rest withoutten barganing:
And of his foes a while speake we,
That through their might and their poustie,
Made sik a persecution,
So hard, so straite, and so felloun,
On them, that to him loving were,
Or kin or friend in any maner.
That it to heare was great pitie,
For they spared none of no degree,
That they trowed his friends were,
Neither of the Kirke nor Seculare.
For of Glasgow Bishop Robert,
And Marcus of Maine they sythly spared
Both in fetters and in prisoun,
And als good Cristall of Setoun
Into Lochdoun betrayed was,

Throug

Throughe a Disciple of Judas
Maknaught a false Traitour that ay
Was with him dwelling night and day,
Whome to be made good company,
It was far war than traitourry,
For to betray sik a personn.
So Noble, and of so good Renoun:
Bat thereof had he no pitie,
In Hell condemned mot he be.
For when he him betrayed had,
The Englishmen right with him rade
In hy in England to the King:
And gart drayw him, and head and hing,
Withoutten pite or mercie,
It was great sorrow sikkerlie,
That so worthie a person as he
Should in sik maner hanged be,
Thus gate ended the worthines
Of Craufurd als, Sir Reynald wes,
And good Sir Bryse als of the Blaire,
Were hanged in a barne at Aire.
The Queene and Dame Marjory,
Her Doughter that syne worthely,
Was coupled into Gods band,
With Walter Steward of Scotland,
That would in no wise longer ly
In the Castle of Kildromy,
To bide a Siege. But riding raith
With Knights and with Squyars baith,
To Rosse, right to the gyrth of Tane.
But that travill they made in vaine,
For they of Rosse they would not beare
For them no blame, nor no danger.
Out of the gyrth them all hes tane,
And syne hes send them eberilkane:
Right into England to the King,

That

That gart drawe all the men and thing,
And put the Ladies into prison.
Some in Castle some in Dungeoun,
It was great pitie for to heare,
Folke troubled on the maner.

How Englishmen sidged the Castell of *Kildrom*

That time was into Kildromy,
Good men that were wight, and worthy,
Sir Neill the Bruce this wate ye well,
And the Erle Allo of Atholl,
The Castle right well vittailde they
And meat, and Fuell they can purchay:
And enforced the Castell sa,
That them thoght no strength might it ta,
And when it to the King was told
Of England: how they thope to hold
The Castell; he was all angry,
And cald his Sonne to him in hy,
The Eldest and appearand aire,
A young Batchler, starke and faire,
Sir Edward of Carnaverane:
That was the starkest man of ane,
That might be found in a Countrie:
Prince of Wales that time was he,
And he gart call Erles two,
Gloceſter and Harfoorde were tho,
And bade them wend into Scotland,
And set a Seege with stalwart hand,
To the Castell of Kildromy,
And the holders all hailly,
He bade destroy them but raunsoun,
Or bring them to him in prisoun.
When this commandement they had tane
They assembled an Host on ane

nd to the Caſtell went in by,
nd it aſſieged vigerouſly:
nd many a time it hard aſſailyied,
nd yet to take it all they fail pied:
or they within were right worthie,
nd them defended boughtely,
nd repugned their foes oft againe:
om bailled, ſome ſlo ruded, and ſome ſlain.
nd many a time if they would,
nd bargaine at the Barras hold,
nd wound their foes oft and ſla,
nrely they them contemned ſa,
hat they thereout departed were,
nd thought to England again to fare,
or ſo ſtarke ſaw they the Caſtell,
nd thought that it was weapande well,
nd ſaw the men he had them ſa,
hat they none bone had it to ta,
one had they done all that treſoun,
f it not war right falſe treaſoun.
or there within was a Traitour,
falſe Lurdane, a Lolyngeour,
sbarne to name made the treſoun,
wate not for what ourheſoun:
or whom e with he made the combine,
ut as they ſaid, that were within,
e toke a Coulter hait glowing,
hat red was in a fire burning
nd went into the merkle Hall,
hat then with ernne was filled all.
nd high up in the roufe it bid,
ut it full long was not their hid,
or men ſayes oft that fire nor pine,
ut diſcovering may no man hide
or the pompe of the pride ſmith th aires,
r elſe the great boaſt as it blawes

For

Nor there may no man fire so cover,
Wat it shall low or reeke discover.
So it fell heere: for fire so cleare
Done throngh ꝑ thicke bord can appeare.
First as a Sterne, syne as a Sone,
And well braider thereafter sone.
The fire gat soon in bleases brast,
And the reeke raise so wonder fast:
The fire ober all the Castell spied,
There might with force no man it red,
Then they within drew to the wall,
That at that time was battaillie all
Within, right as it was without.
That battaining withoutten bobbt,
Saued their lives, for to brake,
Fire blasts that them wonld obertake.
And when their foes that mischiefe saw
To armes went they in a thraw.
And assailled the Castell fast,
Where they durst come for fires blast:
Wat they within that mister had,
So great defence and worthie made,
That they full oft their foes rnshed,
For no kin perill they refused.
Nor travell for to save their lives,
Wat Weird, that to the end all drives,
The Worlds things them so travelled:
That they on two sides were assailled.
Within with fire, that them so brolyied:
Without with folke that them so tuilyied:
That they brint magre theirs the zet,
Wat for the fire that was so het,
They durst not enter so soone in by,
Therefore their folke they gart rely,
And went to rest for it was night,
Eall on the morne that day was light,

At fik mifchiefe as pee may fee,
Were they within, which was pitie,
They them defended doughtely:
Contemning them fo manfully,
That they ere day throw mekill paine,
Had timmered up the zat againe:
But on the morne when day was light,
And funne was fhinning faire and bright:
Then they without in haill battaile,
Came purhayed ready to aflaile:
But they within they were fo ftad,
That they not meate nor fewell had.
Where with they might the Caftell hald,
Created firft, and fyne them pald,
To bee into the Kings will.
That aye to Scottifh men was ill:
As fone after well was knawone:
For they were hanged all and drawne.
When this Cumnand thus treated was,
And affirmed with ftikkernelle,
They tooke them off the Caftle fone,
And in fhort time fo have they done,
That all a quarter of Snawdoun,
Right to the eird they tumbled downe,
And toward England held their way:
But when that King Edward heard fay,
How Neill the Bruce held Kildromy,
Againft his fonne fo ftalwartly,
Hee gathered great Chevalry,
And toward Scotland went in hy.
And as hee in Northumberland,
Was with his great roat ryband.
A ficknelle tooke him by the way,
And put him to fo hard affay,
That hee might neither gang nor ryde,

Him behoued magre his aduyse,
Into an Hamelet was thereby,
A little towne and unworthy,
With great paine they him hither brought,
Hee was so mad, that he, na moght
His breath but with great paines draw:
Or speake but if it were well law.
But then he bad they should him lay,
Wt What place was that where he in lay,
Sir, they said, Burgh in the land:
They call this place into this land.
Call they it Burgh, alas (said he)
My hope is now fordone to me:
For I weind never to thole the paine
Of death: while I through meckle maine,
The Burgh of Ierusalem had tane.
My life there weind I should die,
But I was neither wise nor slie,
To other Burghes help for to ta.
Now may I no wise further ga,
Thus plenyied he him of his saire,
As he had matter foberelie.
Wt When he weind to wit certaintie
Of it, that none might certein be.
Yet some men said, inclosde he had
A Spreit that him an answere made,
Of things that he would inquyre:
But he was sole without en weere,
That gave traist to that Creature:
For Feynds are of sa nature,
That they to Mankinde have enuie,
For they will on no wise trewtie,
That they that well are living here,
Shall win the Siege where fra they were
Tumbled through their meekle pride.

Wt Whereby our

Where through all tymes will betide,
That when Feynds disfeymed gee,
They will appeare, and make answere,
Through force of conjuration:
But they so false are, and so fellown,
That they make ay their answering,
Into double understanding,
To deceive them that will them trow.
Ensample will I set you now,
Of a Were, as I heard tell,
Betwixt France and the Flemings fell.
The Erle of Flanders Mother was
A Negromancer, and Sathanas
She raised: and him asked sone,
What should wyrth of the fechtyne,
Betwirt the French King, and her Sonne
And he (as all time he was wone)
Into deceit made her answere,
And said to her thir versis here.

Versus Bellide ROSSEK.

Rex ruet in bello, cumulique carebit honore.
Ferrandus (comitiva) cui, mea chara Minerva,
Parisios veniet, magna comitante caterva.

This was the speech he made perfay,
And is in English thus to say.
The King shall fall in the fechting,
And shall tailye honour of tyding.
And thy Ferrand Minerva Weare,
Shall right to Paris meny but weare:
Following him a great compayne,
Of Noble men, and of prowesse.
This is the sentence of the Saw,
That he in Latine can her shew.
He called her his dear Minerva:

For she was ay wonte for to serue
Him, till she lesed at his devise:
And for he made the famine service,
His Minerue and her called he:
And als through his subtilitie,
He cald her Deare, her to deceive:
That she the titter should conceive,
Of his speech the understanding,
That most pleased to her liking.
His double speech her is deceived,
That through it her sonne the dead received:
For she was of his answere blyth,
And to her sonne she told it swyth,
And bade him to the battell sped,
And he should victor be but dread:
And he that heard her lermoning,
Sped him in hy to the fighting,
Where he discomfite was and shent,
And taken, and to Paris sent:
But in the fighting not for thy,
The King through his Chevalry,
Was last at eird and fained baith:
But his men horled him well raith.
And when Ferrandus Mother heard,
How her sonne in the battell farde:
And that he was so discomfite:
She raisde the ill Spirit syte,
And asked him why he sped had,
Of the answere he to her made,
And he said, that he said saith all,
I said hee, that the King should fall
In the battell, and so did he,
And failyed eirding, as men may se,
And I said hee, that thy sonne should go
To Paris: and he did right so:
Following him lik a meynie,

The

That neder in his lifetime, he
Had sik a perpe into leading.
Now sees thou, I made no leesing.
The Wife ronclated was perfay,
And durst no more to him then say.
Thus gate throngh double understanding,
That bargan came to sik ending,
That the one partner eided was.
Right so fell it upon this case,
At Jerusalem crowned he,
Craven into the Warld to be,
At the whilke brought into the land,
He swelt right in his awne land.
And when he to the death was nere,
The folke that at Kildromy were,
Came with the prisoners they had tane:
And sone unto the King are gane,
And for to comfort him they tauld,
How they the Castle to them yald:
And how they to his will were brought,
To doe with them what ever him thought.
Asked what they should with them doe?
Then loked he angerlie them to,
And said girning, gar hang and draw.
It was great wonder of sik saw:
That he, that to the death was nere,
Should answer upon sik maner,
Withoutten meaning of mercie:
How might he trust on him to crie,
That sothfastlie deemes all thing,
To have mercie for his crying
Of him that through his fellonie,
Into sik point had no mertie.
His men his mandement have done,
And he died thereafter sone,

And syne was brought to Burying,
His Sonne syne after him was King.

How *James* of *Douglas* past into *Arrane*.

TO King Robert againe goe we
In Raughring with his Menzie:
Lay, till all winter neer was gone,
And of that Ile his meat hes tane.
James of Dowglas was angrie,
That they so long should idle lie:
And to Sir Robert Boyd he said,
The poore folke of this Countrie,
Are charged upon great malice,
Of us that idle lyes here:
I have heard say that in Arrane
In a strong Castle made of stane,
Are Englishmen, that with strong hand,
Holds the Lordship of that land,
Goe we hidder, and well may fall,
Annoy them in some thing we shall.
Sir Robert said, I grand therefull,
To ly here more were little skaill:
Therefore to Arrane passe will we,
For I know right well the Countrie,
And the Castle also know I.
We shall come there so privilie,
That they shall have no perceiving,
Nor yet knowledge of our comming,
And we shall neere inbushed be,
Where we their comming well may see.
So shall it on no maner fail,
But catch them in some wise we shall:
With that they buskèd them one ane,
And at the King their leave hes tane.
And went some forth upon their way,
In Kintyre sone come are they:

Syne

Syne rowed alwayes by the land,
Whyle that the night was neere at hand,
Then to Arrane they held their way,
And safely their arrivde they.
And in a Glen their Gatlay dreugh,
And syne it hailled well enough.
Their Takle, aires, and all their Steere,
They hid all on the same maner:
And held their way then in the night,
So that ere Day was dawen light:
They were enbusht the Castle nære,
Armed upon their best maner:
And though they wet were and weary
And throngh long fasting all hungrie,
They thought to hold them all prvile,
Untill that they their tyme might se.
Sir John the Haltings at that tyde,
With Knights of full mickle pride,
And with Squyers and Yemanrie,
Having a well great company,
Was in the Castle of Brathwyke:
And oft time whew it would him lyke,
He went to hunt with his menyie,
And so the Land abandound hee.
That none durst wænte to doe his will,
He was into the Castle still,
The time that James of Dowglas,
So neere hand by enbusht was,
So hapened at that time through chance,
That with vittaile and purveyance,
And with clething and als armyng,
The day before in the Evening,
The Under Wardane arrived was.
With three Waittes right neere the place,
Where the folke Fyalle of alve,

Full priuily enbushed were.
Some from the Waittes saw they goe,
Of Englishmen thretty and moe.
Charged all with sundrie things,
Some bare wine, and some grenings,
The remanent all charged were,
With things of sundrie maner
And other sundrie wed them by,
And they were Waiters idely.
They that enbushed were them saw,
And then withoutten dread or aw,
Their bushment on them they brake,
And slew all that they might ouertake.
They cryed hiddeously and hie,
And they that dreeding were to die,
Right as beastes can rairre and cry,
And they slew them without mercy,
So that into the samine stead.
Were neer to fourtie that were dead.
When they that in the Castle were,
Heard the folke so cry and raire,
They ished forth to the fighting,
But when the Dowglas saw their comming,
His men to him hee can rely,
And went to meete them hastely.
And when they of the Castle saw,
Him come on them but dreed or aw,
They fled withoutten more debate,
And they them followed to the gate.
And slew of them as they in gatt:
But they their gets barred so fast,
That they at them might doe no mast,
Therefore they left them like one there,
And turned to the place againe,
Where that the men before was slaine,
And when they that within the Waittes,

Saw them comming, and what gaites
They had discomfite their Penyie,
In by they put them to the ley,
And rowed fast with all their maine,
But the wind was them againe:
And so great the Land birst did rise,
That they might weeld the sea no wise.
Nor they durst not come to the Land,
But held them there so long hobland,
That of three Gaites drowned two,
And when Dowglas saw it was so,
Hee tooke the arming and the cleething,
Victaile, and wine, and other thing,
That they found there; and held their way
Right glad and joyfull of their prey.

¶ On this maner James of Dowglas,
And his Penyie through Gods grace,
Were well relieved with arming.
And with Victaile and als Cleething.
Syne to a strait they held their way,
And them full manlie governde they,
While on the tent day that the King,
With all that were in his leading.
Arrived were in that Countrie,
With threttie Gaillaies come and three,
The King arrived in Arrane,
And syne to the Land is hee gane:
And in a towne tooke his Harbrie,
And syne spearèd full specialls,
If any man could tell tithand,
Of any strangers in that land.
Yes said a woman Sir, perfay,
Of strange men, I can you say,
That are come into this Countrie,
And short while syne through their bounty

They discomfited hir Wardane,
And many of his men haue slaine,
And to a stallward place hereby,
Repatreth all their company.
Dame, said the King, wilt thou me wis,
To the place where their repaire is,
I shall reward thee but leasing:
For they are all of my dwelling,
And I right blythly would them se,
And as I trow, so would they me.
Yes Sir: said she, I will blythly,
Goe with you and your company,
While that I shew you their repaire,
That is enough, my fairest faire,
Now goe we forward, said the King.
Then went they forth but more letting,
Following her. And she them led,
While at the last she shew the sted
To the King in a woodie Glen:
And said, Sir, ponder law I the men
That ye spere after, make lodging,
Here trow I, is their repairing:
The King then blew his horne in hy,
And gart the men that were him by,
Hold them still in privitie,
And syne againe his horne blew he:
James of Dowglas heard him blow,
And well the blast some can he know,
And said surely yone is the King,
I ken him well by his blowing,
The third time therewith als he bleu,
And then Sir Robert Boyd him knew:
And said, yone is the King but dreed,
Go we will forth to him good speed,
Then went they to the King in hy,
And to him inclined courteously,

And

And blythly welcommed them the King,
That was joyfull of their meeting,
And kissed them and spired syne
How had they farne in their passing?
And they him told all but leesing;
Syne lovèd they GOD of their meeting,
Then with the King to his harbry
They went, both blyth and joyfully.

How the King sent his man to spy in Carrik who were to him frendly.

THE King upon the other day,
To his privie men can say,
Ye know all weil, and weil may se,
How ye are out of your Countrie
Vaniſht through Englishmens might,
And that which ours should be with right,
Through their maistrie they occupie,
And would also without mercie,
If they had might, destroy us all:
But GOD forbid, that it should fall
To us, as they make menasling,
Then were there na recovering,
And manheed bids us, that we
To procure vengeance buske be;
For ye may se we have foure things,
That makes us admonishings,
For to be worthie, wise, and wight,
And to annoy them at our might.
One is, our lives saſette:
That could in no wise saved be,
If they had us at their leeing,
The other that makes us egging,
Is, that they our possession
Holds with strength against reason:

The

The third is, the joy that we abide,
If that it happens (as well may tide)
That we habe victorie and maistrie,
To ouercome all their fellonie.
Therefore we should our hearts raise,
So that no mischiefe should us abase:
And shape alwayes to that ending,
That beares in it mense and louing;
And therefore Lordings if that ye sée,
Among you, that it spedfull be:
I will send a man in Carrik,
To spie and speare how the kinrik
Is led: and who is frend or fo.
And gif he sees we land may to;
On Turneberyse-nuke he may
Make a fire on a certaine day,
To make takning to us, that we
May there arrive in safetie:
And if he sees, we may not sa,
Loke on no wise the fire be ma.
So may we thereof habe witting
Of our passage, and our dwelling.
To this speech all assented are,
And there the king with hootten mare,
Calde one that was to him priuie,
And borne was of Carrik Countrie:
And charged him in life, and mait,
As ye heard he devised aire;
And set him certaine day to ma
The fire gif he saw it were so,
That they had possibilitie,
To maintaine weere in that Countrie:
And he that was right well in will,
His Lords yarning to fulfill,
As he that worthie was and leele,
And could his secret well conceele.

Quhill he was boun into all thing,
For to fulfill his commanding,
And said, he should do so wiselie,
That no repreife should after lie.
Syne at the King his leave hes tane,
And fourth upon his way is gane.

NOw goes the Messenger his way,
That hight Cuthbert (as I heard say)
In Carrik sone arrived he:
And passed through all the Countrie:
But he found few therein perfay,
That god would of his Maister say.
For feill of them durst not for dread,
And other some right into deed,
Were faes to the noble King,
That rewed syne their bargaining,
Both hie and low the land was then,
All occupied with Englishmen:
That despised attour all thing,
Robert the Bruce the doughtie King.
Carrik was given then wholleie
To Sir Henrie the Lord Percie.
That into Turnberyse Castle then,
Was well neere with three hundreth men,
And danted so all haile the Land,
That all to him were obeyand.
This Cuthbert saw his fellowy,
And saw the folke so bailleiy.
We worthen English, both rich and poore,
That he to none durst him discover:
But thought to leave the fire unmade
Syne to his Maister wend but bade:
All that comyne to him to tell,
That was so angrie, and so fell,

Of the fire the King saw burning.

THe King that into Arrane lay,
When that comming was the day,
That hee set to his Messenger,
As I to you deuised aire,
After the fire hee lowed fast,
And sone as the Mone was past,
Hee thought well that hee saw a fire,
By Turneberie burning faire and shyre,
And to his men hee could it shaw.
Ilkane thought weele that they it saw,
Then with blyth heart the folke can cry,
God King, speed you deliverly,
Do that wee sone in the Euening,
Arriue withoutten perceiuing.
I grant (said hee) now make you pare,
God further us into our fare:
Then in short time men might them see,
Shot all their Gallayes to the sea,
And bare to sea, both Aire and Steer:
And other things that needfull were.
And as the King upon the sand,
Was ganging up and downe bydand,
His menye till they ready were:
His Hostes came right to him there,
And when that thes him hailsed had,
A priuie speake thee to him made:
And said, Take good kepe to my Saw,
For ere yee passe, I shall you shaw,
Of your Fortune a great partie,
And attour all thing especially,
A twittering heere I shall you ma.
What end that your purpose shall ta.
For in this Land is none truely,
Wats things to come so well as I.
Yee passe now forth in your voyage,

To venge the harme and the outrage,
That Englishmen yes to you done,
But yee wot not what kin Fortune.
Yee mon dree in your iourneying,
But wit yes weill wit hout lesing.
That fra ye have vote taken Land,
There shall no might nor strength of hands
Dare thou passe out of that Countrie,
I tiste all to you abandounde bee,
Within thoyt time ye shall be king,
And have the Land at your tyking,
And oberconne your foes all,
But fell annoyes feele yes shall.
Or that your purpose end have tane:
But yee shall them oberdryue thane.
And that yee trow this sikerly,
By two sonnes with you shall I
Send: to take part of your trauaille,
For I wot well, they shall not faile.
To be rewarded well at right,
When yee are raised to your hight.
¶ The king that heard all her carping
Thanked her in mekle thing,
For shee comforted him sonie deill,
And hee trowed not all weill
Her speech: For he had great ferly,
How shee should this sikerly,
Is it was wonderfull per fay,
How any mans science may
Know things that are to come,
Determinatly, either all to some,
But that hee inspired were,
Of him that all things aforneare
Sees, in his owne Prescience.
As it were aye in his presence.

As was David and Jeremy,
Samuell, Joseph, and Esay.
That through his holy grace could tell
Feill things that afterwards befell,
But these Prophets so thine are sowne,
That none in eird may now bee knowne.
But feill folke are so curious,
And to wit things so covetous,
That they trow through their great Clergie,
Or else through their deslrie,
Of thir twaine maners makes finding,
Of things to come to have knowing,
Ane of them is Astrologie,
Wherethrough Clerkes that are wittie,
May know Conjunction of Planets,
And whidder that their course them sets,
In soft Sieges, or in asgrie,
And of the Heaven all haittilie,
Now that the dispositioun
Wirkes upon things here downe:
On Regions or on Climates,
That all where worketh not all gaites.
Yet may they faile the truth to say,
In things that them happen may.
For whether that man inclined bee,
To vertue or iniquitie:
Hee may right well refraine his will,
Either through vertue or through skill,
And to the contrare turne it all.
As hath beene many time seene fall,
That men trouble to ill given,
Through their great wit away have driven
Their ill, and wrathen of renowne,
Magre the constellatioun.
As Aristotle, if as men redes,
He had followed his kindly dedes:

He had be ene falſe and codetous,
Bot his wit made him vertuous.
And ſyne that mãn may on this wiſe,
Worke againſt the courſe, that is
Principall cauſe of their deeming,
Dee thinke they deeme no certaine thing.
Negromancie anothes is,
That kens men on ſundrie wiſe:
Through ſtalwart Conſturation:
And als through Exhoitation
To gar Sprites to them appeare.
And give them anſwers on ſeir maner,
As whylum did the Pithonelle,
That when Saul abaſed was,
Of the Philiſtimes powder and mighe,
Raiſed through her merkle slighe,
Samuels Spreit als tite,
Or in his ſtead the evill ſpreit,
That gave right graith anſwere her to,
Bot of her ſelfe right nought wiſt ſo,
And man is inde vreding ay,
Of things that he hes heard ſay,
Namely that are to come, while he
Knows of the end the certainetie:
And ſen they are in ſik wening,
Althoutten certen witting:
Be think, who ſayes he knowes things
To come: he makes great gabings.
Bot whidder ſhe that told the king,
Howe his purpoſe ſhould have ending,
Meind, or wiſt it utterlie,
It fell after all hailelie,
As ſhe ſaid, for ſyne king was he,
And reigned into free poueſtie.

## Of the Kings Hanisling in Carrik, at his first arriving.

THis was in Ver, when Winter tide,
With his blasts hideous to bide,
Was overdriven: and birds small,
As Turtle, and the Nightingale,
Began right sweetlie for to sing.
And for to make their solacing.
Sweet notes and sounds seare.
And melodies plealant to heare.
And trees begouth breaking to ma
Burgeons, and blyth blowmes alswa.
To win the bewing of their head,
That wicked Winter hath them made,
And all gerlis begouth to swing.
In that sweet time the Noble King.
With his flote, and a few menyie,
Four hunder I troiw they might be,
Went to the sea out of Ayrine,
A litle before the Even was gone.
They rowed fast with all their might,
While that upon them fell the night,
That wort mirke as great manere:
So that they wist not where they were:
For they no needle had nor stane,
But rowed alwayes south in sae.
Steering alwayes upon the fire,
That they saw burning light and shire:
It was but aventure them led.
And they in short time to them sped,
That at the fire arrived they,
And went to land but more delay:
And Cuthbert that hath done the fire,
Was full of anger and of ire,
For he durst not doe it away.
And he was also doubting ay,

That his Lord thould paſſe ty the ſea,
Therefore their comming waited be,
And met them at their arriving:
He was right ſwre wrought ty the King
That ſpered at him how he had done?
And he with ſore heart told him ſone:
How there was none there well willand,
But all were foes that ever he fand.
And that Dir Henry the Perry
With neere three hunder in companie,
Was in the Caſtle their beſide:
Filled full of deſpite, and pride,
But more then two parts of his rout,
Were hatched in the feinnes abont:
And deſpiles you more, Dir King,
Then mete may deſpile any thing,
Then ſaid the King in full great ire,
Traitour why made thou them the fire?
(Dir) he ſaid, ſo God me ſe,
The fire was never made through me:
Nor ere this night I wiſt it nought:
But ſra I wiſt it, well I thought,
That ye, and wholle your Menyie,
In hy thould put you to the ſea,
For thy come I to meete you here,
To tell perils that may appeare.
The King was at his ſpeech angry,
And aſked his priole men hum by.
What that they thought was beſt to doe.
Dir Edward anſwered firſt thereto,
His brother that was ſo hardie:
And ſaid, I lay you ſikkerlie,
There ſall no peril that may be,
Drive me againe unto the ſea,
Mine aventure her take will I;

Whether it be eaſeфull or angrie,
Brother (he ſaid) ſen ye will ſa,
It is gud we the ſamine ta.
Mieſe, or eaſe, or paine, or play,
After as GOD will us puт vay:
And ſen men ſayes, that the Percy,
Mine heritage will occupy:
And his People ſo neere us lies,
That us deſpiles many wayes,
Do we venge ſome of the deſpite,
And that may we habe done full tyte:
For they lie traiſtie but dreeding
Of us, or of our here comming:
And thought we ſlæping ſlay them all,
Reprowbe us thereof no man ſhall:
For werrayour no force ſhould mo
Whether he might overcome his fo
Through ſtrength, or great ſubtiltie,
But at gud faith ay holden be.
When this was ſaid, they went their way,
And to the towne ſcone comnen are they,
So priviliе but noiſe making,
That none perceibed their comming.
They ſkailed through the toun in hie,
And broke up dores ſturdelie:
And ſlew all that they might overtake,
And they that no defence might make,
Full piteouſlie can caire and crie:
And they ſlew them without mercie,
As they that were in full great will,
To venge the anger and the ill,
That they, e theirs to them had wrought:
With ſo fellonn a will them ſought
That they ſlew them up overthoute,
Except Makdowell him alone,

That escaped through merrie night,
And through the mirkenes of the night.
In the Castle the Lord Percie,
Heard well the noise and the crie.
And so did the men with him were,
And full instantly got their gere:
Out of them none was so hardie,
That he durst ithe fourth to crie,
In sik affray bade they that night,
While on the morne that day was light,
And then ceased into partie,
The noise, the slaughter and the crie.
The King gart then departed be,
All battl the spraitly to his supplie,
And dwelt there some dayes thare,
Sik hansell to their battle gave he:
Right in the first beginning,
Newlings at his Incoming.

When that the King and his folke were,
Arrived, as I tould you are.
A while in Carrik lenided hee,
To see who friend, or foe would bee.
And hee found little tendernesse,
But not for thy the people was,
Inclined to him in partie,
But Englishmen so magnetie,
Led them with danger and with aw,
That they no friendship durst him shaw
But a Lasse of that Countrie,
That was to him in nerre degree,
In Cosinage, was mooved hirby
Of his arriving, and als swiftly
Sped her to him in full grete hy,
Fifty fourth men in compenie,
And betaught him with the king,

To helpe him in his warraping,
And he receiued them in daintie,
And her full greatlie thanked hee.
And speered tithings of the Queene,
And of his friendes all hebeene,
That hee had left in that Countrie;
When that hee put him to the sea,
And shee him told sighing full saire,
How that his biether taken were
In the Castle of Kildromy,
And syne destroyed villanouslie,
And the Erle of Atholl also,
And how the Mwaye and other moe,
That his partie were holdans,
Were tane and led into England,
Were put into Tellouns prisoun,
And how good Christall of Setoun
Was slaine: greeting: shee told the King,
That was sorrowfull of that tithing.
And said when hee had thought a thraw,
The words that I shall to you shaw,
Alace, hee said, for loue of mee,
And for there mickle tacle lawtie,
They Noble men, and they worthie,
Are destroyed so villanouslie;
But if I liue in liege poustie,
Their death right soone shall vengeed bee,
Yea, whether the King of England
Thought that the Burthe of Scotland
Was all to litle for him and mee,
Therefore I will it mine all bee.
But of good Christall of Setoun,
That was so worthie of Renowne,
That hee should die were great pitie,
Where any worship might vsend bee,

The King this Gyving made his mane:

And the Lady her leave ges tane;
Syne went home to hes luinning
Till syes comfort thee the King,
With silber and with meate,
As shee in the land might gete
And bee oft rpaid the land,
And made all his that ebet be land,
Syne he drabt hard to the hight,
That time better his was nigh
In that time was the Lord Percie
With a full simple company
In Turneberise Castle standing
For the King Robert his wirking,
That hee durst not ish out be nicht
Fra thine to the Castle of Aire.
That was then full of Douglasmen,
Bot lay lurking as in a den,
While the men of Northumberland,
Should come armed with strong hand,
And conduct him to his Countrie
For to them send his Pursuivandis,
And they in by assembled thee,
Calling attour a thousand men,
And asked counsell thens taking,
Whether that they should ryde or ganga
Bot they were dowtit wonder sare,
So far in Scotland for to fare,
For a Knight Sir Gawtres de Lisle,
Said it was too great perill,
So neere these Woulders to gone,
His speech discowered them to none,
That they had left all the voyage,
Were not a King is of great courage
That Sir Roger of Kirck Johns hight,

That them comfort'd with his knight,
And tik words can to them lay,
That they together held their way,
To Turnebery where the Percy
Lay on, and went with them in hand
In England his owne Castle till,
Without distroublance or mere will
Now in England is the Perry.
Where I trow he a while shall ly,
Or that hee shape him for to fare,
To weirray Carrik any mare:
For hee wist that he had no right
And als hee dred the Kings might,
That in Carrik was the land,
In the most streigths of that Land.

¶ Where James of Dowglas on a day
Came to the King, and can him say,
Sir, with your leave I would gae hame
How that they doe in my Countrie,
And how my men demeaned are.
For it annoyes mee wonder sare
That the Cliffurds so peaceably
Wrokes and holds the Kempetie
That should be mine with all his right,
But while I live, & I have might,
To lead a Yeaman or a Squire:
Hee shall not wonne it but bargaine.
The King said, Certes, I cannot see,
How that yee yet may thither bee.
Into that Countrie for to fare,
While Englishmen so might to are:
And thou wats not who is thy friend
Hee said, Sir, needlesse I will weend,
And take the aventure God will give,
Whether it bee to life or live.

he King said, Sen that thou will so
nd tak a partning hes to gae;
hou shalt passe fourth with my blessing,
nd if thee happens any thing
hat annoyous or skaithfull be,
pray thee spead thee leme to mee:
ake wee together what ever may fall.
grant, bee said, and therewithall
e louted, and his leave hes tane,
on is toward the Countrie gane.

## The first winning of the Castle of *Dowglas*.

NOw takes James his voyage,
Toward Dowglas his heritage,
ith two men suthouten ma,
his was a simple Gaze to ta
astle or land of weare to wit,
at fast he earned to begin.
o bring his purpose to ending:
nd good beginning lies in beginning:
or good beginning and hardie,
ff it be followed wittilie,
ay gar oft syes unlikelie thing,
ome to right good and fair ending:
o did he here: for he was wise,
nd saw he might not on no wise,
earie his foe with even might:
herefore he thought to worke with slight.
n Dowglasdaill his stone Countrie:
pon an Evening entred he,
nd then a man wounded the eeby,
hat was of frends right mighty,
nd rich of monie and of Cattell,
nd had bene to his father leill:
ame to himselfe in his youthhead,

Had done many a thankfull deed.
Thomas Dikson was his name perfay,
To him he send, and can him pray
That he would come all unsele,
For to speake with him a while,
And but danger to him he ges:
But when he told him what he was,
He grat for ioy, and for pite,
And him right to his house had he
Where in a chamber priuie,
He held him and his companie:
That none of him had perceiuing.
And meat, and drinke, and other thing
That might them ese, they had plentie:
So wrought they with their subtiltie,
That all the lele men of the land,
That with his Father were dwelland,
This good man gart come one and one:
And make him manrent ver them alone:
And he himselfe first homage made,
Dowglas in heart great gladnesse had,
That the good men of his Countrie,
Would this wise to him bounden be:
He spæred the contents of the land,
And who the Castis had in hand:
And they him told all hastelie,
And syne among them priuelie
They ordainde that he still should be,
In hidding and in priuitie,
Till Palme sunday that was nære hand,
The third day after fallowand,
For then the folke of that Countrie,
Assembled at the kirk would be:
And they that in the Castle were,
Wold als be there their Palmes to bere,

As folke that had no dread of ill:
For they thought all was at their will,
Then should he come with his two men,
Before that folke should not him ken,
He should a mantle have ald and bare,
And a flaile, as he a Taiker were,
Under the mantle not far thy,
He should be armed priuilie:
And when the men of his Countrie,
That should all boun be faire him be,
His Enclenyie might beare him erle,
Then should they all enforcedly,
Right in mids of the Kirke assaill.
The Englishmen with hard battaill.
So that none might escape them fra,
For thereth rough trowed they to ta
The Castle: that beside was nere,
And when this, that I tell you here,
Was devised and inordane,
Alkone home to his house is gane:
And held this speake in priuitie,
Untill the day of their assemblie.

How *Dowglas* in Sanct *Brydes* Kirke,
With the Englishmen can wirke.

THE folke upon the Palmesunday,
Held to Saint *Brydes* Kirk their way:
And they that in the Castle were,
Ished out both felle and maire,
And went their Palmes for to beare,
Except a Coke and a Bufer,
James of Dowglas, of their comming
And what they were, had good wetting,
And sped him to the Kirk in hy,
But ere he came, to passe by

One

One of his men cried Dowglas, Dowglas,
Thomas Dikson, that nærest was,
To them that were of the Castell,
That were then Inwith the Chancell,
When they the Dowglas so heard crie,
Drew out his sword and fellounlie
Rushed among them to and fro,
And one other withoutten mo,
But they in hie were left lyand,
With that Dowglas came nære at hand,
And they enforced on them the cry:
But they the Chancell sturdelie
Held, and them defended well,
While of their men were slaine some dell.
But, the Dowglas so well him bare,
That all the men that with him were,
Had comfort of his well doing.
And he himselfe spared nothing:
But prowed so his force in fight,
That through his worthie and his might,
His men so kænelie helped then,
That they the Chancell on them wan.
Then dang they on so sturdelie,
That in short time men might see lie,
The two part dead or then pleand.
The leade were tomed some in hand:
So that of twentie lived nane,
But they were slaine itkane or tane.
James of Dowglas when this was done,
The prisoners hes tane full sone,
And with them of his companie,
Toward the Castle went in hie.
Or onie nois or cry should rise,
And so he would them some surprise:
That in the Castle leaded were,

They were but viii xxtie men,
Fyve or six before sent he
That fand all open the entrie,
And entred, and the porter tolde,
Wi he at the zet was fyne the Cone,
Wilth that the Dowglas came to the zet,
And entred in without debaite,
And found the meat all ready graithed,
Wilth bowdes set, and clairdes fatte,
The zets then hee gart them spar,
And fate at meat all at laiffair,
Syne all the gwds fande they,
That they thought right to bene theirs,
Silver, treasure, and als clathyng,
And namelie weapons and all armyng,
Wittaile that might be not tane[illegible] has,
On this maner delivered he,
All the Wittaile outtaken fail,
And Wapentake and Armure, and Speris and Spalt,
In the wirie Cottar gart he bring,
And syne all on the Fyre before them flang,
And the prisoners that hee had tane,
Night there in gard hee ha[illegible]
Syne off the Castell he heard [illegible]
A foul melle there gart hee [illegible]
For Meale, and Malt, Wheit and Watter,
Ran together in a wattime,
That was unfittand for to [illegible]
Therefore the men of the Countrie,
Called it the Dowglas Dantone,
And will bee called this many yeir,
Then tolde hee Sall ye I heard tell,
And dead Horse and Kowes the [illegible]
And syne burnt all [illegible]
And is fayth with his wonyie gane.

Lo his releefe for he trowed well
If hee had holden the Castle
Hee should have bene alleged saith
And that thought him to mickle saith.
For hee none hope had of releeving
And als it was right perilous thing
In Castle alleged for to bee
When a thing wants at this tyme
Wittaile, or meat with armure
Or els good hope of releeving
And for hee dred this things should falle
Hee chosed forward to trauaile
Where he might at his large bee
And so drives forth his Dolfulnes

In this wise was the Castle tane
And slaine that were therein tane
The Dowglas lyne all his mayne
Gart in seir places parted bee
That men should battelle lyke they were
That yed aye parted here and there
Them that were inowded gart he ly
Into biddles all priuely
And gart god Lordes to them bring
While that they were into seruice
And himselfe with a few meyne
While one, two, and three
And sometime, hee himselfe were
In biddles through the Englis
So dred he Englismen myght
That he durst not well come in sight
For they that tyme were all vnfound
As Pallers and Lyons ouer all the Land
But their tithings were shortly
Of this dæd the Douglas
Came to the Clangelas

That for his tynsell was full wa
And mowed his men that were slaine:
And syne he bes to purpose tane,
To big the Castle up againe.
Therefore ane man of mickle mane
He assembled a great companie,
And syne to Dowglas went in hy,
And bigged up the Castle swyth,
And made it right stalwart and styth:
And put therein Victuall and Wen,
And ane of the Dowglas then
He left behind him the Captaine,
And syne to England went againe.

How one man and his fannes twa,
Vndertooke King Edwars to sla.

IN to Carrile yet was the King,
With a full simple gaddering,
Nee past not two hundreth men,
But yet Sir Edward his brother then
In Galloway was neere hand by,
With him anither companie.
They held the Strengths of the Land,
For they durst not yet take on hand,
To ryde over all the Land plainelie,
For of Wallange Sir Aymery,
Was into EDINBVRGH ilkane,
And als was Warden of the Landy
And had the same in governing.
And when he heard of the comming
Of King Robert and his Menie,
Into Carrik, and how that he,
Had slaine so of the Southern men:
His counsell he assembled then,
And with consent of his Counsell

Hee sent to Aire him to assaile,
Sir Ingrame Umfravile that was hardie,
And with him a great companie,
And when Sir Ingrame come was there,
Him thought hee speedfull for to fare,
For to assailyie him in the highe,
Therefore he thought to worke with slight,
And lay still in the Castell than,
While he gat knowing of a man
Of Carrik that was his awn knight,
And als a man of mickle might,
As any man of that Countrie,
Was to King Robert mast privie,
As hee that was his sibbe man nere,
And when hee would without danger,
Might to the Kings presence goe,
The whilke man and his Soldiers two,
Were winning still in that Countrie,
For they would not perceived bee,
That they were speciall to the King,
They made him many time warning,
When that they might his tyrsell see;
Therefore in theim assayed hee,
His name I cannot tell yerfay,
But I have oft heard sothly men say,
Forsoth that his ane eye was out:
But hee was stalwarde was and stout,
That hee was the most doughtie man,
That into Carrik was ryding than,
And when Sir Ingrame gat witting,
Forsoth this was no lesing,
After him in hy hee went,
And hee came at his commandement,
Sir Ingrame that was like and wyld,
Trysted with him on the wold,

That he made slyker undertaking,
With treasoun for to slay the King:
And he should have for his service,
Gif he fulfilled this devise)
Well fourtie pounds worth of land,
To him and all his aires lifand.

THE treasoun this is undertane,
And he home to his house is gane:
And waited opportunitie,
To fulfill his iniquitie.
In great perill then was the King,
That of this treasoun wist nothing:
For he, that he trawed most of all,
His dead hes fully undertane.
None may betraise ithat then be,
That man introwes into laivtie.
The King in him trusted for thy,
He had fulfilled his fellony,
Were not the King through Gods grace,
Got warning how his mercale was:
And how, and for how mickle land,
He take his slaughter upon hand.
I wate not who the warning made:
But in all time sik han he had:
That when men thole him to betraple,
He got wittting thereof alwayes:
And many a time as I heard say,
Through women that him loved ay:
That would tell all that they might heare,
And so may fall that is nid here.
But how so ever it fell gardie,
I trow he shall the maister be,
Yet not for thy the traitour all,
Had in his thought how night and day:
How he might best bring to ending,

His treasonable undertaking,
Till he bethought him at the last:
And in his mind can imperall,
That the King had in custome ay,
For to raise airlie every day:
And passe well far from his Pempis:
When he would passe to the Privie.
And seeke a covert him alone,
And at the most had with him one,
There thought he with his fannes two,
For to suppryse the King and ta:
And syne went to the Wood there way:
But yet of purpose failyed they.
And for this cause they came all three,
Into the covert that was privie:
Where to the King was wont to ga,
His pryvie needs for to ma.
There bid they them till his comming,
And the King airlie in the morning
Raise, when that his lifting was,
And right toward the Covert gaes:
Where lying were the Traitours three,
For to doe there pis pryvitie.
To treasoun then he tooke no heed:
But he was wont where ever he yeed,
His sword about his halse to beare:
And that availde him greatlie there.
For had not GOD all things weildand:
Sik helpe set in his owne hand,
Hee had beene dead without ten dread:
A chamber Page then with him yeed:
And so withouten fellowes mo.
Toward the Covert can he go.
Now but GOD help the Noble King,
He is neere brought to his ending.

For

For that Couert that he pæd till,
Was on the other side of the hill:
That none of his men might him sæ:
Thitherward went his Page and he.
And when he commen was in the Shaw,
He saw the thræ comming on raw,
Against him full sturdelie,
Then to his boy he said, in hie,
Yone men will slay us, if they may.
What weapons hast thou? ah Sir, perfay
I have a bow, but and a wyre.
Give me them swertlie, he said, ah Sir;
What will ye then that I shall do?
Stand on far, and behold us to.
If thou me sæs adone to be,
Thou shalt have weapons great plentie,
And if I die, withdraw thæ soone:
And with the sword withoutten hone,
He toke the bow out of his hand,
For the Traitours were nære command.
The Father had a sword but maire:
The other both sword and handare bare:
The third a sword had, and a speare,
The King perceived by their æræe,
That all was sothly, men to him told,
Traitour (he said) thou hes me sold:
Come thou no further, but hold thee there,
I will thou come no further mare.
Ah Sir, bethinke you then said he,
How neere that I should to you be.
Who should come neerer you then I?
The King said, I will skikerlie,
At this time that thou come not neere,
Thou may say, what thou wilt on feere.
But he with fatle wordes steerning,

With his two sonnes was nére comming.
When the King saw he would not let,
But ap came on with flæching falset:
He takes the wyze and lets it flo,
And hit the Father right in the eye:
While that it in the harnes ran,
And he backward fell down right than.
The bzother that the hand are bare,
That saw his father felled there.
A gird right to the King can make,
And with the are can him ovetake.
But he that had his swozd on hight
Raught him sik coutes in ran down right:
That he the head to harnes clave,
And dead down to the eird him dzave.
The other bzother that the speare bare,
Saw his bzother was fallen there
With the speare as an angrie man,
In a race to the King he ran
But the King that him dzed some thing,
Waited the speare at the comming:
And with a wilke the head off strake,
And ere the other had comming to take
His swozd, the King sik swak him gave,
That he his head to the harnes clave:
He rushed down of blod all red:
And when the King saw they were dead,
All thzee lying, he wipes his bzand,
With that his boy came fast rinnand,
And said, Our Lozd mot loved bee,
That granted you might and powstie,
To fell the fellony and the pzide,
Of thir thzee in so little tide.
The King said, So our Lozd me see
They had brene wozthie men all thzee,

Had they not beene full of treasoun,
But that made their confusioun.
¶ The King is went to his lodging,
And of this deed came some tithing:
To Sir Ingrame of Umfrawile,
That thought his subtiltie, and gyle,
Had all failyied in that place,
Therefore he so annoyd was,
That he again to Lochmabane,
To Sir Aymer his way is gane
And to him told all haile the case,
But he thereof sore wondred hes.
How any man so suddenly,
Might doe so great a Chevalry,
As did the King, that him allane,
Vengeance of the thræ Traitours hes tane
And said, Now may men well pardie
Wit that it is all in certainetie,
That Ure aye helpes the hardy men,
As by this dead we may well ken,
Were he not so outragious hardy,
He had not so vnabasedly,
And so smertly done his avantage,
I dread that his great vassalage,
And his great travill bring to end,
The thing that men full little wend.
Sik speaking made they of the King,
That they withoutten Sojourning.
Travelde in Carrik heere and there.
His men from him so shailled were.
To purchase their necessitie,
And als the Countrie for to see,
That they left with not him sirtie,
And when the Gallowayes wiste surelie,
That he was with so few Menyie,

They made a priuie ellemblie,
Of well two hunder men and ma:
And a sloth-Hound can with them ta.
For they thought him for to suppryse:
And if hee fled in any wise,
To follow him with Hounds so,
That he should no wise passe them fro:
They shupe them in ane Evening,
To suppryse suddenlie the King,
And to him held they straight the way:
But he that had his Watches ay,
On ilke side: of their comming,
Long ere they came had sure witting,
And how feill folke that they might be,
Therefore he thought with his Menie,
To withdraw him out of that place.
For the night neere hand fallen was,
And for the Night he thought that they,
Should not have light to hold the way:
That he were past with his Menzie,
And as he thought, right so did he.
And went him downe to a Parace,
On a Water that rinning was:
And in a Boge he found a place,
Was strait, and well two Bow-drawght was,
From that watter they passed had,
Hee said, here may we make abade:
And rest you all a while and lye
I will goe wait all pryvilie,
If I heare ought of their comming:
And if I heare of any thing,
I shall gare warne you, so that yee,
At your advantag ay shall bee.

How

How hee diſcomfit him allane,
Two hunder, and ſlew fifteene certaine.

THe King now taks his gate to go,
And with him twke he ſervants two
And Sir Gilbart de la Hay left he
There, for to reſt with his Penzie,
To the Water he came in by,
And harkened full tentfully,
If he might heare of their comming,
But yet then might he heare nothing,
Endlang the water then yeed he,
On either ſide great quantitie,
And ſaw the braes high ſtanding,
The Water how through ſtyke rinning:
And fand no Ford, that men might paſſe,
But where himſelfe overpaſſed was.
And ſo ſtrait was the upcoming,
That two men might ſcarce through it thring,
For on no maner might guid them ſo,
That they together long might goe.
And when he long time had beene there,
He hearkned and heard as horſemen were
And Hunds whiſſilling upon feer,
That ay he thought came neere and neere
He ſtod ſtill for to hearken maire:
And ay the longer he ſtod there,
He heard it neere and neere command:
But he thought he would ſtill yet ſtand,
While that he heard more takinning.
Then for a Hounds whiſſiling,
He would not waken his Perryte.
Therefore he would abide and ſee,
What folke they were: and whether they
Held toward him the right way:

Or pass another gaite far by,
The Mone was shining right clearely:
So long hee stood, that he might heare,
The noise of them that commen were,
Then his two men in hy sent he,
To waken and warn his Menyie,
And they are forth their wayes gone:
And he left still there him alone,
And so long stood he harkenand,
While that he saw come at his hand,
The haill rout in full great hy,
Then he bethought him hastely,
If he held toward his Menyie,
That ere he might repaired be:
They should be past the forde ilkane,
And then behoved to chose him ane
Of these two; outher flee, or die,
But his heart that was stout and hie,
Counseld him alone to bide:
And keepe them at the Fordes side,
And defend well the upcoming,
Sen he was garnisht with arming.
That he their arrowes should not dreed,
And if he were of great manheede:
He might astoney them ilkane,
Sen they could come but ane and ane,
He did right as his heart him bade:
For manheed, strength and courage he had
When he so stoutlie him allane,
For litle strength of earth hes tane
To fecht with two hunder or moe,
Therewith he to the Ford can goe;
And they upon the other party,
That saw him stand allanerlie,
Thranging in the Water rade,

Of him litle doubt they had,
And came to him in full great hy:
Dee smote the first so rigorously,
With his Dword that sharplie share,
While he down to the eird him bare,
The leave came one in a randoun:
But his Horse that was borne downe,
Cumbred them the upgang to ta,
And when the King saw it was sa,
Dee stiked the Horse, and he can fling,
And syne fell in the upcomming.
The lave with that came with a shout,
And he that stalward was and stout,
Det them right stoutly at the bra,
And so good payment can them ma,
That fivelome in the Fword he slew.
The lave then some deill them withdrew,
That dred his strakes wonder sair:
For he in nothing them forbare.
Then said ane, Certes we are to blame:
What shall we say when we come hame,
When one man feghts against us all,
When saw men ever sik folly fall,
As us, if we it thus gate leave?
With that all haill a shout they gave.
And cryed: on him, he may not last,
With that they prealled on him so fast,
That had he not the better bene,
He had beene dead with outten wene.
But he so great defence can make:
That where he hit with eben strak[illegible]
There might nothing against him st[illegible],
In litle space he left lpand
So feill that the upgang was then,
Pitted with slaine horse, and men,

So that his foes for that stopping,
Might not come to the upcomming.
Ah deare GOD, who had bene by,
And sene how he so hardely,
Addressed him against them all:
I wate well that they should him call,
The best that lived in his day:
And if that I the soth would say,
I heard never in no time gone,
One stint so manie him allone.

Example how *Tydeus* slew forty nine men, And the Lievetenant thold shame & pain.

EVen like when that Eteocles
Fra his brother Polynices,
Was sent to Thebes in message,
To aske whollie the heritage
Of Thebes, to hold it for a yere:
Two twines of one father they were,
They strave: for either King would be,
But the Barnage of that Countrie,
Gart them assent on that maner,
That the one should be King one yere,
And the other with his Menyie,
Should not be found in that Countrie,
While the first brother reigning were.
Syne should the other reigne ane yere,
And then the first should leave the land,
While that the other were reignand.
Thus ay one yere should reigne the one,
The other yere, when that were gone.
To aske [illegible]g of this assent,
Was Tydeus to Thebes sent:
And so spake for Polynices,
That of Thebes Eteocles,

Bad

Bad his conſtable with him ta,
Den armed well, and ſo forth ga:
To met Tydeus in the way:
And ſla him but longer delay.
The Conſtable his way is gane,
And nine and fourtie hes with him tane:
So that he with them made fiftie,
Into the Evening previlie,
They ſet a buſhment in the way,
Where that Tydeus behov'd to ga,
Betwixt an hie Craig and the Sea.
And he, that of their Pavitie
Wiſt nothing: his way hes tane,
And toward Grece againe is gane,
And as he rode into the night,
So ſaw hee with the Moones light,
Shining of ſhields great plentie:
And had wonder what it might be.
With that all haill they gave a crie:
And he that heard ſo ſuddenlie
Sik noiſe, ſome deill affrayed was:
But in ſhort time he to him taes
His ſpreits full hardelie:
For his gentle heart and worthie,
Allured him into that need;
That with ſpurres he ſtrake the Steed,
And ruſhed in among them all.
The firſt he met he gart him fall,
And ſyne his ſword he ſwapped out,
And raught about him monie a rout:
And ſlew ſerſome well ſoone or ma
Then under him his horſe they ſla:
And he fell: but he ſmertlie raiſe,
Stryking about him rowme he mais,

And slew of them a quantitie,
But wounded wonder sore was he.
With that a litle rod he fand,
Up toward the craig stryband:
Hither he went in full great hie,
Defending him right doughtelie:
While in the craig he clam some deill,
And found a place inclosed weill:
Were none but one might him assaill,
There stood he, and gave them battaile,
And they assailyied him ilk one:
And oft syes when that he slew one,
As he downe to the eird did dryve:
He would beare downe weill foure or five.
There stood he, and defended so,
While he had slaine the halfe and mo.
A great stone then by him saw he:
That through the great mauitie,
Was lowsed readie for to fall,
And when he saw them comming all.
He tumbled downe on them the stane,
And eight men therewith hath he slaine.
And so astoneyed the remnand,
That they were neere all reteerand.
Then would hee prison hold no maire.
But on them ran with sword all baire:
And hewed and slew with all his maine,
While hee had nyne and fourtie slaine,
The constable syne can hée ta,
And gart him sweare that hee should ga:
To King Eteocles, and tell,
The aventures that them befell:

TYDEVS bare him right doughtelie,
That overcame him allane fiftie.
Yee that this reades, judge yee,

Whether

Whether that more should praised bee)
The King that with his auisement
Undertooke sik hardement:
As to stynt him allone but feare,
The folke that full two hundreth were,
Of Tydeus that suddenly
Fra they had raised on him the cry,
Throughe hardement that they had tane,
With fiftie men all him alane:
They did their deede both in the night,
And faught both with the Mones light,
But the King hee discomfit ma,
And Tydeus the ma can sla.
Now deeme yee whidder more lobing
Should Tydeus habe or the doughtie King.
In this maner as I habe told,
The King that stark was stout and bold
Was feghting on the Fordes side,
Giving and taking routes red:
While hee sik martyrdome had made,
That hee the Ford all stopped had:
That none of them might to him ryde,
Then thought they folly for to byde,
And hailelie the flight can ta,
And went homeward where they came fra.
Then the Kings men with the cry,
Wakened, and full fraydlie,
Came for to seeke their Lord the King,
The Galloway men heard their comming,
They fled, and durst no longer byde,
The Kings men dreading lore that tyde,
For their King, full spedilie,
Came to the Forde: and syne in by
They found the King sitting allane,
And had his Basnet off tane,

To

To take the aire: for he was heat,
Then speered they at him his state:
And he told them all haill the cace,
And how that he assailyied was.
And how that GOD him helped so,
That he escaped haill them fro:
Then lokked they how feill were dead:
And they found lying in that stead,
Fifteene that was slaine with his hand,
Then loved they fast God all weildand,
That they their Lord sand haill and feir,
And said they would in no maner
Dread their foes sen their Chiftane
Was of sik heart and of sik mane:
That for them so had undertane,
With so feill folke to feght allane.

Sik Wordes spake they of the King,
And of his hie undertaking,
They kerlied and yarned him to sé,
That wont was oft with him to be.
Ah. how worship is a perfite thing,
Worship makes men to have loving,
If it be followed worthely,
But pryse, and worship not for thy,
Is hard to win but great travell:
Oft to defend, and oft to assaile,
And to be in their dædes wise,
Garres men of worship win the pryse.
There may no man have worthhæd,
But he have wit to stære the deed:
And sé what is to leave or ta.
Worship extremities hes twa:
Fole hardement the formest is,
And the other is Cowardise.
And they are baith to forsake.

Fole

Fole hardement all will overtake:
Aswell things to leave as ta.
Bot Cowardise does nathing sa:
Bot utterly forsaketh all.
And that were wonder for to fall,
Where not wanting of discretioun:
For thy hes worship sik renoun,
That it is mid betwirt the twa:
And taketh that it will unta:
And leaves that is to leave. For it
Hes sa great garnishing with wit,
That it all perills well can see:
And all avantage that may be,
It wald to hardement hald hally,
Where thy away were the foly.
For hardement with foly is,
Bot hardement that melled is,
Where wit, is worthy ay, pardie:
For but wit worship cannot be.

THis Noble King that we of read,
Melled all time wit with manheed,
That may men by his mellie see,
His wit shawde him the strait entrie
Of the Fword, and the ishing allwa.
That him thought it was hard to ta,
Upon him that was so worthy,
Therefore his hardement hastely
Thought well. it might be undertane,
Sen at anes him might assaile but ane
Thus hardines governde with wit,
That be in all time together knit,
Gart him of worship winne the prise,
And oft overcome his enemies.

How

How *Iames* of *Dowglas* with a traine,
Slew *Thriſwaile* and his men of maine,

THE King in Carrik dwelt then ſtill,
His men aſſembled faſt him till,
That in the land were travelling,
When they of this dæd heard tything,
Then thought they well with him to ta,
Their hap, that ſik defence can ma,
But yet then James of Dowglas,
In Dowglaſdaile dwelling was:
Quhilk well neere hand thereby,
In hiddles ſome deill priſilly.
For he wald ſee his goverming,
That had the Caſtle in keeping:
And gart make many ſepordie,
To ſee gif he wald iſſhe blythly.
When he perceived well, that he
Wald iſſhe blythly with his Menyie,
He made a gaddering priſilly,
Of them that were of his party:
That were ſa fell, that they durſt fight
With Thriſwaile, and all his haill might
Of them that in the Caſtell were,
He ſhupe in ane night for to fare
To Sandylands, and neere thereby,
He him enbuſhed priſilly:
And ſent a few a traine to ma,
That ſone in the morning can ta
Cattell, that were the Caſtell by,
And ſyne withdrew them haſtely
Toward them that enbuſhed were,
Then Thriſwaile withoutten maire
Gart arme his men withoutten bade,
And iſhed with all the men he had:
And followed faſt after the By.

He was armed at point cleanely,
Outtaken that his head was bare.
Then with the men that with him were,
The Cattell followed he good speed.
Right as a man that had no dread,
While that he of them gate a sight,
Then pricked they with all their might:
Following them out of array:
They sped them fleeing, while that they
The bushment by some deill were past:
And Thrifwaile chased them right fast.
And then they that embushed were,
Rushed on them baith lesse and maire:
And raised suddenly the cry,
And they that saw so suddenly,
That folke came egerly prickand,
Betwirt them, and their warrand:
Then were they in full great effray:
And for they were out of array,
Some of them fled, and some abade,
And Dowglas that there with him had,
A great Menyie, full egerly
Assailyied, and skailled them haskely.
And in short time them cumbred sa,
That well neere nane escaped them fra.
Thrifwaill that was their capitane,
Was there into the Bargane slaine:
And of his men the maist party.
The lave fled full effrayedly,
Dowglas Menyie fast can chase:
And the fleres their wapes gaes.
To the Castell in full great hy:
The formest entred spedily:
But the chasers sped them so fast:
That they overtooke some at the last.

And

And them without mercie can ſla,
And when they of the Caſtle ſwa
Saw them ſla of their men them by:
They cloſed the zets haſtelp,
And in by to the walls ran,
James of Dowglas Penpie then
Seazed well haſtely in hand,
All that they about the Caſtle fand:
To their reſſet ſyne went their way.
Thus Thriſwaile iſhed to that eſſay.
When Thriſwaile upon this manere
Had iſhed, as I tell you here:
James of Dowglas and his men
Buſked them altogidder then,
And went their way toward the King
In great by: for they heard tything,
That of Wallance Sir Aymery
With a full great Chevalry,
Baith of Engliſh, and of Scottiſhmen,
With great fellony were ready then
Aſſembled for to ſaike the King,
That was that time with his gaddering
In Cumnok, where it ſtraiteſt was,
Hidder went James of Dowglas.
And was right welcome to the King,
And when he tauld had that tything,
How that Sir Aymer was command:
For to hunt him out of the land,
With Hound and horne, right as he were
A Wolfe, or els a theifes feere,
Then ſaid the King, it may well fall,
Though he come and his power all,
We ſhall abide in this Countrie.
And gif he comes, we ſhall him ſee.
The King then ſpake on this maner,

And of Wallance then Sir Aymer,
Assembled a great company,
Of noble men, and right worthy,
Of England and of Lowthiane:
And he hes also with him tane
John of Lorne, and all his might,
That had of worthy men and wight,
With him aught hunder, and ma,
A lusty hound had he there alwa
So good, that change wald for nothing,
And some men sayes yet, that the King
As a trater him nourisht had,
And ay sa meikle of him made:
That his awne hands wald him fede,
He followed him where ever he yed:
So that the hound him lowed sa,
Though him he thought the King to sa:
For he wist that he lowed him sa,
That he wald passe na woyes him fra,
But how that John of Lorne him had,
I heard never na mention made:
But men said, it was certaine thing,
That he had him in his leading,
And though him thought the King to sa;
For he wist he lowed him sa,
That fra that he might anes tele
The Kings Sent, he wist right well,
That he wald change it for nothing.
This John of Lorne hated the King,
For Sir John Comyng his Emes sake:
Wight he him outher sla or take,
He wald not prise his life a fra:
But if he vengeance might of him ta.

How Sir *Aymer* and *Iohn* of *Lorne*,
Chaſed the King with Hound and hor

This Wardane then Sir Aymery
With John of Lorne in company:
And other of great renoun alſwa:
Sir Thomas Randell was ane of tha,
Came in Cumnok to ſeke the King,
That was well war of their comming:
And was up in the ſtrengths then,
And with him well thrie hundreth men,
His brother that time with him was,
And als Sir James of Dowglas.
Sir Aymers rout there they ſaw,
That held the Plaines and the Law,
And in haill battell was arrayed.
The King that na ſuppoſing had,
That they were ma than he ſaw there:
To them, and nouther els where
Had eye: and wrought unwittily,
For John of Lorne full craftely
Behind thought to ſurpriſe the King,
Therefore with all his gaddering,
About a hill he held his way,
And held him into Covert ay,
While he ſa nere came to the King,
Ere he perceived his comming,
That he was at his hand well nere,
The other Mill, and Sir Aymer,
Preaſſed upon the other party,
The King was in great jeopardie,
That was on either ſide beſet
With faes, that to ſla him thet.
And the leaſt partie of the twa,
Was ſtarker far than he and ma.
And when he ſaw them preaſſe him to,

He thought in hy what was to do.
He said, Lordings, we have na might,
At this time for to stand in fight.
Therefore depart we us in three,
Sa shall we not all saiyied be:
And in three parts hald on our way;
Syne to his Seruyie can he say,
Betwirt them into pitittie,
In what stæde their depaire should be.
Quhy that their gate all are they gane:
And in three parts their way have tane.
John of Lorne came to the place,
Wherefra the King departed was.
And in his trace the Hound hes set,
That then withoutten langer let,
Held evert the way efter the King,
Right as he had of him knawing,
And left the other parties twa,
As he na kepe wald to them ta.
And when the King saw his comming,
After his rout into a ring:
He thought they knew that it was he,
Therefore he said to his Seruye,
Set then in three depart you sone,
And they did sa withoutten bone:
And held their wayes in three parties,
The Hound did there sa great Pastrelle,
That he held up without changing,
After the rout where was the King.
And when the King hes seene them sa
All in ane rout efter him ga
The way, and followed not his men:
He had a great perceving then,
That they knew him, for hy in hy
He bade his men right hastely

Skaill, and tit man hald tis fang
Right by him, and sa did they:
By themselfe, and sundrie gates are gane:
And the King hes with him lane
A Foster-brother withoutten mo:
And togidder held their gate they two.
The Hound alway followed the King,
And changed not for na parting:
But ay followed the Kings trace
But wabering, as he yalled was.
And when that John of Lorne saw
The Hound so fast efter him draw,
And followed fast efter them twa:
He knew the King was ane of tha,
And bade five of his company,
That were right wight men and hardy:
And als of fat the speidiest were,
That they might finde amang them there:
Rin efter him, and him oberta:
And let him na wise scape you fra:
And fra they habe heard his bidding,
They held their way efter the King:
And followed him sa spædily,
That they well sone can him oberhy.

How the King slew the five men,
That John of Lorne sent to him then.

THE King that saw them coming neire,
Was annoyed in great manere,
For he thought, gif they were hardy,
They might him tra sell, and tary
And hald him still sa tariand,
While the remnant were at hand.
But had he bred but anerly
They five, I trow full sikerly,

He should not have full meikle dreide,
And to his fellow as he reide,
He said, thir five are fail cummand,
They are well neire now at our hand,
Say: is there any helpe in thee:
For we shall soone assailyied be.
Yea Sir(he said) all that I may:
Thou sayes well, said the King perfay
I see them comming to us neire
I will na farther, bit right heire
Abide while I am into ayne,
And se what force that they will sayne.
The King then stood full sturdely:
And the five men in full great by,
Came with great shoir and manassing.
And three of them went to the King;
And to his man the other twa
With swords in hand can stoutly ga.
The King met them that to him sought:
And to the first six rout he rought,
That Eare and Cheeke downe to the balse,
He share of, and the shoulder als.
He rushed downe all deidly,
The twa that saw it suddenly
Their fellow fall: effrayed were,
And stert a little backe mare.
The King with that blenked him by,
And saw the twa men sturdely,
Against his men sik meikle ma.
With that he left his awne twa:
And to them that faught with his mein,
A loupe right lightly made he than:
And smote the head quite off the ane.
To his awne twa syne is he gane,
That came on him right sturdely:

He

He met the first sa egerly,
That with the swoꝛd that sharply share
The arme he fra the body bare,
What strakes they gave, I cannot tell:
But to the King sa fair befell,
That throught he travell had and paine,
He of his faes foure hes he slaine.
His Fosser brother efter lone,
The fift hes out of his dayes done.
And when the King saw that all stife,
Was on this wise throught out of life,
To his fellow can he say:
Thou hes helped right well perfay,
It lykes you to say sa (quod he)
But ouer great part to you toke ye:
Ye slew foure of the five alane
The King said, as the gle is gane,
Better than thou I might it do:
Foꝛ I had mair leasur thereto.
The twa fellowes that delt with thee,
When they me saw assembled with thee,
Of me right na kin doubt they had:
Foꝛ they weind I was straitly stad.
And foꝛ thy that they dꝛed me nought,
Foꝛ them moꝛe than thou I moght.
But let us thanke GOD of his grace,
That fra our faes us delibered hes:
With that the King loked him by,
And saw of Lorne the company,
Well nere with their sleathound cummand:
Then to WOod that was nere hand
He went: with his fellow in hy,
GOD save them foꝛ his great mercy.

How the King scaped from his foes,
And how the sloothhound slaine was.

The King toward the Wood is gane,
Wearie for sweit, and will of wane,
Into the Wood sone entred he,
And held downe toward a vaillie,
Where through the Wood a Water ran;
Bidder in great hy went he than,
And begouth for to rest him there:
And said, he might no further fare.
His man said, Sir, that might not be:
Byde ye ought lang, ye shall sone see
Five hunder yarning you to sla,
And that is many against us twa.
And sen we may not deale with might:
We mon helpe that we may with slight.
The King said, sen that thou wilt swa,
Go forth, and I shall with thee ga:
But I have heard oft times say,
That who endlang a Water ay,
Would waide a bow draught, he should gar
Both the sloothound and his leader,
Tyne the Sent that men gart them ta,
Piwbe we if it will now do swa.
For were done devilish Hound away:
I reck not all the lave perfay.
As he devised, sa have they done,
And entred in the Water sone:
And held down endlang it their wy,
And syne unto the land yeed they:
And held their way as they did aire,
And John of Lorne with great effere,
Came with his rout right to the place
Where that his five men slaine was,

He mened them when he them saw:
And after said, in a litle thraw,
That he should some revenge their dead:
But otherwise the gaming yed:
There wald he make no mair dwelling,
But forth in by followed the King:
Right to the Burne they palled were
But the sloth hound made stinting there:
And wavered lang time to and fra,
That he no certaine gate could ga,
Whyle at the last that John of Lorne
Perceived the Hound the Sent had tayne:
And said: we have tint this travile,
To palle farther may not availe:
For the Wood is baith lang and wide,
And he is far forth by this tide.
Therefore is good we turne againe,
And waste na mair travill in vaine.
With that relyed he his Penyie,
And his way to the Diff toke he.
THus escaped the Noble King:
But some men sayes, his escaping,
Upon another maner fell:
Then through the waiding, as they tell,
That the King a good Archer had,
And when he saw his Lord sa stad:
That he was left sa anerly,
He ran on side alwayes him by,
Whyle he into the Wood was gane,
Then said he to himselfe allane:
That he right there a rest wald ma,
To loke if he the Hound might sla:
For if the Hound might last on live,
He wist, right well that they might drive
The Kings trace, whyle they him ta;

And he wist well they wald him ta.
And for he wald his Lord succour,
He put his life in aventour:
And sate into a bush beckand,
While that the Hound came to his hand,
And with an arrow slew him flew:
And to the Wood syne him withdrew.
But whither his escaping fell,
As I tauld first, or I now tell:
I wait not, but without lesing,
At that Burne escaped the King.

What maner that the thieves three,
Made to the King slight sawtie.

THE King is with his wayes tane,
And John of Lorne again is gane,
To Sir Aymer, that fra that chase
With his Menyie repatred was:
That sped but litle in their chasing,
And thought that they made following
Full eagerly, they wan but small:
Their saes were escaped all.
Syn sayes, Sir Thomas Randell than
Chasing, the Kings banner wan:
Wherethrough in England with the King
He had great praise, and hie loving.
When the chasers relyed were,
And John of Lorne had met them there:
He tauld Sir Aymer all the case,
How that the King escaped was:
And how that he his five men slew,
And to the Wood syne he him drew.
When Sir Aymer heard tell in hy.
He fained him for this ferly:
And said, he is greatly to praise,

I know none living in thir dayes:
That at mischiefe can help him sa,
Itrow he shall be hard to ta,
And he were bodin evenlie.
On this wise spake Sir Aymerie,
And the good King held forth his way,
Betwirt him and his man, while they
Passed out through the Forrest were:
Then in a Powre they entred are,
That was baith hie and lang and brade,
And by the halfe they passed had,
They saw on syde three men comm and:
Like to light men and owaverand.
Swords they had, and axes als,
And ane of them about his hals,
A mickle boundin Wedder hare,
They met the King and hailsed him faire.
The King again them hailsing paid:
And asked them, whether they wald?
They said, Robert the Bruce they sought:
To mete with him if that they mought,
Their manrent to him wald they ma.
The King said, if that ye will swa,
Wald forth your wayes now with me:
And I shall garryou sone him see.
They perceivde by his speaking,
And his affæres, he was the King.
They changed countenance, and late,
And held not in the first estate:
For they were faes to the King,
And thought to come in to talking:
And dwell with him, while that they saw
Their point, and bring him out of daw,
They granted to his Speake for thy,
But the King that was ay witty,

Perceit

perceibed well by their having,
That they lóued him well nathing,
Be laid, fellowes, ye muſt all thræ,
(Farther acquaintéd while that we be.)
All by your ſelfe beſoze us ga.
And on the ſamirie wiſe we twa,
Shall follów you behind well nære.
Sir (ſaid they) it is na miſtære
To trow into us anp ill.
Bane do I (ſaid he) but I will
Ye ga beſoze us a little wate,
Better with other kriawrie while we be.
Wle grant (they ſaid) ſen ye will ſa:
And forth upon their gate they ga.

The ſlaying of the thieves three,
And how the King his death was nie.

THus yéd they while the night was nære,
And then the formeſt commed were
To a waſte huſband houſe and there
They ſlew the wedder that they bare:
And ſtrake fire for to make their meat,
And aſkéd the King if he wald eat,
And reſt him while the meat were dight:
The King that hungrie was, I bight,
Aſſented to their ſpæch in by,
But he ſaid he wald alanerly
Betwirt him and his fellow be
At a fire, and they all thræ
In the end of the houſe ſhould ma
Another fire, and they did ſwa.
They dræw them to the houſe end,
And halfe the Wledder to them ſend:
And they roſted in by their meat,
And fell right freſhly it to eat:

For the King right long lasted had,
And had full mickle travell made:
Therefore he ate full egerly,
And when hee eaten had hastely,
Hee had to sleepe so mickle will,
That hee might make no let theretill,
For when the Veines filled are,
The body is heavie evermare,
And to sleepe drayeth heavinelle,
The King that all fortravelde was,
To his Foster brother sayes,
Certes, mee behowes to sleepe nede ways.
Say, may I trust thee mee to wake,
While I a litle sleeping take.
Yes Sir (hee said) while I may drie,
The King then winked a little wie,
And slept, but not right inderlie,
And glimed up oft sudenly
For hee had dread of the three men,
That at the other fire were then:
That they his foes were well hee wist,
Therefore hee sleeped as fowle on twist.
The King sleeped but litle than.
While sik a sleepe fell on his man.
That hee might not hold up his eye,
But fell on sleepe and snored hie.
Now is the King in great perill;
For sleepe hee so a litle while,
Hee shall bee dead withouten dread,
For the three tratours take good heed,
That hee on sleepe was, and his man,
In full great hy they gate up than,
And drew their Swords full hastelie,
And went toward the King in hy,
And sleeping thought him for to sla,

And his Foster brother allwa.
To him they yeed a full great pace.
But in that time, through Gods grace,
The King up blenked suddenly,
And saw his man sleeping him by:
And saw comming the Traitours three,
Deliverlie on fote start hee:
And drew his swoord, and syne them met,
And as hee yeed his foot hee set,
Upon his man right heavily,
Hee wakned and rose deslily,
For the sleepe mattered him sa,
That ere hee gate up, ane of tha,
That came up for to sla the King,
Gave him a straike in his rising,
That hee might helpe himselfe no maire,
The King so straitly stad was there,
That hee was never yet so stad,
Were not the arming that hee had,
He had beene dead withouten weere,
Yet nonghthelesse on this maneere,
God helped him so in that bargane,
That the three traitours hes hee slaine,
Through Gods grace and his manheed,
His Foster brother there was dead.
Then was hee wonder will of wane.
When he saw he was left allane,
His Foster brother sore mirned he,
And waried all the other three,
And syne his way tuke him alone,
And is toward his tryst then gone,
The King went forth right wonderlie,
Demand his man full tenderly,
And held his way all him alone,
And right toward the Horse is gone,

Where hée set tryst to meet his men,
Itwas well neere the night by then.
He come lone in the House and fand
The Houle-wife on the Benke sitt and,
Shée asked him lone what he was,
And whence he came, and whether he gas?
A travelling man god Dame (said hée)
That travells here throtgh the Countrie,
Shée said, all travelling men here
For anes sake more welcome are.
The King said, God Dame what is hée?
That garres you have sik speciaitie
To men that travilles. Sir perfay
(Quoth the Godwife) I will you say,
The King Robert the Bruce is he,
Whilke is right Lord of this Countrie,
His foes now holds him in thrang,
But I thinke to see ere it be long,
Him Lord and King over all this Land,
When that no foes shall him withstand,
Dame love ye him so well, said he?
Yea Sir (shee said) to GOD mo lee,
Dame (he said) los him here thee by:
For I am he, I say sothfastly,
Ah, Sir (shee said) and where are getie?
Your men, that ye are thus alone,
At this time, Dame, I have na mae,
(Shee said) it may no wise be sa,
I have two Donnes wight and hardy,
They shall become your men in hy:
As shee devised so have they done,
His sworne men became they sone,
The Godwife gart him sit and eat:
But he sat short whyle at the meat,
When that he heard great stamping,

About

Abont the house: then but lesting
They stert up the house for to defend:
Bot lone after the King he knew
James of Dowglas: then was he blyth,
And bade open the dozes swyth:
And they came in all that they were,
Sir Edward his brother was there,
And James also of Dowglas,
That was escaped fra the chase,
And with the Kings brother met:
Syne to tryst that there was set,
They sped them with their company,
That was a hunder and fiftie.
And when that they have seme the King,
They were joyfull of that meeting:
And asked how he escaped was?
And he them told all haill the cace:
How the five men him pursued fast,
And how he through the Water past,
And how he met the thieves three,
And how he sleeping slaine should be:
When he wakened through Gods grace,
And how his Fosterbrother was
Slaine, he told them hailliely.
Then lobed they GOD almychtie,
That their Lord was escaped so.
Then bespake they words to and fro:
While at the last the King can say,
Fortoun hes trameld us fast this day,
That skailed us so suddenly.
Our foes this night traistily lie:
Na they trow we so skailed are,
Fled to warrand here and there,
That we shall not this dates three,
Togidder assembled be.

There

Therefore this night they shall trailtie,
But Watches kepe their ease and lie:
And this day they have done despite.
Therefore this night I would them quite:
Wherefore who knew their harberie:
And would come on them suddenlie:
With few Penrise men might them skaith,
And yet escape without ony waith.

Here tranoynted the Noble King,
And to his tace made an arraying.

PErfay (quoth James of Douglas)
As I came hitherward this race
I came so neere the harberie,
That I can bring you where they lie:
And would ye speed you yet ere day
It might well happen that we may
Doe them a greater skaith well sone
Than they us all this day hes done:
For they lie slaiplled as them lift,
Then thought they all it was the best,
To speed them to them haistelie:
And they did so in full great hie,
And came on them in the dawning,
Right as the day begouth to spring,
So fell it that a companie
Into a toun had tane harbrie,
Well fra the Diff a mil, as maire:
Men said, that they two hunder weare.
There assembled the Noble King,
And some after their assembling,
They that sleeping assailyied were,
Right hideouslie can cry and reare,
And other some that heard the cry,
Ran swith so right effrayedlie:

That some of them all naked were,
Fleing to warrand here and there.
And some their Harnells to them drein,
And they without mercie them slew,
And so cruell vengeance can ta,
That the two part of their and ma,
Were slaine into that sammine stead,
And to their Host the remnant fled.
The Dissh then heard the noyse and cry,
And saw their men so wretchedlie,
Come naked fleing here and there,
Some all haill, some wounded sare,
In full great effray they rose,
And like man to his Armes goes:
So that the Dissh was all on stare,
The King and they that with him were,
When they on feare the Dissh saw so,
Toward their warrand can they go,
And there in savitie came they,
And when Sir Aymer heard say,
How that the King their men had slaine,
And how they were turned againe,
He said, Now may we clenrelie see,
That noble heard where ever it be,
Is hard to overcome with wapins,
For where an heart is right worthie,
Against Stoutnesse it is ay stout,
And as I trow there may nought,
Put it all out discomfite be,
While body living is in pouistie,
And by this mettle may be seen,
That weind Robert the Bruce had been
Discomfite, that by gud right,
He should have neither heart nor will,
In jeopardie to abide me,

For he was put at under ſa.
That he was left all him allone,
And all his men were from him gone,
And he was ſo ſore travelled,
To put them off that he aſſailyed:
That he ſhould have yarned reſting,
More than feghting and travelling,
But his heart full is of bountie,
So that it perquiſht may not bie.
In this wiſe ſpake Sir Aymery,
And when they of his company
Saw that they traveled had in vaine:
And how the King their men had ſlain
That at his larges was then free.
Them thought it was but Nicitie,
For to make there longer dwelling.
Sen they might ne amay the King.
And then ſaid Sir Aymery,
That unbethought him haſtely:
That he to Carliſle then would ga.
And there a while ſojourney ma:
And leave his ſppes on the King,
To know alwapes his contening,
And when that he his time might ſe;
He thought that with a gret Menye,
He ſhould ſet on them ſuddenlie,
Therefore with all his companie,
To England he his way has tane,
And ilk man to his Houſe is gane.
A while to Carlyle went he he.
And therein thinked for to be,
While he his time ſaw of the King,
That then with all his gadering,
Was in Carrick as he was wount,
And would wend with his men to hunt.

Hey

How the King and his Hounds twa,
Three men in the Wood can ſla.

D happed it upon a day,
e went to Hunt for to aſſay,
at gaming was in that Countrie,
happned it that day when he
a Ferſe rode to a Lease is gane,
th his two Hounds him alane,
e he his ſword as with him bare,
had but that while fifteen there,
en he ſaw from the wood command,
ne men with bowes in their hand,
at toward him came ſpeedily,
he perceived them in thy,
their effere and their hailing,
at they him lodged no his thing,
raiſe up, and his Leash drew he,
let his Hounds gang all free,
OD help the King now for his might:
but be baith be wiſe and wight,
ſhall be ſet in meikle preaſſe.
tha thée men withouten liſe
ey were his foes anverely,
watted him ay beſide,
ſée when they might vengeance take
him: for Sir John Cumyng ſake,
they thought then they leaſure had,
en ſen he him alone was trad.
ey thought in hy they ſhould him ſla,
if that they might ouerthrow ſa.
at they might ſlain the King againe:
a that they had the good King ſlaine,
s men they thought they ſhould not dread.
ga towards the King they yeed.

And bent their bowes, when they were nere,
And that he did in great maneere
Their arrowes for wee naked was,
In hy a speech to them hee mais
And said, you aught in shame perdie,
Den I am one and yee are three,
For to shot at mee upon feere.
But had you hardiment to come neere
And with your swords to fight mee
Win mee on fik wise if yee may.
Yee shall all out ywire wished bee
Certay, quoth one then of the three,
Shall no man lay wee bought thee sa.
That wee with arrowes shall thee sla.
With that their bowes alway they fell.
And came on fast but longer frill.
The King them met full hardelie,
And smote the first to grovelie,
That hee fell dead downe on the greene.
And when the Kings Hounds had seene,
Two men assailyie their Master sa,
They lap to one, and could him fa.
Right by the necke full hardely.
While top over talle they gart him ly,
And the King that his sword out had,
Saw the Hounds sik succours made,
Ere he that fallen had might up rise,
He him assailyied on sik a wise,
That he the backe strake even in twa.
The third that saw his fellow sa,
Without recovering to be slaine,
Tooke to the Wood his gate againe.
But the King followed speedily,
And als the Hounds that were him by,
When they the man saw flee him fra,

Ran to him soone, and can him ta
Right by the necke, would he him dreigh,
And the King that was there aneugh,
In his riting a straike him gave,
That starke dead to the erd him wave,
The Kings Meynie that were nere
When that they saw on his maner,
The King assailyied so lowenly
They sped them toward him in by,
And asked how that case befell:
And he all haill it can them tell:
How they assailyied him all three,
Perfay (say they) we may well see
That it is hard to undertake
Sik mellie with pon for to make,
That to smertlie bes slaine three,
Withoutten hurt: Perfay (said he)
I slew but one withotten ma,
GOD, and mine Hounds bes slaine twa,
Their treason cumbred them perfay,
For right wight men all three were they.

WHen that the King through Gods grace,
On this maner escaped was,
He blew his Wrane, and them in by,
His good hors can to him rely.
Then homeward hastely he him to fare:
For that day would he hunt no mare.
In Glentrolle's wunne he lay,
And went on tines to hunt and play,
For to purchase them venison
For they the Deire were in seson.
In all that time Sir Aymer
With Noble men in company
Lay in Carlile his time to se,
And when he heard the certaintie,

What in Glentrolle was the King,
And went to hunt and to playing:
He thought then with his Chevalrie,
To come upon him suddenlie,
And from Carlile on nights ride,
And in Covert on dates bide:
And thus gate with his tranopoting,
He thought for to surprise the King.
He assembled a great Menyie,
Of folke of full great renowne,
Both of Scots and Englishmen,
Their way togidder held they then,
And rade on nights pailliie,
While they came to a Wood neere by
Glentrolle: where lodged was the King,
That wist right nought of their comming:
Into great perill now is he,
For but GOD through his great bountie
Save him, he shall be slaine or tane:
For they were fir where he was ane.

## How the King with a few Menyie Discomfite Sir *Aymer* in *Glentrolle*.

When Sir Aymer (as I have told)
With his men that were stout and bold,
Were comming so neere the King that they
Were but a myle, fra him off way.
He take avisement with his men,
On what maner they should doe then.
For he said them that the King was
Lodged, into so streite a place:
That horsemen might him not assaillie:
And if foot-men gaue him battaillie,
He should be hard to win, if he
Might of their comming witted be.

Then

Therefore I red all prudis
We send a woman him to spie:
That parell it shall arraged be.
She may aske meat for Charitie,
And see their convene hailelis,
Upon what maneir that they lie,
And in that while we and our Hempis,
Cumming out through the Wod may be,
On foot, all armed as we are.
Say we do so, that we come there
On them, or they wit our comming.
We shall finde in them no stynting;
This counsell thought they was the best:
Then send they forth but longer frist,
The woman that should be their spye:
And she her way held forth on hy.
Right to the Lodging where was the King,
That had no dread of suppriling:
For in Glentrolle was the King,
That was nere brought to suppriling,
Feed unarmed, merrie and blyth:
The woman hes he seene all swyth,
He saw her uncouth, and for thy
He beheld her more kentilely:
And by her countenance him thought,
That for good commen was she nought.
Then gart he men in by her ta:
And she that red men should her ta,
Told them now that Sir Aymery,
With the Clyffurde in company,
And the flowre of Northumberland,
Were comming on them at their hand.
When that the King heard that tything,
He armed him but more dwelling:
So did they all that doth him were:

Syne in a lop assembled there.
I trow they were three hundreth meere.
And when they all assembled were:
The King his banner gart display,
And set his men in good array.
But they standen had but a thraw,
Right at their hand when that they saw
Their foes through the Wood cummand;
Armed on foot, with speare in hand:
They sped them full enforcedlie,
The noise begouth then and the crie:
For the good King that formest was
Stoutlie toward his foes gaes:
And hynt out of a mans hand,
That neere beside him was gangand,
A bow, and a braide arrow als,
And hit the formest in the hals,
While throppell and wellband yeed in two,
And he down to the eird can go.
The lave with that made a stinting,
And then but more the Noble King,
Hint from his Banerman his Baner,
And said, upon them: for they are
Discomfist all, and with that word,
He swapped smertlie out his Sword,
And on them ran so hardelie,
That all they of his companie,
Tooke hardement of his good deed.
And some that first their waves yeed,
Againe came to the feght in hy,
And met their foes bigorouslie.
That all the formest rushed were,
And when they that were backer mair,
Saw that the formest left their steede,
They turned all their backe and fled.

De

Out of the Wood they them withdrew,
The King but few men of them knew,
For they right sone their gait can goe,
For it welcomforted them so,
That the King and his men was
All armed to defend the place:
When they weind through their tranoynting,
To have winnig without feghting,
That they effrayed were suddenly,
And he them fought so angerly,
That they in full great hy againe
Out of the Wood ran to the Plane:
For they failzied of their intent.
They were that time so foully schent:
That fifteene hundreth men and ma,
With a few were rebated sa:
That they withdrew them shamfullie,
Therefore among them suddenlie,
Raise great debate, and grait distance,
Skane with other of their mischance,
The Cliffurde and Vaus made a meilie.
Where Cliffurde raught him rontes three
And either side drew to parties.
But Sir Aymer that was ay wise,
Departed them with meikle paine,
And went to England home againe,
He wist, fra strife raise them among,
They should not hold togider long,
Without debate or more melle,
For thy to England turned he,
With more shame than he went off towne,
When so many of his Renown,
Saw so few men byde them battaile.
Where they right hardy were to assaile.

How

How James of Dowglas discomfite thirty
At Edzefeild Philip Mowbray with monye

The King fra Dir Aymer was gane
Gatherd his Menzie evertikane:
And left both Wods and Mountaines,
And held the straight way of the Plaines.
For he would fane that end were made
Of that, that he begunnen had.
And he wist well he could not bring
It to good end but travelling.
To Kyle first went he, and that land,
He made to him all obeyland.
And of Cuninghame the most party,
He gart yeld to his Seignourie.
In Bothwell then Dir Aymer was,
That in his heart greit anger tacs.
For them of Cuninghame and Kyll,
That were obeyland to his will.
And had left Englishmens feitte.
Therefor fane benged would he be.
And sent there Philip the Mowbray
With a thousand (as I heard say)
That armed were in his leading.
In Kyll, for to werray the King.
Bot James of Dowglas that all tide,
Had Spyes out upon ilk side,
Wist of their cumming: and that they
Would hold downe Makymoks way,
He tuke with him all privi tle.
Them that were of his companie,
That were stirke without na[illegible]
Dyne in a straite place ran they ga[illegible]
That is into Makymoks way.
The Nether Ford that heght perfay,

And lyeth betwixt Sparrables two,
Where that none horse on life may goe,
On the South halfe where James was,
Is an upgang, and a narrow place,
And on the North halfe is the way,
So ill, as it appeares this day.
Dowglas with them he with him had.
Embushed him, and there abade.
He might well farre for their comming,
But they of him might se nothing.
They bade in bushment all that night.
And when the Sun was shinning bright,
They saw the battell come arrayed,
The Vangard with Banner displayed,
And syne efter the remanand.
They saw well nerre behind cummand.
Then held they them still and pybie,
While the trumost of their menyie,
Were entred in the Fawde them by.
Then shout they on them with a cry:
And with the weapons that sharply schare,
Some in the Fawd they backward bare:
And some with arrowes were blerded bran
Ilk martyr dome on them they made:
That they can thraw to bayde the place.
Bot behind them so stopped was
The way: that they fast might not flie,
And that gart of them many die:
For they no wise might get away,
Bot as they cause: except that they
Would through their foes hold their gate,
Bot that way thought they all to hate,
Their foes met them so sturdelie,
And continued the feght so hardely:
That they so hewing were, that they,

The first might see, fled fast away,
And when the Reregard saw them so
Discomfited, and their wayes fast goe,
They fled out far, and held their way,
But Sir Philip the Mowbray,
That with the formest ryding was
That entred was into that place,
When that he saw how he was stad,
Through the great worship that he had.
With Spurs he brake the Steed of prise,
And mangre all his enemies
Through the thickest of them he rade,
And but taking escaped had,
Were not ane him him by the brand,
But the good Steed that would not stand;
He lanced forty deliverelie,
But the other to Cubbannelie
Held, while the belt brist from the brand
And sword, and belt left in his hand.
And he but sword his wapes rade.
Well outwith them, and there abade,
Beholding how his Menyie fled:
And how his foes obtende the Steed,
That were betwixt him and his men:
Therefore he tooke his wayes then,
To Kilmarnock and KILWINNYNE
And to Ardrossen efter syne:
And through the Larges him alane,
To Enderkip the way hes tane,
Right to the Castle that well syen,
Was stuffed all with Englishmen.
That him received in great dannie.
And fra they wist what lord that he
So far had ridden him alane,
Through men that were his foes fra hame.

The

They praised him full greatmulle
Ne lovedmeikle his Chevalrie
Sir Philip thus escaped was
And Dowglas, that was in the place
Where he sirtie had slaine, and mo
The lave foulte their gate fan ga
And fled to Bothwell home againe
Whereof Sir Aymer was not faine
When he heard tell on what maner
That his Penyte discomfist were.

How the King under *Lowdon* hill
Discomfist Sir Aymer his power still.

When to King Robert he it told
How that the Dowglas that was to hold
Languicht so feill with so few Penyte
Right glad into his hearte was he
And als his men comforted were
For they thought well hotly ere meine
They should the lesse their foes dredde
Then their purpole so with them stedde
The King then lap into Gastoun
That is right even against Lowdoun
And to his peace tolde the Countrie
When Sir Aymer, and his Penyte
Heard how he righted all the land
And how that none durst him withstand
He was into his heart sorie.
And with one of his companie
He sent him word, and told it he
Durst him into the Plaines se
He should on the sent day of May
Come under Lowdoun hill alway
And if that he ne would mete him there
He bid, his worthy were the mare

And

And more he turned to Hotspenelle,
To meete him in the plaine hard wayes;
With hard dynts and even fighting,
Than for to dee into stalking.
The King that heard his Messinger,
Had despite on a great manner,
That Sir Aymer spake so proudlie:
Therefore he answered angerlie,
And to the Messinger said he,
Say to thy Lord, if that I be
In life: he shall me see that day
Well neere, if he dare hold the way
That he hes said, for sikkerlie
At Lowdon hill meete him shall I.
The Messinger but mare abade,
To his Maister his wayes rade,
And his answere told him all cumply:
That was no neede to make him blyth:
For he thought through his meeple might,
If the King meet appeare to fight:
That through the great Chevalrie,
That he should lead his companie,
He should so overcome the King,
That there should be no recovering:
And the King on the other parte,
That was ay wise, and right wittie,
Rade for to espyand chose the place:
And saw the hie gate lying was,
Neere a faire field both faire and dry,
But upon other syde there by,
It was a great Mosse, mirrie and brave:
And fra the way was that men rade,
A bow-draught well on other syde,
But that place thought he all too wide,
To abide men that buyed were:

There-

SIr Aymerad the other parte
Gaddered so great Chivalrie
That he was richest and neerest
Armed and dighten gud hameere.
And as a man of great Nobley
He held toward the kyng this way
Where the fowar companies was
He sped him fast toward the place
That he had named for to fight
The Sunne shone rysen shining bright
That blenked on the shields bade
In battels two gud kinde he had
The folke that he had in his leading
The King well sone in the morning
Saw comming come the said battell
Arrayed seemely round about
And at their backe they said command
The other battell followed
Their Basnets burnisht all were bright
Against the Sunne leamed bright
Their speares sprungen and their shields
With light illuminate all the fields
Their best and brownden bright Baners
And hosle heived on seire maners
And coat armours, all seire colour
And Hawbrzeskes that were white as flowres
Made them glitt'ring that they were like
To Angels bie of heavens Empire.

THE King said, Lordings, now ye see
How yone men thoughtfull gread pruille
Would if they might be fulfill their will
Slay us, and make lond and herestill
And sen we know their fellonie
Go we and meete them hardelie
That the sportes of battell

our meeting abaled be:
ſ if the formeſt egerlie
e met, ye ſhall ſee indouerlie,
The hindmeſt full abaſed be.
no though they be far mo than we,
That ſhould abaſe us little thing,
n when we come to the feghting,
here may meete us no moze than we:
Therefore, Lozdings, ſikane ſhould be,
f woꝛthip, and of great valour,
ſo to maintaine heere our honour.
Think what woꝛſhip us abides,
f that we may, as well betides,
the victoꝛie of our foes here:
or there is no man far noꝛ neere,
n all this Land that we them doubt.
Then ſaid they all that ſtood about,
e if GOD will, we ſhall to doe,
That no reproꝛe ſhall ly us to,
Now goe we forth, then ſaid the King,
nd he that made of nought all thing,
Saue us, and ſaue us foꝛ his might,
nd helpe us foꝛ to hold our right.
With that thoy held their way in by,
Well fiue hundꝛeth in company:
Valiant and ſtout woꝛthy and wight.
ut they were all to few I wight,
gainſt ſo feill to ſtand in ſtour,
ere not their outragious valour.
¶ Now goes the Noble King his way
ght ſtoutly into good array,
nd to the formeſt dykes is gane,
nd in the ſlop the field des tane,
e Carage men, and the poperail,
ere no woꝛthy into battaile,

Behind him leaued he all still,
Sitting together upon an Hill.
Sir Aymer the King hes seene,
With his men that were rank and keene,
Come to the Plaine down from the Hill,
As him thought, into full good will.
For to defend or them assailyie,
If any man would come in battailzie,
Therefore his men consulted he,
And bade them wight and worthie be:
For if that they might win the King,
And habe victorie of that feghting,
They should greatly rewarded be,
And eke greatlie their Renownie,
With that they were right nære the King,
And heard well oft his manailling:
And gart trumpe up to the assembly,
With the formest of his Menyie,
They embraced to them shields brade,
And right syne together rade,
With heads stouping and spears straught,
Right to the King their way they raught.
That met them with so great vigour,
That of the best and most valour,
Were laid at erd at their meeting,
Where men might heare sicke a breaking
Of speares: that to frushed were,
And the wounded so cry and raire,
That it annoyous was to heare.
For they that first assembled were
Fonpæd, and raught full sturdely,
The noyse begouth then, and the cry.
O mightie GOD who had there beene,
And had the Kings worthy seene,
And his brother that was him by,

That them contained so manfully,
That their good deed and their bountie,
Gave great comfort to their Menye,
And how the Douglas so manfully,
Comforted them that was him by,
He should well say, they had good will,
To win honour and come thereto till,
The Kings men so worthie were,
That with their speares that sharply share,
They stikked men, and Steeds baith:
While red blud ran of wounds raith,
The Horse that stikked were can fling,
And rushed the folke in their flingting,
So that they that fonnoit were,
Were stikked in stoppes here and there,
The King that saw them rushed so,
And saw them reilling to and fro,
Ran upon them so egerly,
And dang on them so hardely,
He feill gart of his foes fall.
The field well neare was covered all,
Both with slaine Horse, and with men,
For the good King that followed then,
With five hundreth with weapons bare,
That would nothing their foes spare,
They dang on them so hardely,
That in short time men might see ly,
Attird an hundreth well and maire,
The remnant with the weaker were,
Then they beyonth them to withdraw.
And when they of the Rereguard saw,
Their Wangard so to discomfite,
They fled without mair respite,
And when Dir Aymer hes seine,
Himself flying all beseine,

Wit ye well he was full woe:
But he could not amovith so:
That any for him would turne againe,
And when he saw he tint his paine,
He turned his bridle, and to goe,
For the good King them prentled so,
For some were dead, and some were tane,
And all the lave their gate were gane.

The folke fled on this maner
Withoutten rest: and Sir Aymer,
Againe to Bothwell is he gane,
Wænand the skaith that he hes tane,
So shamefullie that he vanquisht was,
Then to England in hy he gaes.
Right to the King, and shamefullie,
He gave up all his Wardanerie:
For never syne for no kin thing,
But if he come right with the King,
Come he to wære into Scotland.
So heavie tooke he that in hand,
That the King into set battell;
With few folke like a Poverall.
Vanquisht him with a great Pennie,
That were renound of great bountie.
Sik anger had Sir Aymery:
And King Robert that was worthie.
Abade all still into the place,
While that his men had left the chace,
Syne with prisoners they had tane,
They are toward their Innes gane.
Fast loving GOD of their welfare:
He might have seene that had beene there,
Folke that right merrie were and glad,
For their victorie: and als they had,
A King so sweete, and debonaire.

So wise, and of so faire affære,
So blyth, and als so well burdand,
And in battell so stout to stand,
So wise, and also so worthie,
That they had great cause blyth to be.
So were they blyth withoutten doubt:
For till that winned thereabout,
Fra they saw the King ane them sa,
To him their homage can they ma.
Then wart his power more and mare:
And he thought well that he would fare,
Out ower the Mount with his Menyie,
To loke who there his friend would be.
Into Sir Alexander Fraser
He trasted: for they Cousings were:
And his brother Simon alswa,
He had great matter of many ma:
For he had foes many ane,
Sir John Cumyng Erle of Buchane,
And Sir John the Mowbray syne,
And Sir David of Brechine,
With all the folke of their leading,
Were foes to the Noble King:
And for he wist they were his faes,
His voyage hitherward he taes:
For he would see what kin ending,
They would make of their menalling.
THe King busked and made him yare,
Northward with his men to fare.
His brother can he with him ta:
And Sir Gilbert de la Hay alswa.
The Erle of Lennox als was there,
That with the King was ower all where,
Sir Robert Boyde and other mo.
The King can forth his wayes go.

He left James of Dowglas,
With all the folke that with him was,
Behind him, for to lowe if he
Might recover his owne Countrie.
He put himselfe in full great perill:
But after in a little while,
With his great Worthip so he wrought,
That to the Kings peace he brought,
The Forrest of Ettrik all hath,
And even so did he Dowglasdaill,
And Jedburgh Forrest alswa:
And who so well on hand would ta,
To tell his worthippes one and one:
He should of them find monie one:
For in his time as men told me,
Thretteine times banquisht was he:
And had victorie times seven and fiftie,
He seemed not long time idle to lie:
By his travell he had no will,
He thinke, men should him lowe of skill.

How *James* of *Dowglas* slew *Ie*[illegible] *chrowe*,
And wan his Castell, and kelt it downe.

THis James when the King was gane,
All privilie his men hes tane
And went to Dowglasdale againe,
And privilie hes made a traine,
To them that in the Castle were,
A bushment slelie made they there,
And of his men fourteene and ma
He gart, as they would sekkes ta,
Filled with gers, and syne them lay
Upon their horse, and hald their way,
Right as they would to Lanerik fare,
Out with where they embushed were.

As

And when they of the Castell saw,
So feill ladys ganging on raw,
Of that sight were they wonderfane,
And told it to their Capitane:
That heght Sir Iohn de Webroun,
That was both starke, stout and feilloun:
Jolie also, and courageous,
And for that he loded Paramours,
He would ithe far the lightlier,
He gart his men all take their geare,
And ithe to get them vittaile,
For it that they had fast bid faile.
They ithed all aboundantlie,
And pyeiked forth so wilfullie,
To win the lades that they saw passe,
Till the Dowglas and his men was
Betwirt them and the Castell.
The lade-men their persewed well,
And they call bowne their lades in hie,
And their gownes delyverlie,
That pelled them, they call away,
And in great by their baile hynt they:
And stars upon their fardelis,
And met their foes with a cris.
They has great wonder when they saw,
Them that were ew luiking fast law,
Come upon them so hardelie,
They were abaked sudenlie,
And at the Castle would have beine,
When on the other side they have seine,
Dowglas breake his Embusheiment,
That against them so stoutlie went,
They wist not what to doe or say,
Their foes on other side saw thay,
That strake on them without sparing:

That they might help their selfe nothing.
But fled to warrand where they might:
And they so angerlie them soght,
That of them all escaped nane,
Sir John of Webstoun there was slaine:
And when he dead was as ye heare,
They sand into his Awmanneir
A letter, that to him sent a Ladie,
That he loved for Worthie.
That said when he had kept one yéere,
In wéere as worthie Watcheléere.
The aventerous Castell of Dowglas,
That for to keepe so perilous was:
Then might he well aske a Ladie,
His Armours, and her Worthie.
The Letter spake on this maner:
And when they slaine on this wise wer,
Dowglas right to the Castell rade,
And there so great debate he made:
That in the Castle entred he:
I wate not all the certaintie,
Whether it was through strength or slight;
For he wrought so with his great might,
That the Constable, and all the leave,
That was therein both man and knave
He toke and gave them dispending,
And sent them home but meze grieving.
To the Cliffurde, in their Countrie:
And syne so busslie wrought he,
That he all tumbled downe the wall:
And destroyed the houses all
Syne to the Forrest held his way,
Where he had many hard assay:
And many faire points of wéere befell,
Who could them all rehearse or tell,

Be should say that his name should be
Lasting in full great Renoume.

How over the Month past the King,
And there fell sicke in his passing.

NOw will we leave in the Forest
Dowglas, that shall have little rest,
While the Countrie delivered be
Of Englishmen, and their pouttie:
And turne we to the Noble King,
That with the folke of his leading,
Taward the Month he tane his way,
Right short, into full good array,
Where Alexander Fraser him met,
And als his brother that Simon het,
With all the folke they with him had,
The King of their comming was glad:
And cherisht them in all kin thing,
And they told him of the comming
Of Sir Comyng Erle of Buchane,
That to him helpe, had with him tane,
Sir John Mowbray, and other ma,
And Sir David Brechine alsua:
With all the folke of their leading,
And parties more than any thing
Vengeance of you, Sir, King to take,
For Sir John Cumyng his Emes sake,
That whilum at Drumfreis was slaine,
The King said, Do our Lord me sane,
I had great cause him for to sla,
And sen that they one hand will ta,
Because of him to weere on me,
I shall abide a while and se,
On what wise they will prove their might,
And if it fall that they will fight.

If they assaile, we shall defend
Let fall after what God will send.
Efter this speech the King in hy,
Held straight his way to Enrowry:
And there he wist in a Kernelle,
That put him to full hard distresse:
That he to[ ]re both o[ ]ith and meal,
His men no Medicine might get,
That ever might to the King availe,
His heart all haill began to felyte:
That he might [ ]ither ride nor goe.
Then wit ye well this man were wo,
For none was in that company,
That would have bene haill for ony,
For to have seene his brother dead,
Lying before them in that stead,
As they were all for his kindnesse,
For all their comfort while none,
And good Sir Edward the worthie,
His brother that was so hardie,
And wise and might set mickle paine,
To comfort them with all his maine.
And when the Lords that were there,
Saw that the evill aye made mo maire
Traviled the King: they thought in hy,
It was not speedfull there to ly,
For there all plaine was the Countrie,
And they were but a few menyie.
To ly but strength into the Plaine,
Therefore while that their Captaine,
Were recovered of his mickle ill,
They thought to wind some strength till,
For folke withoutten Captaine,
But they the better be in paine,
Shall not be all so good inward,

As they a Lord had them to lead,
That put himselfe in aventure:
Bot abaising to take the Cure
That God will lend: for when that he
Of sik will is and sik bounty,
That he dare put him to essay,
Pis folke shall take exemple ay,
Of his good dede, and his bountie,
And ane of them shall be worth thre.
Of them, that wicked Chiftane bes,
His wretchednesse so in them gaes,
That they their manlinesse shall tyne;
Though wickednesse of his corrupne.
For when the Lord that them should lead,
They do nought, but as he were dead.
Or from his folke holds his way
Fleeing: trow yes not that they
Encuit shall in their hearts be,
Pes shall they, as I trow pardie:
Bot if their hearts be so hie,
They will not for their worship flee.
And though some be of sik bountie,
When they the Lord and his People
Pes flee, yet shall they flee a paine:
For all men flees the deed full faine.
See what he does, that so foullie,
Flees thus for his Cowardrie:
Doth him and his bangest bot bes.
And garres his foes alowe hes:
Bot he through his great Nobilay
To perill him abandounes ay.
For to recomfort his Menyie,
Garres them be of sik great bountie,
That many time a veritable thing
They bring right well to good ending.

So did this good King as I of read:
That through his courageous manheid,
Comforted his men on sik maner:
That none had radnesse where he were,
They would not fight while that he was
Lying in sik great sikenesse,
Therefore in Litter they him lay,
And to the Slenath held their way.
And thought into that Strength to ly,
While passed was his Palsay.

How the Kings men with fechting,
Defended the King in his lying.

But ten the Erle of Buchane
Will, that they were bidder gane:
And knew that so sek was the King
That men doubted of his recovering,
He sent after his men in hy,
And assembled a great Company.
For all his owne men were there,
And als his friends with him were,
There was Sir John the Mowbray
And his brother, as I heard say,
And als Sir David of Brechine
With feill sike of his leading.
And when they all assembled were,
In hy they tuke their way to fare
To the Slenath, with all their men,
For to assailyie the King that then
Was lying into his sikenesse.
This was after the Partinesse,
When snow overhailed all the land.
To the Slenath they came nere hand,
Arrayed on their best maner:
And then the Kings men that were

With

ware of their comming, them appareled
to defend if they were assailyied,
and not for thy, their foes were
mo then two for one, or els mair.
The Erles men nere comming were,
Camping, and making mickle fare,
and made knights when they were nere,
and they that in the Woodside were.
And in arrap right hardelie,
and thought to bide thers hardelie
The comming of their enemies:
But they would upon no kin wise
Gae to assailyie them in feghting,
While recovered was the Noble King,
and if other would them assailyie,
They would defend, bailyie quoth bailyie.
And when the Erles companie,
saw, that they wrought so wiselie:
That they their strength shupe to defend,
Their Archers swith to them hes send,
To bikker them as men of mane:
And they sent Archers them againe,
That bikkered them so hardelie,
That they of the Erles partie,
Right to their battell driven were,
Mare da yes on this wise lay they there,
Bikkering them ever ilk day:
But the Bowmen the war had ay.
And when the Kings companie,
And their foes before them lie,
That ilk day wart ma and ma:
And they were wharne, and stad were sa,
That they had nothing for to eat:
But if they travelled it to get.
Therefore they tokz counsell in hie,

That there they would no longer lie:
But hold their way where they might get
To them, and theirs, vittaile and meat.
In a Litter the King they lay:
And graithed them upon their way,
That all their foes might it see.
Like man busked in their degree
To fight, if they assailyied were,
In midst of them the King they bare,
And yéd about him right worthelie,
And not full greatlie can them hie.
The Erle, and they that with him were,
Saw that they busked them to fare:
And how with so little affray,
They held forth with the King their way.
Readie to fight, who would assailyie:
Their hearts then begouth to failyie,
And in peace leete them passe away,
And to their houses home went they.

How the King discomfist at *Enrowry*, The Erle of *Buchane* shamefully.

THe Erle his way tuke to Buchane:
And Sir Edward the Bruce is gane
Right to Strabogie with the King:
And so long made their Sojourning,
While he begouth to recover and ga.
And syne their wapes can they ta
To Enrowry straught againe:
For they would lie into the Plaine
The Winter season: for vittaile
Into the Plaine they might not faile.
The Erle wist that they were there,
And gaddered People here and there:
Brechine Mowtray, and their men,

all to the Erle assembled thes,
They were a full great compenie
Of men arayed haistelie,
To old Meldrome they held their way:
And there with their men lodged they
Before Yule-Even one night but maire
A thousand trow I well they were:
They lodged them there all the night,
While on the morne that day was light,
The Lord of Brechine, Sir Davy,
Is went toward Enrowry,
To loke if he in any wise,
Might doe skaith to his enemies:
And to the end of Enrowry,
He came riding so suddenlie,
That of the Kings men he slew
One part, and other men withdrew.
That fled their way toward the King:
That with most part of his gaddering,
In pond haist of the towne were lying:
And when men told him the tything,
How Sir David had slaine his men,
His hoste in hie he raised then:
And bade his men all make them yare,
In full great hie: for he would fare
To bargane with his enemies.
With that he basked him to rise,
That was not well recovered then,
Then said some of his prive men:
What thinke ye, Sir, thus gate to fare
To fight, and ye not recovered are?
Yes, said the King without ten weere,
Their boast hes made me baill and teere,
There should no Medicine to saine
Me cured me, as they have done.

Therefore

Therefore so GOD himselfe me se;
I shall have them or them they me.
And when his men hes heard the King,
Set him so well to the fighting:
Of his recoverting all blyth they were,
And made them for the battell pare.

The Noble King and his Menyie,
That might well nere seven hunder be
Toward ane kirk come held the way,
Where the Erle and his Menyie lay.
The discurreours saw them command
With Baners to the wind waivand:
And told it to their Lord in hie,
That gart arme his men hastelie,
And them arrayed for the battell,
Behind them set they their poverall,
And made good semblance for to fight.
The King came on with mickle might.
And they abade making great feare,
While that they nere assembled were,
But when they saw the Noble King
Come stoutly on without stinting:
A little on bridle them withdrew,
And the King that right well knew
That they were all discomfit nere.
Pursued on them with his Banere,
And they withdrew them maire and maire
And when the small folke they had there,
Saw their Lords withdraw them so,
They turnde their backs, and hastit to go,
And fled, and shailed here and there.
The Lords that yet togidder were,
Saw that their small folke were fleeing,
And saw the King stoutly comming:
They were likane abaisd so,

That they the backe gabe, and to go,
Litle ſtound togidder held they,
Syne like man tuke ſundrie way,
Fell never man ſik foule miſchance,
Ser ſo ſturdie countenance.
When the Kings companie
Saw that they fled ſo foullelie.
They chaſed them with all their mane:
And ſome they tuke, and ſome hes ſlaine.
The remanand were fleeing ay,
Who had beſt horſe, gote beſt away,
To England fled the Erle of Buchane:
Sir John Mowbray is with him gane,
And were reſſet there with the King:
But they both ſhort while had reſting
For they died both ſone after ſyne,
And god Sir David of Breching
Fled to Brechin his owne Caſtell,
And garniſt it both faire and well:
But the Erle of Atholl Sir Dauy,
His ſonne, that was in Kildromy,
Came ſyne, and him aſſieged there,
And he that would hold weere na mair,
Nor bargane with the Noble King,
Came ſyne his man with good liking.

Of the heirſhip of *Buchane*,
And how the Caſtele of *Forfare* was tane

NOw goe we to the King againe,
That of his victorie was faine,
And gart his men burne all Buchane,
From end to end, and ſpared nane:
And herped them on ſik maneere,
That after that well litle peere,
Was gained the heirſhip of Buchane.

The King then to his peace hes tane,
The North Countrie all hailelie,
Obeyed they to his Semyeozie:
So that by North the Month was mane.
But they his men were commen ilkane
The Lordship aye wart waire and waire,
Toward Angous syne can he fare,
And thought sone to make his all free:
That were on Northside the Scots Sea,
The Castell of Forfare was then,
Stuffed all with Englishmen:
But Philip the Fraser of Plarane,
Hes of his friends with him tane,
And with Ladders all paysille
He to the Castell can him hy:
And clambe up over the walles of stane,
And syne all that he fand hes slaine:
Syne yald the Castell to the King,
That made him right faire rewarding.
And syne he gart bigge downe the wall,
And tozded wall and Castell all.

How the King wan *Saint Johnstown*,
And tumbled all the Towres down.

When that the Castell of Forfare,
And all the towres downe tumbled were,
Right to the eird, as I have told,
The King that stout was, stark and bold,
Thought that he would make all free,
Upon North halfe the Scots sea.
To Perth he went with all his rout,
And unbeset the towre about.
But unto it hes a Siege set,
But while they might have men, and meat,
It might not but great paine be tane:

For all the wall was then of stane.
And thicke towres, and high standing:
And that time were there in winning,
The Methwenes and the Olyphands:
They two the towne had in their hands,
Of Stratherne als the Erle was there:
But his Sonne and his men were,
Without into the Kings rout,
There was ilke day bikkering stout,
And men slaine on either partie:
But the good King that was wittie
In all his dedes ever ilkane,
Saw the walles so slight of stane,
And saw the fence that they can make,
And that the towne was hard to take.
With open assault of strength and might,
Therefore he thought to worke with slight,
And in all time that he there lay,
He spied, and slely gart assay,
Where at the dykes it shaldest was:
While at the last he found a place,
That they might to their shoulders waid,
And when he that place fownden had,
He gart his Menyie baske ilkane.
When sir Dulkes of the siege was gane:
And turned their Harnesse hastilie,
And left the siege all openlie,
And forth with all his folke can fare,
As he would doe thereat no mare.
And they that were into the towne,
When they so fare saw him all bowne,
They shouted him, and scorning made,
And he forth on his wayes rade,
As he no will had againe to turne,
Nor beside them to make sojourne:

And in aught dayes nought for thy,
He gart make Ladders prively:
That might suffice to this intent:
And in a myrke night syne he went
Toward the towne with his Menyie:
And Horse and knaves leaved he
Far from the towne: and syne bes tane
His Ladders: and on fote are gane
Toward the towne all prively,
They heard no Watches speake nor cry,
For they that were therein may fall,
As men that dred nought, but slept all.
They had no dread then of the King,
For they of him hard no tyding,
All the thre dayes before or maire:
Therefore slikker and traist they were,
And when the King heard them not stere,
He was right blyth in great manere,
And his ladder in hand can ta:
Example to his men to ma.
Arraged well in all his geare:
Shot in the dyke, and with his speare
Cast till that he it over wade,
Wat to his throt the water stod.
That time was in his companie
A Knight of France, wight and ha rd
And when he in the Water sa
Saw the King passe, and with him ta
His ladder unabasedlie,
He saned him for the ferlie,
And said, O Lord, what shall we say,
Of our Lords of France, that ay
With good morcells fairses their panche,
And will but eat, and drinke, and dance:
When sik a King, and so worthie,

As

As this is throwgh his Chevalrie,
Into sik perill hes him set,
To win a wretched Hamelt,
With that word to the dyke he ran,
And over after the King he wan.
And when the Kings Menyie saw,
Their Lord the King into a thraw,
Past to the dyke, and but more let,
Their ladders to the wall they set,
And to climbe up fast preassed they:
Bot the good King, as I heard say,
Was the second pæd ober the wall,
And bade there while his Menyie all,
Were comming up in full great by:
Yet then raise neither noyse nor crie,
Bot sone after they noyse made,
That of them first perceiving had.
So that the cry raise throwgh the towne:
Bot he that with his men was bowne,
To assailyie, to the towne is went.
And the most part of his men sent.
And skailled throwgh the towne: but he
Held with himselfe a great Menyie.
So that he might be ay purvayde
To defend, if he were assayde:
Bot they that he sent throwgh the town
Put to so great confussoun
Their foes: that in beds were,
Or skailled: fleeing here and there:
That ere the sunne raise, they had tane
Their foes, and discomfist ilkane.
The Wardanes both therein were tane,
And Malise of Stratherne was gane
To his father the Erle Malis,
And with strength tooke him, and all his.

Syne for his sake, the Noble King
Gave him his land in governing.
The lave that ran out through the town,
Dearzed to them in great fusioun.
Men, arming, and Merchandise,
And other good of sundrie wise,
Whyle they that were both poore and bare,
Of their goods rich, and mightie were.
But there was few slaine for the King
Had given them in commanding.
Upon great paine they should sla nane,
That but great bargane might be tane:
For they were kinde to the Countrie
He wist: and had of them pietie.
IN this maner the towne was tane:
And syne the Towres everilkane,
And walles great were tumbled downe,
He left nothing about the towne,
Towre standing, nor stone wall,
But he gart baillelie destroy them all,
And prisoners that there tooke he:
He sent where they might keeped be:
And to his peace tooke all the land.
Was none that then durst them withstand,
On North halfe the Scots sea,
All obeyed to his Majestie:
Except the Lord of Lorne, and tha
Of Argyle, that would not with him ga.
He held him ay against the King,
And hated him attour all thing.
But yet ere all the gaming ga,
I trow well that the King shall ta
Vengeance of his great crueltie:
And that him sore repent shall he,
That he the King contraried ey.

Say fall whan he it mend not may.

THE Kings brother, whan the tayne
Was taken thus and doungen downe
Dir Edward that was so hardie,
Toke him with a great companie,
And toke his gate in Galloway:
For with his men he would assay,
If he recover might that land,
And win it fra Englishmens hand,
This Dir Edward the Bruce I hight
Was of his hand a Noble knight:
And in biythnesse swert and jolie,
But he was outragious hardie:
And of so hie undertaking,
That he had never yet abasing
Of multitude of men, for thy
He discomfist commonly
Ponie with whane: therefore had he
Attour his Pæres the Renounie.
And who rehearse would all his dæde,
Of his worship, and his manhæde.
Pen might a mickle Romance make.
And not for thy I thinke to take
On hand to say, of him some thing:
But not teind part his travelling.

How Sir *Edward* discomfilt at *Cree*, Sir *Ingrame Vmfrauile*, and *Aymerie*.

THis good knight that I spake of aire,
With all the folke that with him were
And into Galloway commen is,
All that he found he makes all his,
And herped greatly all the land.
But then in Galloway was winnand
Dir Ingrame Vmfrauile that was

Renowned of so great Prowes,
That he of worthip part the rout:
Therefore he gart ay beare about
Upon an speare a red Bonet,
Into takinning that he was set
Into the hight of Chevalry,
Of Saint John als Sir Aymery.
Thir two the Land had in steering:
And when they heard of the comming
Of Sir Edward, that all plainelie,
Over-rade the land, then in great hy,
They assembled of their Pevple,
I trow twelve hundreth they might be:
But he with fewer folke them met,
Beside Cree, and so hard them set,
With hard battell, and stalward fight,
That he them put all to the flight.
And slew two hundreth well and ma,
And the Chiftanes in hy can ta
Their way to Bothwell for to bee,
Received there into sauftie,
And Sir Edward them chased fast,
But to the Castell at the last.
Gate Sir Ingrame and Sir Aymery:
But the best of their company
Lay dead behind them in the place,
And when Sir Edward saw the chase
Was faillyied, he gart sese the Prey,
And so stell Catell had away,
That it was wonder for to see,
Of Bothwell towre they saw, how he
Gart his men with him dryde the Prey:
But no let there till set might they.
Throngh his couragious Chevalrie,
Galloway was stoneyed gretumlie,

And doubted him for his bountie,
Some of the men of that Countrie
Came to his peace, and made him aith:
But Sir Aymer that had the skaith,
After the bargane I tolde of air,
Made in England to purchase there,
Of armed men great companie,
To venge him of the velanie,
That Sir Edward the Noble Knight,
Him did at Cree into the fight,
Of good men he assembled there,
Well fifteene hundreth men and maire,
That was of right great Renounie:
His way with all the folke toke he:
And in the Land all privilie
Entred with that Chevalrie:
Thinking Sir Edward to suppryse,
If he might upon any wise,
For he thought he would him assailyie,
Ere he left into plaine battailyie.

How Sir *Edward* with fifty,
Wan fifteen hundreth, and Sir *Aymery*,

NOw may ye heare of great ferlie,
And als of right hie Chevalrie
For Sir Edward was in the land
With all his Menzie right neere hand,
And in the morning right airlie,
He heard the Countrie men make cry,
And had a witting of their comming,
Then busked he him but delaying,
And lap on Horse deliverlie,
He had into his rout fiftie,
All lap on Horse arraped well,
His small folke gart he ilke deill,

Withdraw

Withdrew them to a strait thereby:
And he rade forth with his fifty,
A knight that then was in his rout.
Worthie, and wight, stalward and stout,
Courtes, and faire, and of good fame,
Sir Alane Cathkart is his name,
Told me this tale, I to you tell.
Great Myst into the morning fell.
So that men might not see them by
For a Myst a bowdraught fully,
So hayned, that they fand the trace.
Where the great rout passed was
Of their foes that before rade,
Sir Edward that great yarning had
All time to doe great Chevalry,
With all his rout in full great hy.
Followed the trace where gane were they:
And before midmorne of the day,
The Myst wore cleare all suddenly:
And then he and his company,
Was not a bowdraught from the rout.
Then set they on them with a shout:
For if they fled, they wist that they
Should not get fourt part well away
Therefore in aventure to die
They would them part ere they would flie
And when the English companie
Saw on them come so suddenly,
Sik folke withoutten abasing,
They were put into great affraying,
And the other but more abade,
So hardelie among them rade:
That feill of them them to eird they bare,
Astoneyed so greitly they were,
Through the force of the first assay.

And they that were to so great affray,
They weind by far he had beene ma,
For that they were assailyied sa.
And Sir Edwards companie,
When they had thrilled them battelie,
Set stoutlie in the head againe:
And at their course bounden, and slaine
Were of their foes a great partie.
That they affraiped were bitterlie:
So that they skailled greatly then,
When good Sir Edward and his men
Saw them into so evill array:
The third time on them preiked they,
And they that saw them so stoutly,
Come on them, and so hardely,
All their rout both lesse and maire,
Fled fast skailling here and there,
Was none of them all so hardy
To byde, but fled all commonly,
To their warrand, and he can chase,
That wilfull to destroy them was:
And some he tooke, and some hes slaine:
But Sir Aymery with mickle paine
Escaped, and his gaite is gane:
His men discomfist everilkane.
Some tane, some slaine, some fled away.
This was a full faire point perfay.
Lee, how Hardement tane suddenly,
And driven syne to the end sharply,
May gar oft time unlikelie thing,
Come to right faire and good ending.
As it fell into this cace here
For Hardement withoutten weere,
Man fifteene hundreth with fiftie,
When aye fore one they were threttie,

And

And two men is ouer mony hære,
But they were led on ſik manære,
That they diſcomfit were ilkane.
Sir Aymer home his gaite is gane,
Right blyth, that ſo he gote away:
I trow, he ſhall not not mony a day,
Have will to weirray that Countrie,
With thy Sir Edward therein be.
And he dwelt ſtill into the land,
Them that rebelled ſtill weirrayand
And in one yære ſo weirrayed he:
That he wan quyte all that Countrie,
To his brothers peace the King:
But that was nought but hard feghting,
For in that time there him befell,
Mony ſore point, as I heard tell,
The whilk are not all written here:
But I wote well that in that yære
Thretteene Caſtels with ſtrength he wan
And overcame mony a mody man.
And who of him the ſoth would read,
Had he had meaſure in his dæde,
I trow that worthier than he,
In his time might not founden be:
Except his brother alanerly,
To whome into gud Chevalry,
I dare compare none, was in his day:
For he led him with meaſure ay,
And with wit all his Chevalry
He governed ay ſo worthely,
That he full oft unlikly thing
Wrought right well to a gud ending.

How *James of Dowglas* tooke *Thomas Randell*,
And *Alexander Stewart*, as I heard tell.

all that time James of Dowglas
nto the forrest ay trabelling was.
o it through hardement and slight,
rcupied all, magre the might
his fell foes, the whilke thay
him oft syes in hard assay.
t oft through wit, and through bountie,
s purpose to good end brought he:
to that time himselfe through care
o night as he trabelling was,
thought to have had his resting,
a house by the Water of Lyne,
as he came with his Menyie,
ere hand the house, so listened he,
heard their Sawes everilke dell.
he by that perceived well,
t they were strange men that there
night in that house harbryed were:
as he thought, so fell through care:
of Bonkill the Lord there was
xander Stewart hecht he,
ith other two of great bountie:
omas Randell of great renoun,
also Adam of Gordoun:
t came there with great companie,
thought in the Forrest to lie,
occupie it with all their might,
with trabell, and stalward sight,
chase Dowglas from that Countrie:
t other-wise all yed the glie,
hen James of Dowglas had witting,
as to him there came tyding,

That

That ſtrange men had tane harberie,
Into the place where he ſhuld lie,
He to that place paſt haſtelie,
Both he and all his companie
And umbeſet the houſe about,
When they within heard ſik a rout
About the houſe, they raiſe in hy,
And toke their geare right haſtely.
And came forth fra they harneſt were.
Their foes them met with weapons bare,
And them aſſailyied right hardelie,
And they defended doughtelie,
With all their might, while at the laſt,
Their foes preaſſed them ſo faſt,
That there folke failed them ilkane,
Thomas Randell there was tane,
And Alexander Stewart alſwa,
Wounded ilke one place, or twa.
Adame of Gordoun fra the fight,
What through ſtrength, and what through
Eſcaped, and als feire of their men,
But they that were arreſted then,
Were of their taking wonder wa:
But nedlings them behoude be ſa.
That night good Iames of Dowglas
Made to Sir Alexander, that was
His Emes ſonne, right gladſome cheere:
So did he als witthoutten weere
To Thomas Randell, for that he
Was to the King in nere degree
Of blood, for his ſiſter him bare.
And on the morne withoutten maire,
Toward the Noble King he rade,
And with him both the two he had.
The King of that preſent was blyth,

and thanked him thereof feill syth
Syne to his Nevoyean he say
Thou hes a while renounce thy fay,
Yet reconcild now thou mon be.
Then to the King answered he,
And said, ye chastie me, but ye
Ought better for to chastyed be.
For ſen ye wetrayed the King
Of England into plaine feghting.
Ye should preasse to diſcreye your right
With might, and not yet with slight.
The King said, yet fall it may
Ere it be long, to fall assay:
But ſen thou speakes so rudely,
It is great reason, that men chastly
Thy proud words, while that thou knaw
The right, and dutie that thou aw.
The King without more delaying,
Sent him to be in firme keeping,
Where that he a while shall be,
Bought all upon his owne pennie,

How the King at Clochmaben, Diſcomfist John of Lornes men.

WHen Thomas Randell on this wise
Was taken, as I here devise:
And sent to dwell in firme keeping,
For his speech he spake to the King:
The King that thought upon the skaith,
The despite, and the belanie baith:
That John of Lorne had to him done:
His Oist assembled he alsone,
And toward Lorne he tuke the way,
With all his meyn in gud array,
To John of Lorne of his comming,

Long

Long ere he came had good witting.
And men on ilk side gathered he:
I trow two thousand they might be.
And sent them for to stop the way,
Where the good King behoved to ga.
Clochmabanie heght that mountaine,
I trow that into all Britaine,
A higher Hill may not founden bee.
There John of Lorne gart his menyie,
Enbushed be abone the way.
If the King held that gait perfay,
He thought he should some banquisht be:
And himselfe held him on the sea.
Well neere the place with his Gaillayes,
But the King that at all assayes,
Was founden wise, and right wittie,
Perceived well their subtilitie,
And him bohed that gaite to goe,
His men departed he in two.
And to the good Lord of Dowglas,
In whom all vertue winning was,
He taught his Archers evertikane.
And the good Lord hes with him tane
Sir Alexander the Phraser wight,
And William Wiseman a good knight,
And with them then Sir Andro Gray,
That with their Menyie held their way,
And clambe the Hill deliverly.
And ere they of the other party,
Perceived them, they had ilkane,
The hight abone their foes tane.
The King and his men held their way,
And when into the place were they
Entred, the folke of Lorne in by,
Upon the King raised the cry,

And shot, and tumbled on them ſtanes,
Both great and habie for the nanes.
Yet they ſkaithed not greatly the King,
For he had there in his leading,
They that ligh and delibered were,
And light armour upon them bare.
So that they ſtoutly clambe the Hill,
And ſtopped their foes to fulfill.
The moſt part of their fellowry,
And als upon the other party,
Came Iames of Douglas, and his rout,
And ſhot upon them with a ſhout,
And wounded them with arrows faſt,
And with their Swords at the laſt,
They ruſhed among them hardely
But they of Lorne full manfully
Great and a ſtark defence can ma.
But when they ſaw, that they were ſa
Aſſayed upon two parties,
And ſaw well that their enemies,
Had all the faireſt of the fight,
In full great hy the tone the flight,
And they a fellowin chaſe can ma.
And ſlew all that they might ober ta,
And they that might eſcape perfay,
Right to a Water held their way,
That ran downe by the Hilles ſide,
That was ſo ſtraite ſo deepe and wide,
That men on no wiſe might it paſſe,
But at a Brig that narrow was.
To that Brig held they faſt their way,
And to breake it can faſt aſſay.
But they them chaſed when they them ſaw
Make their a reſt but dread or aw
They ruſhed upon them haſtelie,

And discomfit them vtterlie:
And held the Wrig halls while the King,
With all the folke of his leading,
Passed the Wrig at their ease,
To John of Lornett should displease,
I trow when he his men might see,
Out of the shipes into the sea.
Be slaine and chased from the Hill,
And he might set no let theretill:
For it angers as greuimile,
To good hearters that are worthie,
To see their foes fulfill their will,
As to themselfe to thole the ill.

## How Linlithgow-Peill wonnen was Through William Binnie, and his purchase.

AT sik mischife were they of Lorne,
For feill their lives there hes loseme
And other some had fled away.
The King in haste gart seale the Prey,
Ouer all the Land, where men may see,
So great abundance come of fe,
That it were wonder to behold:
The King that tour was starke and bold,
To Dunstaffage right hardely,
A Siege set: and hastily
Assailyied that Castell for to get:
And in short time he hes them set
In sik thrang, that therein were than,
That magre theire s he it wan:
And a good Wardane therein set,
And betaught him both men and meat;
So that he long time there might be,
Magre them all of that Countrie.
Sir Alexander of Argyle that saw

...King destroy up cleane, and lay...
...land, sent treitile to the King,
...came his maynt mose dwelling:
...he received him to his peace.
...John of Lorne his sonne, that was
...ell, as he was wont to be.
...fled in shippes to the sea,
...they that left were on the land,
...ere to the King all obeyland:
...he their pledges all hes tane.
...towart Peirth againe is gane.
...play him there into the Plaine,
...Lowthiane was him againe:
...at Linlithgow was pet a Peill,
...kle and starke, and stuffed well
...Englishmen that was reflet
...them that with armours, and meat,
...com Edinburgh would to Striuiling ga,
...from Striuiling would againe alswa,
...that to the Countrie did great ill,
...w may ye heare if that ye will,
...interludes and scoparties,
...hat men affaithen many wise,
...astells and Peills for to ta,
...And this Linlithgow was ane of tha.
...And I shall tell you how it was tane.
...In the Countrie there winned ane,
...That husband was, and with his fe,
...Ot hap unto the Peill he
...William Bunny surname he bight,
...A stalward man he was in feght.
...He saw so hard the Countrie stad,
...That he great mystany pitie had:
...Enough Fozirelle with them tuke
...Gouernoe and led him in Englishmen.

Then travelde men out of measure,
He was a stout Carle, and stare:
And of himselfe doure, and hardy,
And had friends that wimmen him by,
And shewed to some his privitie:
And upon his conuéene gate he
Men that might enbushment ma,
While that he should with his Wane ga:
To lead them hap into the Pells:
But his Wane should be stuffed well.
For aught men stowed in the bodie,
In his Wane should sit privilie:
And with hay heilled all about.
And himselfe that was doure and stout,
Should be the Wane gang ridely,
And a Yeoman wight, and hardy,
Before should drive the Wane, and weare
A hatchat that would sharpely sheare
Under this belt: and when the zet
Were opned and they were thereat:
When he heard him cry sturdely,
Call all, call all, then in great hy,
He should stryke with the axe in twa
The chenyies: and then in hy should thay
That were within the Wane come out,
And debate make, while that the rout
That should neere hy enbushed be,
Come for to maintaine that melle.
This was into the Harvest tyde,
When fields that faire were, and wyde,
Charged with corne, and furnicht were
For sundrie cornes that they bare:
Wort ripe, to win to man his fud,
And the trees all charged stood,
With feire fruits on sundrie wise,

In this swæt time, as I devise,
They of the Peill had winnen hay,
And with that Binny spoken had thay,
To lead their hay for he was nære:
And he consented but danger.
And said, that he in the morning
Well sone a Fodder should in bring.
Fairer and greater, and well more,
Than he did onie that were before,
And held them cunnand sikkerlie,
For that night warned he privilie,
Them that in his Wane should ga,
And them that bushed should be alswa.
And they so greatly sped them there,
That ere day they embushed were,
Well nære the Peill, where they might heare,
The cry, als sone as any were,
And held them so still, but stearing,
That none of them had perceiving,
And this Binny fast can him paine,
To dresse his Pennie in his Wane:
And all a while before the day,
He had them prilled well with hay.
And made him then to poke his fee
While men the sunne might shining see:
And sone that were within the Peill,
Were shed out on their owne Scele,
To win their harbest nære thereby,
Then Binny with his companie,
That in his Wane closed he had:
Went on his way but more abade:
And called his Wane toward the Peill,
And the Porter that saw him well,
Came nære the set, it opned sone,
And then Binny without en done,

Gart call the Wlane deliverly.
And when it set was evenly,
Betwixt the cheekes of the yet:
So that he might it clois no gaite:
He cried lowde, call all, call all,
And he then let his Gad-wand fall,
And he wode in two the chenyie in by,
Binny with that deliverly
Raught to the Porter sik a rout,
That blood and harnes both pede out:
And they that were within the Wlane,
Lap out belyne, and some hes slaine
Ben of the Castell baillelie,
Then in a while begouth the crie,
And they that nere embushed were,
Lap out, and came with swords bare,
And tooke the Castell all but paine,
And hes them that therein was slaine.
And they that were went forth before,
When they the Castell saw forlorne,
They fled to warrand here and there:
And some to Edinburgh can fare,
And to Striuiling are other gane,
And some into the gaite were slaine.

## How Thomas Randel came to the King, And was made Erle withoutten lies.

BYnny on this wise with his Wlane.
Wlan the Peisl, and their men hes slaine:
Syne gave it to the King in by,
That him rewarded worthelie.
And gart downe dryve it to the ground,
And syne over all the Land can send,
Setting in peace all the Countrie:
That unto him obeyand would be,

And when a litle time was spent,
After Thomas Randell hee sent,
And with him so well treated hee,
That hee his man bight for to bee,
The King his anger there him forgave,
And to maintaine his state him gave
Murray, and Erle thereof him made,
And other sundrie Lands brade,
He gave him into Heritage:
He knew his worthie vallallage,
And his great wit, and his avise.
His traistie heart, and his leele service,
Therefore in him affeyed hee,
And made him rich of lands and fe,
As he was certes right worthie:
For if men speake of him truelie,
He was so couragious a Knight.
So wise, so worthie, and so wight.
And of la Soveraigne great bounty,
That meckle of him may spoken bee.
And for I thinke of him to read,
And to tell part of his good deede,
I will describe you his fallouns
And part of his conditioums.
He was of measureable stature,
And all well portraved at measure.
With brade visage pleasant and faire,
Courtes at point, and debonaire,
And of right sikker countening:
Lawtie he loved attour all thing.
Falset, treasoun, and felonye,
He gainestood ever alutterly:
And loved Honour and Largess,
And aye mantained Knighthoode,
In company he was Solacious,

And with that blyth and amorous,
And good Knights hee loved aye.
And if that I the soth will say,
Hee was fulfilled of all bountie;
As of all Vertues made were hee,
I will commend him heere no moze,
But yee shall weel heare farthermoze.
That hee for his deeds worthie,
Should well bee praised Doberainely.

How Thomas Randell that was worthie,
Sieged Edinburgh Castell stoutlie.

WHen the King was with him taught,
And great Lordship had to him taught.
Hee wort so wise, and so auisie:
That his lands first stablisht hee.
And syne hee sped him to the weere,
To helpe his Eme at his power.
And with the consent of the King,
And with a simple apparelling,
To EDINBVRGH hee went in by
With good men into companie,
And set a Siege to the Castell
That then was garnisht wonder well.
With men and victaile at all right,
So that they dred no mans might.
But this good Erle not for thy,
Set a Siege to it full peartlie,
And preassed the folke that therein was:
So that not ane the zet durst passe.
They may abide therein and eat
Their victaile, while they ought may get:
But I trow they shall letten bee,
To purchease moze in that Countrie,
That time Edward of England King,

Was giben the Caſtell in keeping,
To Sir Peirs Libald a Gaſcoun.
And when they of his Garniſoun,
Saw the Siege left there ſo ſtraitly,
They miſtraiſted him of Traitourie,
That hee ſpoken had with the King,
And for that ilke miſtrowing.
They tooke and put him in priſon:
And of their owne Nation,
They made a Conſtable them to lead,
Both wittie and ware, and wight of deede
And hee ſet wit, and ſtrength, and might,
To keepe the Caſtell with all his might:
But now of them I will bee ſtill,
And ſpeake a litle while I will
Of the doughtie Lord of Dowglas,
That left into the Foreſt was.
Where hee many a ſeopardie,
And faire points of Cheualry
Dowbed, as well by night as day,
To them that in the Caſtell lay:
Of Jedburgh, and Roxburgh, but I
Will let ſeill of them now paſſe by:
For I cannot rehearſe them all,
And though I could, trow well yee ſhall
Say, that I might not ſuffice thereto,
There ſhould ſo mickle bee to doe,
But it, that I wate ſikkerlie,
After my wit, rehearſe ſhall I.

## How Iames Dowglas gart Ladders make Of hempe, the Caſtell of Roxburgh to take.

THe time that the good Erle Thomas,
Aſſleged, as the letter ſayes,
Edinburgh, Iames of Dowglas

Det

Set all his wit for to purchase,
How Roxbrugh through subtillie:
Or any craft, might winnen be.
Whyle he gart Sym of the Leadhouse,
A craftie man, and curious,
Of Hempine tapes Ladders ma,
And træne steppes bounden sa,
That they would breake on no kin wise,
A Croke they made at their devise
Of Wyne; that was starke and square,
That fra it in a kernell were
Festned, it should hing thereby,
And the Ladder, therefra straightly.
This good Lord Dowglas as soone
As this devised was, and done
Gaddered good men in privitie:
Thræ score, I trow that they might be:
And in the Fastings Even right,
In the beginning of the night,
To the Castell tooke their way,
With blacke Frogges all heilled they,
The armours, that they on them had.
They came nære by there, and abade.
And sent haillely their horle them fra,
And in a raying on a rout they goe,
On hands and feete, when they were nære
Right as they lay, and Oxen were,
That were unbounden left thereout,
It was right mirke withoutten dout:
But one upon the Wall that lay,
Beside him to his Feere can say:
This man thinkes to make good cheare,
(And named a Husband thereby nære)
That hes left all his Oxen out.
The other sayes, that is no dout:

Be thall make god cheare this night though they
Be with the blacke Dowglas led away:
They went the Dowglas and his men
Had beene Dren: for they pad then
On hands and feete, ape ane and ane,
The Dowglas right god tent has tane
To all thet? speech, but right lowe they,
Held speaking inward baid their way.
DOwglas men thereof was blyth,
And sped them to the wall swyth.
And swne had up their ladders set
That made a clap when the crowe knet.
And fastned fast in the kranell.
Ane of the watches heard it well,
And busked hidderward but bade,
But Ledhouse that the ladders made,
Sped him to climbe up first the wall:
But ere he was commen up all,
He that that Waird had in keeping,
Met him right at the upcomming.
And for he thought to ding him down,
He made nouther cry nor soun:
But sought to him deliverly.
And he that was in leoparby
To die, a loup he to him made,
And got him by the necke but bade.
And stikked him upward with a knife:
While with his hand he reft his life.
And when he dead to law him ly:
Up on the Wall he went in by:
And downe the bodie left them till.
And said: all gangs as we will.
Sped you all up deliberly.
And they did so in full great hy:
But ere they gat up there came ane

That

That lay Lechoule ſtand him allane:
And ine we he was nought of their men,
And in great hy rached to him then,
And him aſſailyied ſtordelie:
But he ſlew him beforeoulie:
For he was grimed and was wight:
The other naked was a pight,
And had not for to fyght a ſtraike.
Sik melle there ne can be make,
While Dowglas and his Menyie all,
Were winnen up upon the Wall:
Then to the Towre they went in by,
The folke that time were hatlely
Into the hall, at their vanking,
And ſinging, and other wayes playing
As upon Faſtings Even is
The Cuſtome, to make ioy and bliſſe,
To men that were in favilie
So trowed they that time to be:
But ere they wiſt, into the hall,
Dowglas, and his rout came all.
And cried on hight, Dowglas, Dowglas,
And they that no were them he was,
Heard Dowglas cry ſo hideouſly.
They were abaſed for the cry:
And ſhupe them no defence to ma.
And they but pitie can them ſa,
While they had gotten the upper hand,
The other fled to ſeke warrand,
That out of meaſure the dæde can dread,
The Wardane ſaw how that it pæd,
That called was Gilmyndc Fyrmes:
In the great Towre he gotten hes,
And other of his campany,
And cloſed the zets haſtely,

The lave that left were thereout,
Were tane, or slaine, this is no dout:
Bot if that ony lap the wall,
The Dowglas held that night the hall,
Through his foes thereat was wa,
His men were ganging to and fra,
Throughout the Castell all that night,
While on the morne that day was light.
The Wardan that was in the Towie:
That was a man of great valour,
Gilmynde Fyrmes when he fain,
The Castell tynt both hie and law:
He sat his might for to defend
The Towie, but they without him send
Arrowes in so great quantitie,
That sore annoyde thereof was he.
Bot while the other day not for thy
He held the Towie full sturdely,
And then at an assault he was
Wounded so felly in the face,
That he was dreding of his life
Therefore he treated them but strife,
And yald the Towie on sik maner,
That he, and all that with him wer,
Sould safely passe into England,
Dowglas held them full good cumand.
And convoyde him to his Countrie.
Bot there full short while lived he:
For through the wound into the face,
He died sone, and buried was.
Dowglas the Castell seised all,
That then was closed with stalwarth wall:
And sent this Ledhouse to the King,
That made him right good rewarding:
And his brother in full great hy,

Sir

Sir Edward that was so worthy,
He sent hidder to trouble bowne,
Both Towze, Castell, and als Dungeonne.
And he came with great companie,
And gart trawell so battlie,
That towze, and wall, right to the ground
He gart cast downe in litle stound:
And dwelt there, while that Tewisdaill
Came to the Kings peace all haill:
Except Jedburgh, and other that nere
To the Englishmens bounds were:

## How William Francis led Thomas Randell, Vp to the Craig of Edinburgh Castell.

When Roxburgh was win on this wise,
The Erle Thomas that his empyise,
Set ay on Soverane hie bountie,
At Edinburgh with his Semple,
Was lying at the Siege, as I
Told you before all openly.
But fra he heard how Roxburgh was
Tane with a traine, all his purchase,
And wit and businesse, I night:
He set to purchase him some light:
How he might help him through victorie,
Welled with the Chevalrie:
To win the wall of the Castell,
Through some ten slight, for he wist well,
That no strength might it plainelie get,
While there within were men and meat.
Therefore privily spered he,
Gif any man might there founden be,
That could find any jeopardy,
To climbe the wall right privily:
And he should have his warison:

For it was his intention,
To put himselfe in aventure
Before that Siege wt him misture.
Then was there one William Frances,
Wise and expert, and courtes:
And he in his youthhead had bene
In the Castell; when he had seene
The Erle so ernestly him set
Some subtiltie, or wyle to get,
Where throngh the Castell have might be,
He came to him in privitie.
And said, Wee thinke yee wonld blythlie,
That men found you some sekyrtie,
How yee might ower the wals lowt:
And certes, if yee will begin
For to allay on sick a wyle,
I undertake for my service,
For to ken you to climbe the wall,
And I shall formest bee of all
Wherewith a short Ladder may bore
I hope of twelde foote it may bee)
Climbe the Wall wt all quietie.
And if that yee will wit how I
Mate this, I shall you blythlie say.
When I was young this hinder day,
My father was Keeper of yone Houle,
And I was somedeill lecherous,
And loved a Welsh beere in the towne,
And that I wnt sulpittont:
Night repaire to her privitie,
And rapes to mee a ladder made I:
And therewith ower the wall I have,
A strait rod there I syped had,
Into the Craige fyne downe I went,
And oft syes come to mine intent.

And

And when that it drew nere the day,
I held againe the famine way.
And aye came in but perceiving,
I vsed to long that trabelling:
So that I can that rod goe right,
Though men se never so mirke a night.
And if yee thinke yee would assay,
To passe vp after mee that way,
Vp to the Wall I shall you bring,
If GOD vs save from percs thing
Of them that Watches are on the wall,
And if it vs so faire may fall,
That we our ladders may vp set,
Whyle a man on the Wall may get.
Yee shall defend if there bee neede,
Whyle the remnand vp them speed.
The Erle was blyth of that carping,
And beght to him faire rewarding:
And vndertoke that gate to ga,
And bade him soone his ladder ma.
And hold him pybie while they might,
Set for their purpose on a night.
Soone efter was the Ladder made:
And then the Erle but more abade,
Purvayed him a night pybily,
With threttie men wight and hardy:
And in a mirke night held their way,
They put them in full hard assay,
And to great perill slitterly,
I trow, might they have seene clearely,
That gate had not beene vndertane.
Although to stoppe them had not beene ane
For the Craig was high and hideous,
And the climming right perillous,
If any happed to slide, or fall,

He should be sone tw srushed all,
The night was mirke, as I heard say,
And to the sot sone commen were they
Of the Craige that was high and hoze,
Then William France them beloze,
Clambe in the Crokes beloze them ay:
And at the backe him followed they:
With meekle paine, while to, while fro,
They clambe in the Crokes so,
While halfe the Craig they climmen had:
And there a place they found so brade,
That they might sit on allanerly:
And they were spindlesse and weary,
And there abode their aind to ta.
And right as they were sitting sa,
Right aboone them, upon the Wall,
The Chak-watches assembled all,
Now helpe them God, that all thing may,
For in full great perill are they.
For might they sae them, there should nane
Escape out of that place unslaine,
To dead with stones they should them ding,
For they might helpe themselves nothing:
But wonder mirke then was the night.
So that they had of them no sight.
And not for thy; yet was there one.
Of them that swakked downe a stone,
And said, away treature, I sae thee well,
Notwbeit he saw of him no deill.
Out over their heads flew the stane,
And they sate still lurking ilkane.
The Watches when they heard no steere,
From that place passed all in seare
And carping held they forth their way,
The Erle Thomas as sone as they,

That on the Craige, sat then him by,
Toward the Craige clambe hastely,
And hidder came with meikle maine,
And not but great perrill, and paine,
For fra thyne up was greit wonder,
To climbe up, nor beneath by far,
But what kin paine so euer they had,
Right to the Wall they came but dreid:
That was well neere twelde foot on hight,
And without ken perceiving or sight,
They set the Ladder to the Wall:
And syne Frances before them all
Clambe up, and syne Sir Andro Gray,
And syne the Erle himselfe perfay,
Was the third man the Wall can ta
When they there downe their Lords saw
Saw climbe up upon the Wall,
As wood men they clambe after all:
But ere up commen all there they,
They that were watches to assay:
Heard steering, and prive speaking,
And also framing of arming,
And on them set full sturdely,
And they met them full hardely:
And slew of them despiteously,
Then through the Castell rose the cry,
Treasoun, treasoun, they cried fast,
Then some of them were so agast.
That they fled, and lap over the wall
But to say sooth they fled not all.
For the Constable that was hardie:
All armed ished forth to the cry:
And with him feith hardie, and stout,
Yet was the Erle heard with his rout,
Fechting with them upon the wall:

Bot some discomfist he them all,
By that his men were commen thame,
Up to the wall: and he hes tane,
His way downe to the Castell wone.
In great perill he hes him done,
For they were ma than he therein,
And they had bene of good comune:
Bot some thing they affrayed were,
And not for thy with weapons bare,
The Constable and his company,
Set him and his right hardely.
Their men might see right bargane rise:
For with weapons on many wise,
They dang on other at their might,
While swords that were faire and bright,
Were to the hilts all bludy.
Then hiddeously began the crie:
For they that fellen, or stikked were,
Right hiddeously can cry and raire.
The good Erle and his companie,
Faught in that feght so sturdelie,
That all their foes rushed were:
The Constable was slaine right there,
And fra he fell, the remanand
Fled, where they might best to warrand,
They durst not bide, nor make debate,
The Erle was handled there so haite,
That had it not happned through race,
That the Constable there slaine was,
He had bene in great perill there:
Bot then they fled, there was no maire,
Ilke man for to save his life,
Fled forth his dayes for to thrife:
And some flaide downe out over the wall.
The Erle hes tane the Castell all,

For there was none durst him withstand
I never heard into no land,
Was Castell tane so hardely,
Duttaken Tyre alanerly.
When Alexander the Conqueroure,
That conquered Babylons Towne,
Lap fra a War swith to the Wall,
Where he among his foes all,
Defended him full doughtely,
While that his noble Chevalry,
With ladders over the walls yeed,
That nouther left for dead nor dræde.
For when they wist well that the King,
Was in the towne, there was nothing
Into that time that stynt them moght,
For all perill they set at noght.
They clambe the wall and Aresle
Came first to the good King, where he
Defended him with all his might.
And they so hard were stade in fight,
That he was felled on his knee,
Then to his backe he set a tree:
For dræde they should behind assailyie,
Aresle then to the battailyie
Sped him in hy so sturdely,
And dang on them so doggedly,
That the King well rescued was,
For his men into sundrie place
Clambe over the walles, and sought the King,
And him rescued with hard feghting,
And wan the towne deliverly.
Duttaken this taking alanerly,
I heard never in no time gane,
Where Castell was so stoutly tane:
And of this taking that I mæne,

Sud

Saint Margaret the good haly Queene
Wist in her time, through reveling
Of him that knowes, and wats all thing.
Therefore in stead of Prophecy,
She left a talkning full foly,
That is there in her Chappell.
She gart well portray a Castell,
A ladder up to the wall standing
And a man thereupon climming,
And wrote on him, as old men sayes,
In French, Garde vous de Francoys.
And for this word she gart write sa
Men weind the Frenchmen should it ta:
But Frances called was he,
That so clambe up in privitie.
She wrote it as in Prophecy,
And it fell afterward swthly,
Right as she said, for tane it was,
And Francis led them up that place.
On this wise Edinburgh was tane,
And they that were therein ilkane,
Outher tane, or slaine, or lap the wall,
Their goods have they leaved all:
And the house everilkane.
Sir Peirs Libald that was tane,
As I said aire in Boyes they fand,
And into hard festning sittand.
They brought him to the Erle in hy,
And he gart lose him hastely,
And he became the Kings man,
They send word to the King right than,
And told how the Castell is tane:
And he in hy is bidden gane,
With many men in company:
And gart cast downe all hastely,

Both Towze, and walles to the ground,
And syne ouer all the land eanfound,
Sæling the Countrie to his peace:
Of this dæde that so worthie was:
The Erle was prailed gretumly,
The King that saw him so worthy,
Was blyth and glad attour the lave:
And to maintaine his state him gave
Rents and lands fair inough.
And he to so great worship wrough,
That all spoke of his great vountie:
His foes oft tyes astonied he:
For he fled nedher for feare in fight,
What shall I more say of his might:
His great manhede, and his vountie,
Garres him yet renowned be.

How Sir *Edward* wan *Ruglin-Peill*,
And *Dundie*, syne *Stirwilling* sieged well.

IN this time that thir leopardies
Of thir Castells, as I devise,
Were enchæved so indeenlie,
Sir Edward Bruce that was worthie
Had all Galloway and Niddisdaill
Winnen to his liking all haill.
And doungen downe the Castells all,
Right to the dykes both Towze and Wall,
He heard them say, and knew it well,
That in Ruglyn was then a Peill.
Hidder he went with his Menyie,
And winne it in short time he:
Syne to Dundie hes tane the way,
That then was holden (as I heard say)
Against the King: therefore in hy
He set a Siege thereto stoutly,

As

And lay there till it yelden was.
To Striviling fyne the way hee taes,
Where gud Sir Philip the Mowbray,
That was to doughtie at assay,
Was Wardane, and had in keeping
The Castell of the English King.
Thereto a Siege hee set stoutly,
They bikkered oft fyes sturdely.
But gretar Chenalrie was done nane,
Sir Edward fra the Siege was tane
A well long whyle about it lay
From the Lentrone, that is to say,
While forrow the Daingt Johnes Halle,
The English folke that therein was,
Begouth to failyie battaile by than,
And Sir Philip as doughtie man,
Treated till they contented were:
That if at Midsommer then a yere
To come, it were not with battaile
Relcued, that then withoutten faile,
He should the Castell yelde quietlie,
That cumand byalie they sikkerlie.

How Sir *Edward Archouten* sturne,
Vndertook the battell of *Bannock-burn*.

ANd when this cumand thus was made,
Sir Philip into England rade:
And told the King all the haill tale:
How that he twelve moneth all haill
Had, as written was in their Tailyie,
To rescue Striviling with battailyie,
And when hee heard Sir Philip say,
That Scottishmen had set a nay,
To feght, and hee sicly leasure had
To parbay him hee was right glad:

And

And said, If twas great succurdie,
That set them upon sik follie:
For hee thought to bee ere that day
So purvayed and in sik array,
That there should no strength him withstand
And when the Lords of England
Heard that this day was set plainely.
They judged it all to great folp,
And thought to have them at their lysing,
If men abade them in fighting.
But oft failsies that sales thought,
And yet wise men comes nought
To that end, that they weine alwapes:
A litle stone oft, as men sapes,
May gar walter a mekle Mane,
Na mans might may stand againe
The grace of God, that all things steres,
Hee wates whereto all things afteeres,
And dispones at his liking
Efter his ordinance all thing.
When Sir Edward, as I you say,
Had given so outragious a day,
To yeelde, or to relcue Striuiling;
Right to the King then went hee syne:
And told what treaty hee had made,
And what day hee them given had.
The King said, when hee heard the day,
That was unwisely done perfay,
I never yet heard so long warning
Was given to so mighty a King,
As is the King of England.
For hee hes now into his hand
England, Ireland, and Wales allwa,
And Aquitayne yet with all tha
Dwells under his Seneory,

And of Scotland a great party:
And of treasure so limited is he,
That he may wageours haue plentie,
And we are few against so fell.
GOD may right well our weirdes dell;
But we are set in ieopardie.
To tyne or win thys battelie.
Sir Edward said, So God me rede,
Though he and all that he may lede
Come, we shall fecht all though they were mon
When the King heard his mother so
Speake, to the Battell so hardelie,
He praised him in his heart greatly,
And said (Mother) ien is as gane
That this thing thus is vnder taine,
Shape we us therefore meikle
And all that langes vs tendirlie
And the freedome of this Countrie,
Putnay them all that time to be
Boun on their best wise, that they mak.
Do if our foes will assay
To rescue Striuilling with battaile
That we of purpose gar them faile.

The semblieg of the English Host,
That with great power cam and boast.

OF this wise a'l assented were,
And bade their men all make them yare:
For to be boun against that day,
Weapons and armoures purvayed they
And all that affered to feghting.
And of England the mighty King,
Purvayed him in so great array,
That Certes, I heard neuer say
That Englishmen more apperell

Bade

Wade, than they did for that battell.
For when the time was commen nere,
The King assembled his powere,
And beside his owne Chevalrie
That was so great, it was ferlie
Hee had of mony a farre Countrie,
With him good men of great bountie,
Of France, and other Chevalry.
Hee had into his companie,
The Erle of Hennalt als was there,
And with him met that worthie were:
Of Gascoynie, and of Almanyie.
And of the worthiest of Britannyie:
Hee had wight men, and well farrand,
Armed cleanelie both head and hand.
Of England als the Chevalrie,
Hee had there gaddered so cleanlie,
That none were left might weapons weeld,
Or worthie were to feght in feld.
Of Wales als with him had hee:
And of Ireland a great Menyie:
Of Poytow, Aquitayne, and Bayonn:
Hee had mony of great renowne.
Of Scotland hee had yet then,
A great Menyie of worthie men.
When altogedder assembled were,
Hee had of fegliters with him there,
An hundreth thousand men and ma:
And fourtie thousand were of tha,
Armed on Horse, both head and hand,
And of tha yet were thiee thousand,
With barded Horse, in plait and mailyie,
To make the front of the battailyie.
And fiftie thousand of Archers
Hee had, without the Hobilers,

And men on foot, and small rangall,
That keeped Harnelle, and Vittaill:
For had so feill it were ferly,
Of Cartes als that yeed him by,
So feill, that by them that charged were
With Pavillouns, and that de feill bare,
And apparell for Chamber and Hall,
Fourelcore were charged with Fewall,
They were so feill where that they rade,
And their battells were so brad:
And so great rout held they there,
That men that meekle Host might see far
Overtwke the lands largelie,
Ere might see there who had beene by:
Many a worthie man and wight,
And many an armour gaylie dight.
And many a lordis steering Steede,
Arrayed aye into rich weede:
Many Helmes, and Habertones,
Shields, Speares, and fine Pennouns:
And so many a conielle Knight,
That it seemed into that sight,
They should vanquith the world all haill.
Why should I make too long my tale?
To Baruike are they come alsane,
And some therein hes Innes tane:
And some lodged without the towne,
In tents, and in Pavillioun.

How Englishmen manassed at will
The Scots, and delt their lands till.

AND when the King his Oast hes seene
So great, so good men and so cleane:
He was right joyfull in his thought:
And well supposed, that there were nought

A King in world might him withstand,
Him thought all winnen to his hand.
And largely among his men,
The lands of Scotland dealt he then.
Of other mens lands large was he;
And they that were of his Menpie,
Manalled the Scottishmen hailely,
With grent words, and not for thy:
For that they come to their intent,
Holles in haill claith shall be rent.

In ten battels the Englishmen
Were delt, & taught to Chiftanes then.

The King through counsell of his men,
His folke delt into battels ten.
In ilk battell, were ten thousand,
That thought they stalwardly should stand
In battell and should hold their right.
And let not for their foes might,
He set Leaders to ilk battail,
That knowen were of good governall.
And to renowned Eries twa,
Of Glocester and Herford were tha,
He gave the Wangard in leading,
With many men at their bidding,
Ordained with full great array,
They were so Chevalrous that thay
Trowed, gif they came to the fight.
There should no strength withstand their might
And the King when his Menpie were
Divided into battells fear:
His owne battell ordained he,
And who should at his byde be.
Sir Geiles the Argentine he set,
Upon the one side his menpie to get:

And of Wallance Sir Aymery:
On other halfe that was worthy,
For into their soueraine bountie,
Ouer all the lave affyed he.

How all the Noble Chevalry,
At Edinburgh tooke harbery.

When the King upon this wise,
Had ordained, (as I here devise)
His battels and his renowning:
He raise early in the morning:
And fra Barwicke they tooke their way.
Both hilles and vallayes covered thay.
And the battels there was so brave,
Departed ouer the hilles rade:
The Sunne was bright, and shined cleare:
And armours that bright burneist were,
So blenked with the Sunnes beame,
That all the land seemed in a leame:
Banners right freshly flambilighand,
And Pensalls to the wind waiuand:
So feill they were of seir Countreyes,
That it was wonder to devise:
And I should tell all their affeere,
Their countenance and their manere,
Though I couth, I should cumbred be.
The King with all his great Pewple,
To Edinburgh are they commen right.
They were all out twa feill to fight,
With few folke of a simple land:
But where God helpes, who may withstand.

How in this time assembled then,
To King Robert hes certaine men.

The King Robert when he heard say,
That Englishmen in sik array:

And

And into so great quantitie,
Came in his land, in by gart he.
All men be stumpand priuily,
And they came all full wilfully,
To the Torwood, where that the King
Had ordainde to make their meeting,
Sir Edward the Bruce the worthy,
Came with a full great company
Of good men armed well, and dight:
Hardie and fozcy, foz to fight.
Walter Stewart of Scotland syne.
That then was but a beardielle bynne,
Came with a rout of Noble men:
That men be countenance might them ken.
And the good Lozd Dowglas allwa,
Brought with him men, I underta:
That well were vsde into feghting,
They shall the lesse have abaling,
If them betide in thzang to be:
And ane avantage shall sooner see,
Foz to astoney their foes might,
Than men that vses not to figet.
The Erle of Murray with his men,
Arraged well came also then,
Into good conneene foz to fight:
And wilfull to maintaine their right.
Duttaken many other Baroun,
And Knights of full great renoun,
Came with their men full stalwardly,
When they allembled were haillly
Of feghting men, I trow, they were
Thzettie thousand and some deill mare,
Withoutten carriage and purall:
That carried Harneste and Wittall.
Over all the Host yed the King,

...beheld to their countering:
...saw that all full fairie offerit,
...hardie countenance they were,
...lythinesse the most Coward,
...emed to doe full well his part,
...e King bes seene all their hading,
...hat knew them well into thir thing,
...saw them all communelie,
...sickker countenance, and hardie,
...without affray, or rabaling.
...his heart had he great liking,
...thought that men of so great will,
...they would set their might thereatill,
...ould be full hard to win, perfay.
...as he met them in the way,
...welcomed them with gladsome faire,
...aking gud tidings here and there,
...they that their land saw lythly
...welcome them, and to homlie,
...full they were, and thought that they,
...ght well to put them in assay,
...hard fechting, and stalward stour,
...to maintaine well his honour.

The parting of the Scots men,
That in foure battells delt were then.

...e worthy King when he hes seene,
His Host assembled all wedene:
...saw them willfull to fulfill
...lyking with gud heart and will:
...to maintaine well his franches,
...was joyfull on worthy wise:
...called all his counsell yther
...laid them: Lordis now may ye se,
...Englishmen with mickle might,

Hes all disponed them to fight:
For they pone Castell wonderlike wo.
Therefore is gud we ordaine now,
How we may let them ourpasse,
And so fra them the wise clerke,
That they passe not but great letting.
We have here with us at bidding,
Well threttie thousand men and ma.
Make we foure battells of all tha.
And ordaine us on sik manere:
That when our foes comes nere,
We to the new Parke hold our way,
For there behoves them passe, perfay.
But if they will beneth us go.
And ower the Waras passe, and so,
We shall be at a vantage there.
And me thinke that right speedfull were,
To passe on fot to this feghting,
Armed but in light arming.
For shape we us on Horse to fight,
Sen that our foes are maire of might.
And better horsed than are we,
We should into great perill be,
And if we fecht on fote, perfay,
We shall be at a vantage aye.
For in the Parke among the trees,
The Horsemen cumbred alwayes bees,
And the Dyke also there downe,
Shall put them to confusioun.
And they consented to that Saw:
And then into a litt le thraw.
Their foure battells ordained they,
And to the Erle Thomas, parfay,
He gave the Vangarde in leading,
For in his Noble governing,

ad in his tyte Chevalrie.
They had affiance soverainely.
ad for to maintaine his Baner,
ands that of great worthip were,
ere alligned with their Penyle,
ithin his battell for to bee.
he other battell was given to leade,
o him that doughtie was of deede,
nd praised als of Chevalrie
hat was Sir Edward the worthie.
trow bee shall maintaine him so,
hat how so ever the gaming goe,
is foes to plenyie shall matter have,
nd syne the third battell hee gave.
o Walter Stewart for to leade,
nd to Dowglas doughtie of deede:
hey were Coulings in nere degree:
herefore to him betaught was hee,
or hee was young, and not for thy
trow, hee shall so manfullie,
bee his devoure, and worke so well
hat men shall of his deedes tell.
he feirth battell the Noble King
oke in this owne governing:
nd had into his companie,
he men of Carrik baillelie:
nd of the Iles, whereof was syre
nd of Argyle and of Kintyre,
angous of the Iles, and Boot allswa,
nd of the plaine lands hee had ma,
armed men a Noble rout:
is Battell stalward was and stout:
hee said, the Rereguard hee would ma,
nd even before him should ga
he Wangard, into either hand,

The other Battells should bee gangand
Behind on side a litle space,
And the King that behind them was,
Should see where there was most myster,
And relive them with his Baner.

How King *Robert* gart pottes make,
And covert them well, I undertake:

THe King that was both wight, and wise.
And right attentive at devise:
And hardie als attour all thing,
Ordained his men for the feghting.
And on the morne on Satterday,
The King heard his discureours say,
That Englishmen with meekle might,
Had lyen at Edinburgh that night,
Therefore withoutten more delay,
Yee to the North-Parke held his way:
With all that in his leading were,
And in the Parke them harbred there:
And in a plaine field by the way,
Where he thought they behowed have way
The Englishmen gif that they wald
Through the Parke to the Castell hald:
He gart men many Pots ma,
Of a foot-braide round and all tha
Were deepe, up to a mans knee:
And so thicke, that they might likned be
To a war Kaine with Bees made,
And then the Potes they covered had
With sticks, and with gerse all grene,
So that they might not well be seene.
On Sunday syne in the morning,
Well sone after the Sun-rising,
They heard the Masse all reverently.

Sa many thaire them full deboutly:
That thought to die into that melle,
Or then to make their Countrie free.
To GOD for their right prayed thay,
There dyned none of them that day,
Bot for the Vigile of Sanct John,
They fasted water, and breid ilkone.

The King when that the Masse was done
Went for to see the Pots sone:
And at his lyking saw them made,
On other side the way well braide.
It was potted (as I have tauld)
Gif that their foes on horse would hauld,
Furth on the way, I trow they shall
Not all escape withoutten fall:
Throughout the Host then gart he cry,
That all should arme them hastely,
And buske them on their best maner,
And when that all assembled wer.
He gart array them for to fight,
And syne over all gart cry on hight,
That who so ever he were, that fand
His heart not stikker for to stand,
To win all, or die with honour,
For to maintaine that stalward stour:
That he betime should take his way:
And none should dwell with him but thay,
That would stand with him to the end,
And take the grace that God would send.
Then all answered with one cry,
And with one voyce said generally,
That none for dout of dead should faile,
While discomfit were the haill battaile.

How the King sent fra him all haill,
His small folke, cariage, and vittaill.

When the good King hes heard his men
So hardely answere him then:
Saying, that nouther dead nor dreid,
To sick discomfort should them lead:
That they should eschew the feghting:
In heart he had great rejoycing.
For him thought men of sik having,
So good, so hardy, and so fyne,
Should well in battell hold their right,
Against men of full mickle might.
Syne all the small folke, and puraill,
He sent, with harnesse, and vittaill,
Into the Parke right far him fra,
And gart them fre the battell ga.
And as he bade, they went their way.
Twentie thousand neere were thay.
They held their way to a valley:
Out of the sight of the great battellyie:
Of men of armes wight and hardy:
The King left with a cleane Menyie:
That were togidder twentie thousand,
That I trow stalwardly shall stand,
And doe their devoure as they aw,
They stood then raynged on a raw,
Ready for to byde battailyie,
Gif any folke would them assailyie.

How the King bade the Erle Murray,
To keepe beside the Kirke the way.

The King then gart them busked be:
For he wist into certainetie,
That Englishmen with mickle might

Had lyen at the Falkirk that night.
And syne to him the way all straight
Held, with their men of mickle might.
Therefore to his Nevoy bad he
The Erle of Murray with his Menyie,
Beside the Birk to keepe the way:
That none should passe that gaite, perfay,
Without debate to the Castell:
And he said, that himselfe should well
Keepe the entrie with his battaile.
Gif that any would there assaile:
And syne his brother Sir Edward,
And young Walter the good Steward,
And the Lord Dowglas alswa,
With their Menyie good tent should ta,
Whilk of them had most mister,
Should help with them that with them wer.
The King then sent James of Dowglas,
And Sir Robert of Keith, that was
Marshall of all the Host in fee,
The Englishmens comming for to see:
And they lap on without ten bade,
Well horned men with them they had:
And sone the great Host have they seene:
Where shields shining were so sheene:
And basnets burnished so bright:
That gave against the Sunne sik light
They saw so many browdred Baners,
Standerds, and Pensalls upon speares:
And so feill Knights upon Steedes,
All clawming in their joly weedes:
And so feill battels and so brade,
And tokē so great rowme as they rade,
That the most Host and the best,
Of Christyanne, and the Ipliest:

Should be abased for to see,
Their foes into sik quantitie,
And so arrayed for to fight.
When their discurreours had sight
Of their foes (as I heard say)
Toward the King they toke their way:
And told him into privitie,
The multitude, and the beautie
Of their foes that came so brade:
And of the great might that they had.
Then the King bade, that they should ma
No countenance as it were swa,
But bade them into common say,
That they came into ill array,
To comfort his men through that wise:
For oft times of a word may raise
Discomfort and tynsall withall:
And als well through a word may fall,
Comfort may raise, and hardiment,
To gar men come to their intent,
And on the same wise did it beare.
Their comfort and their hardie cheare,
Comforted them so greatumlie,
That of their Host the least hardie,
By countenance would forinest be,
For to begin the great melle.

How with a hundreth the Erle of Murr
To aught hundreth battell gave.

VPon this wise the Noble King,
Gave to his men great comforting:
Through hardie countenance, and cheare,
That he made on so good manere,
They thought that no mischiefe might be,
So great with they might him se

Be

before them, that should so engreve,
that his worship should them relieve.
his worship them comforted sa,
and countenance that he did ma.
That the most Coward was hardie,
On other halfe full sturdelie,
The Englishmen in fit arrap,
As ye have heard me forrow say,
Come with their battailes approaching,
Their Banners to the wind waining.
And when the commen were so neare:
That but twa myle betwirt them were,
They chused a joly companie,
Of wight men armed jolelie,
On faire Coursers armed at right,
And great Lords of meikle might,
There was Capitanes of that rout:
The Lord Clifforde that was so stout,
Was of them all soveraigne leader,
Right heryeth armed I trow they were,
They were all young men and joly:
Yarning for to doe Chevalry,
The best of all the Hoste were they,
Of countenance, and of arrap:
They were the faireſt companie,
That men might find of so many,
To the Castell they thought to fare:
For it that they might well come there.
They thought it should rescued be:
Forth on their way held this Menyie,
And toward Striviling held their way:
Beneath the Parke eichewed they,
For they will well the King was there,
And beneath the Parke so can they fare:
Under the Kirke into a rout,

The Erle Thomas that was so kene,
When hee saw them to take the Plaine,
In full great hy went thorl against,
With an hundreth without[e] more,
Annoyed in his heart, and wroth
That they so far were passed by,
For the King had him lefte rudely,
That a rose of his Chaplet
Was fallen: for hee was set
To keepe the way tha men were past,
Therefore hee hasted him so fast,
That comen into thore time was hee,
In the plaine fielde, with his Penzie,
For hee thought that hee should amend,
That hee trespassed was, or then end.
And when the English men him sato,
Come on withouttten dread or aid,
And take to barbelle the Plain,
In hy they went then him against,
And strake with spores the Steedes bright,
That bare them eben, and have, and knight,
And when the Erle saw that Penzie
Corme so stoutly, to his men said hee,
Bee not abashed for their thore,
But set your Speares you before,
And backe to backe set all your vont,
And all your speare points out,
That gate defend us best in wee,
Environed with them gin wee be,
And as hee bade, so have they done,
And the other came on all sone,
Before them all there rawe pitchand,
All might hardy of heart and hand:
And was a well great Lord at name,
Sir William the Hawart hee his name,

And pricked at them so hardelie,
And they met him so sturdelie,
That he, and horse were both borne down,
And slaine right there without ransom.
With Englishmen greatlie was he
Stemed that day for his bountie.
The lave come on full sturdelie,
But none of them so hardelie,
Rushed among them as did he,
But with far more mat mitie,
They assembled all in a rout,
And environde them all about.
And to the enemies in that tyde,
Ran with Speares wounds wide
To their horse that came them nere:
And they that riding on them were.
That were borne downe, lossed their lives:
And als Speares, darts, and knives,
And weapons upon feir maner,
Fell among them that fechting were.
They defended them so manfully,
That their foes had great ferlie,
For some would shot out of their rout.
And of them that assailyied about,
Pricked Steedes, and bore down men,
The Englishmen so rudelie then,
Fell among them Swords and Speares,
That intwith them a mountan was
Of weapons that there warped were.
The Erle and his men thus faught there,
At great mischiefe, as I heard say,
For fewer by full far were they:
For their foes them all about,
Were environde, where many rout,
Were raught them full despiteoustie,

Their

Their foes demained them straitly,
On either side they were so stad,
For the great bargane that they had,
For feghting, and for Dunnes heate.
That all their flesh with sweat was weat:
And sik a stew rose ouer them then.
Of breathing both of Horse and Men,
And of powder, that like mirknes,
Into the aire abone them was,
That it was wonder for to se
They were in great perplexitie:
But with great trabell not for thy
They them defended manfully:
And set both will, strength and might,
To rush their foes into that fight,
That them demained angerly.
But gif GOD helpe them haikly,
They shall have their fill of feghting.
But when the Noble renowned King,
With other Lords that were him by,
Saw the Erle so abandounly,
Toke plaine field, James of Dowglas
Came to the King where that he was,
And said, Sir, ah, Sancta Mary,
The Erle of Murray openly
Takes the plaine field with his Menyie:
He is in perill, but he be
Sone helped: for his foes are ma
Than he, and horsed well allwa.
And with your leave, I will me spéd
To helpe him, for he hes great néd,
All enbironde with his foes is he.
The King said, so our Lord me see,
One fot to him shalt thou not ga:
Gif he well does, let him well ta,

Whether it happen to win or lose,
I will not for him breake purpose.
Certes (said he) I may no wise,
See that his foes him suppryse,
When that I may set helpe theretill.
With your leve, sikkerly I will
Helpe him, or die into the Pane:
Doe then, and spæd thee sone againe.
The King said, and he held his way,
Gif he may come in time, perfay,
I trow that he shall help so well,
That all his foes shall it sæle.

How the King slew Sir Henrie Bohun,
With his handaxe, & strake him down.

NOw Dowglas forth his way tane hes,
And in that same time fell through cace:
That the King of England, when he
Was commen with his great Menyie,
Nære to the place where I said aire,
Where Scots men assembled were:
He gart arrest all his battell,
And also for to take counsell,
Whether they wald barbrie them that night,
Or then but more go to the fight.
The Wangard then that wist nothing,
Of his arrest, nor his dwelling,
Rade to the Parke all straight their way,
But stinting into good array.
And when the King wist that they were
In haill battell comming so nære,
His battell gart he well array.
Himselfe rade on a gray Palfray
Proper and soly, arrapand
His battell, with an axe in hand:

And

And on his Basnet bright he bare,
An hatte with Carbuncle ay where,
And thereupon into takinning
An hie Crowne, that he was King.
And when Glocester and Hereford were,
In haill battell comming so nere:
Before them all there came ryband.
With helme on head, and spear in hand
Sir Henrie the Bohun that was worthy,
That was a Knight stout and hardy:
And to the Erle of Herefurde Cousine,
Armed in armours good and fine:
Came on a Steede a bowshot nere,
Before all other that there were:
And knew the King, for that he saw
Him so arraying his men on raw:
And by the Crowne also was set,
Above his head on the Basnet:
And toward him he went in hy,
And when the King so apeirtly,
Saw him come forth before his Feres:
In hy to him the Steed he steres,
And when Sir Henrie saw the King
Come on withoutten abasing,
To him he rade in full great hy:
And thought that he should well lightly
Win him, and have him at his will,
Sen he him saw horsed so ill:
They spent togidder in a ling.
Sir Henrie smited the Noble King:
And he that in his stirrops stood,
With axe that was both hard and good,
With so great mane raught him a dynt,
That neither hat, nor helme might stynt
The heavie dynt that he him gave:

The head right to the harnes clave.
The hand are theft frushed in twa,
And he downe to the eird can ga
Al flatlings, for him failed might.
This was the first strake of the fight,
That was performed doughtely:
And when the Kings men so stoutly
Saw him even at the first mæting,
Withouttten dout or abasing,
Have slaine a Knight even at a strake:
Sik hardement thereat they take,
That they come on right hardelie.
And when the Englishmen stoutlie
Them saw come on, had sik abasing,
Specially for that the King,
So stoutly that good Knight had slaine,
Then they withdrew them everilkane.
They durst not then abide the fight,
So died they for the Kings might.
And when the Kings men them saw,
So in haill battell them withdrew,
A great shout to them can they make,
And they in hy gave all the backe.
And they that followed, then hes slaine
Some of them that they have overtane:
But they were few, the soth to say,
Their horse fæte had them all away,
Except some part that died there,
Rebuted filthily they were,
They rade their way with well more shame,
So far, then when they came fra hame.
When that the King repaired was,
And gart his men leave all the chase,
The Lords of his company,
Blamed him, as they durst greatly,

That

That he put him in aduenture,
To meete so starke a Knight and sture.
In sik point as he then was seene:
For they said, it might have bene
Cause of their tynsall eberilkane.
The King answere hes made right nane,
But meened his hand-are shake, that so,
Was broken with that strake in two.
THe Erle Thomas was yet feghtand,
With his foes on either hand:
And sle w of them a quantitie,
But wearie was his men and he.
The whilke with weapons sturdelie,
Themselves defended manfullie:
While the Lord Dowglas came neere:
That sped him on great maneere.
And Englishmen that were feghting,
When they the Dowglas saw coming,
Evanishing made an opening,
Sir James Dowglas by their reeling
Knew, that they were discomfist neere.
Then bade he them that with him were,
Stand still, and preasse no farthermare,
For they that ponder feghting are,
He said, that they are of so great bountie,
That their foes all sone shall be
Discomfist, through their owne might.
Though no man helpe them for to fight.
And come we now to the feghting,
When they are at discomfiting,
Men should say, we them relcued had:
And then should they that cause had made.
With great travell, and hard feghting,
Lose a great part of their loving.
And it were sinne to lose his prise,

That of his soueragine bountie is,
That he through plaine and hard feghting
Des here encheeued unlikly thing:
He shall have that he winnen hes.
The Erle with that that feghting was,
When he his foes saw reling so,
In vp upon them can he go,
And preassed them so wonder fast,
With hard strakes: while at the last
They fled, and durst abide no maire:
Horse and man both left they there.
And held their way in full great hy,
Bot all togidder, but sinderlie.
And they that were obertane, were slaine:
The lave fled to their Host againe.
Of their tynsell sozie and wo,
The Erle that had him helped so,
And his men als that were weary,
Pints off their Basnets in hy,
To draw their haith: for they were haite,
They were all hailling into Swait.
They seemed men sorlowth I beght:
That had sended their foes to fight:
And so did they full doughtely.
They said of all their company,
That there was but a some sew slaine:
Then loued they God, and were faine,
And blyth, that they escaped so:
Toward the King then can they go:
To him well some they commen are,
He asked them of their welfaire,
And gladsome cheare to them he made:
For they so well them borne had.
Then all ran into great daintie,
The Erle of Murry for to se.

So

So fast they ranne to see him there,
That nere hand all assembled were,
And when the good King can them see,
Before him all assembled bee,
Blith and glad, that their foes were
Rebuted upon that maner.
A little while he held them still,
Syne on this wise he said them till,

How that the King comforted his men, That twise their foes rebuted had then

LOrdings, wee ought to loise and love,
Almightie GOD that sits above,
That send us so faire beginning
It is a great discomforting,
To our foes, that on this wise,
So sowne bes beene rebuted twise,
For when they of their Host shall heare,
And know the soth, on what maneere:
Their Vangard that was so stout,
And syne yone other soly rout:
That I trow of the best men there,
That they may find among them there
Were rebuted so suddenly,
I trow and knowes it all clearlie:
That mony a heart shall wavering bee,
That seemed before of great bountie,
And fra the heart be discomfite,
The bodie is not worth a mite.
Therefore, I trow that good ending,
Shall follow to our beginning:
And yet I say not this you till,
For that ye should fulfill my will
To feght: for in you it shall bee,
And if ye thinke speedfull that wee

ght, we shall fecht: and if ye will
e leave, your lyking to fulfill,
shall content in like wise
o doe right as ye will devise.
Therefore say on your will plainlie,
hen with a voice all can they cry.
hat King without ten more delay,
he morne as soone as ye see day,
Saine yon haill for the battaile,
or dout of deed we shall not faile,
o no paine shall refused bee,
hile we have made our Countrie free.
When the King heard them so manlie
Speake to the thing, and so hastelie:
oying, that nouther life nor dead,
o his discomfort should them lead:
hat they should eschew the fechting,
n heart he had great rejoycing:
nd to him great gledship can ta,
nd said, Lordings, sen ye will sa,
Shape we us then in the morning,
o that we by the Sunrising
Have heard Masse, and be husked well,
ilke man in his owne battell:
Without our Pavillions arrayed
ilke man with his Baner displayed:
nd loke on na wise ye brake array
ut as ye love me, I you pray,
hat ilke man for his owne honour,
arnay him a good governour.
nd when it comes unto the fight,
ilke man set will, heart and might,
o stint our foes meikle pride.
hey shall on horse arrayed ride,
nd come on us in full great hy.

Wake them with Speares hardely:
And thinke then pon on the meeble till,
That they and their's habe done us till:
And are in will yet for to dee,
If they habe might to come thereto.
And Certes me thinks well that we
Without abasing ought to be
Worthie, and of great hallage,
For wee habe three faire auantage.
The first is, that we habe the right,
And for the right ay GOD will fight.
The other is, that they commen are here,
Through lipning in their great power,
To seeze us in our owne land:
And hes brought here euen to our hand,
Riches into so great plentie.
That the poorest of you all shall be
Both mightie and rich therewithall,
If that we winne, as well may fall.
The third is, that we for our lides,
And for our children and our wives,
And for our freedome and our land
Are strenyied in battell for to stand.
And they for their might anerly,
And for they set of us lighlly:
And for they would destroy us all,
Makes them to feght, but yet may fall.
That they shall rew the bargaining.
And Certes, I warne pon of one thing,
If happen them, as GOD forbid,
For to prebaile into this sted,
So that they winne us all plainly,
They shall of us habe no mercy.
And sen we know their follonn will,
We thinke it should accord to skill,

To let stoutnesse against fellonie,
And that gaite make a jeopardie.
Wherefore I you require, and pray:
That with all might that ever ye may,
Put Cowardise or abasing.
Ye preasse you at the beginning,
To mete them that shall first assemble:
Ye stoutly, that the hindmest tremble.
And thinke upon your great manhede,
Your worship and your doughtie dede:
And on the joy that we abide,
If that us fall, as well may tide,
Pay for to vanquish the great battailyie,
Into our hands withouten failyie,
We bare honour, praise, and riches,
Fredome, and welth, and all plyntenesse,
If ye conteene you manfully.
And in the contrair, all hailely
Shall faile, if ye let Cowardie,
Or wickednesse your heart suppresse.
Ye might have lived into thraldome:
But for ye parned to have fredome:
Ye are assembled here with me.
Therefore it is needfull that we be
Worthie, and wight but abasing
And I warne you well of one thing,
That more mischiefe may fall us nane.
Nor in their hands to be tane,
For they should sla us (I wate well)
Even as they did my brother Neill.
But when I thinke on your stoutnesse,
And on the many great Prowesse:
That ye have done in worthelie,
I traist, and trowes it fullerlie,
To have plaine victorie into this fight.

For though your foes be mickle of might;
They have the wrong and succowrye,
And couets wrangous Dempeorye,
And the strength of this place ye se,
Shall let us enuironed for to be.
And I pray you all spectally,
Both more and lesse commonly:
That none of you for gredinesse.
Have eye to take of their riches:
For yet Prisoners to ta,
While ye se them arrayed so,
And that the field ours plainely be.
Then at our lyking so may we
Take all the riches that there is,
If ye will worke upon this wise:
Ye shall have victorie sikkerly.
I wate not what more say shall I?
But ye waite all what honour is:
Contene you then on sik a wise,
That your honour ay saved be.
And I hecht here in my lawtie,
Gif ony dies in the battailye,
His land freely but Tare or Taillye,
On the first day his aires sall weild,
Though he be never so young of eild.
Now make you ready for the fight:
God help us, that is most of might.
I read, armed all night we be,
Purbayed in battell, so that we
To meet our foes all be boun.
Then answered they all with one soun:
As ye devise all shall be done,
Then to their Innes went they sone,
And ordainde them for the fighting
Syne allembled in the evening:

And that gaite all the nigbt they lay,
While on the mo:ne that it was day,
When the Clyffurde, as I heard aire,
And all his rout rebuted were:
And the great Vangard alſwa,
Were diſtrenyied the back to ta,
And they had fold their rebuting,
They of the Vangard, how the King
Diew at one ſtrok ſo apertly,
A knight that wight was, and hardy.
And how the Kings haill battaile
Shup them ſo ſtoutly to aſſaile,
And Sir Edward the Bruce alſwa,
When they all haill the back can ta,
And how they left had of their men.
And Clyffurd als had told him then,
How Thomas Randell took the plaine,
With a few folk how he hes ſlaine
Sir William Haward the wo:thy,
And how the Erle faught manfully
That as a Vurcheon all his rout,
Cart ſet out ſpears them about.
And how that they were put againe,
And one part of their good men ſlain,
The Engliſhmen ſik abaſing
Took, and ſik dread of that tything
That in five hund:eth places and mo,
Together would they rowning ga,
And ſaid our Lo:ds fo:z their might,
With all gaites fight againſt the right:
Bot wha maks wæres wrongouſly
They offend God all to greatly,
And they that happen to miſtaile,
And ſo may happen heere, we ſhall.
And when their Lo:ds had perceivbig,

Of that discomfort, and that rowning,
That they yed together two and two,
Throughout the Host then can they go.
To gar Heraulds some make cry
That none discomforted should be,
For in jeopardies is oft happen tyne,
Whiles to wine, and whiles to tyne:
And that into the great battailyie,
That upon no maner may failyie,
But if the Scots flee their way,
Shall all amended be perfay,
Therefore they monisht them to be
Of great worthy, and great bountie,
And stoutlie in the battell stand,
And take amends at their owne hand.
They may well monish as they will,
And they may beght als to fulfill,
With stallward heart their bidding all:
But not for thy, I trow they shall,
Into their hearts dreding be,
The King with his counsell privie,
Yes tone to read that he would nought,
Feght while the morne, but he were sought
Therefore they harbred them that night,
Downe in the Kersse, and gart all dight,
And make ready all their apparell,
Against the morne for the battell.
For in the Kersse Pultes were,
Houses and thacke, they brake and bare
To make brigges where they might passe.
And some men sayes, the folke that was
In the Castell, when night can fall,
When that they knew their mischefe all,
They went forth all that ever there were,
And dozes and wimmples with them bare

So that they had before the day,
Digged the Poles so that they
Were pulled over them perilsome,
And the hard field on Hosie hes tane,
All readie for to give battell,
Arrayed into their apparell.
The Scotish men when that it was day,
Their Masse devoutly heard have they,
Syne tooke a sop and made them pare:
And when that they assembled were,
And in their battells all parmayed,
And their brad Baners all displayed,
They made Knights, as it afferes,
Amongs that ules the mysteres,
The King made Walter Stewart knight
And James Dowglas that was wight,
And others als of great bountie,
He made ilkane in their degree.
When this was done, as I you say,
Then went they forth in gods array,
And tooke the plaine field spartly.
Many wight men, good and hardy
They were fulfilled of great bountie,
Then might into that rout there be.
The Englishmen on other partie,
That right as Angels shine bright like,
Were not arrayed on sik maner,
For all their battells togidder were
In a shiltrum: but whether it was,
Through great straitnesse of the place
That they were in to have fighting room,
Or then it was for dreading
I wat not, but in a shiltrum
It semed they were all and some,
Except the Flangers manerlie.

That with a right great companie,
By themselves arrayed were,
Who had bene by might have sene there
Tha folke overtoke a meikle field
On breadth, where mony a shining shield,
And many a birnisht bright armour,
And many man of great valour,
And many a Baner bright and sheene.
Right in that great shiltrum be sene,
And when the King of England,
Saw Scotishmen take on hand,
To take the plaine Field sa openlie,
Upon foote he thought ferlie:
And said, What e will you Scotishmen fight
Yea, sikkerlie, Sir said a Knight,
Sir Ingrame the Vmfraville hecht he,
And said, forsoth Sir, now I see,
But dread the most marvellous sight
That ever I saw: whene for to fight
The Scottish so few hes tane in hand
Against the haill might of England,
On plaine hard field to give battell,
But if ye will trow my counsell.
Ye shall discomfite them lightly.
Ye shall with draw you hyne soudenly,
With Battells, Baners and Pennons,
Whyle that we palle our Pauillions,
And ye shall see allone that they,
Nagre their Lord, shall breake array,
And shaill then our Harnelle to ta,
And when we shaillis se them sa
Pricke we on them then hardely:
And we shall have them well lightlie.
For then shall none be knit to fight,
That may withstand our meikle might,

I will not (said the King) perfay
Doe so: for there shall no man say,
That I should eschew the battell,
For withdraw me for sik Rangall.

The meeting of the great battailyie
Where Scots defend, and English failyie.

WHen this was said, that heare I say,
The Scotishmen right reverentlie,
Kneeled all downe, to GOD to pray:
And a short prayer then made they
To GOD, to helpe them in their fight.
And when the English King had sight,
At them kneeling, he said, in by
Yone folke kneeles to aske mercie,
Sir Ingrame said, Ye say soth now,
They aske mercie, but not at you,
For their trespasse to GOD they cry.
I tell you ane thing sikkerlie,
That yone men will win all, or die,
For dout of deede they will not flee.
Now be it so, then said the King:
And then but longer delaying,
They gart come to the assemblie,
On either side then men might see,
Many a worthie man ane hardy,
Ready to doe great Chevalrie.
THus were they boun on ather side:
And Englishmen with meekle pride,
That were into the Vangard,
To the battell that Sir Edward
Governed and led, held straight their way,
The horse with spurres hardned they,
And pricked on them fiercely,
And they met them right hardely:

So that at their assembling there,
Sik a frushing of speares were:
That far away men might it heare.
At that meeting withoutten weere,
Were Steedes sticked many ane,
And many Knight borne downe, and slaine:
And many a hardie met doughtelie,
Where they escaped full hardlie.
They dang on other with weapons seire,
Some of the horse that sticken were,
Rushed and reilled right rudely:
But the remnand not for thy,
That might come to the assembling,
For all that made no stinting:
But assembled right hardelie,
And they met them right sturdelie,
With speares that were sharp to sheere,
And axes that well grunden were,
Wherewith raught was many a rout:
The fight was there so fell and stout,
That many a worthie man and wight,
Through force was felled in that fight,
That had no might to rise againe.
The Scotishmen fait can them paine,
Their foes mekle might to frush:
I trow, they shall no paine refuse,
For perills, while that foes be,
Set in welt hard perplexetie.

The Erle of Murray with his battailyie,
Came on stoutly, but any failyie.

And when the Erle of Murray sa
Their Enimies saw so stoutly ta
The way, to Sir Edward all straight,
That met them with full meetie might,

He held his way with his Banner,
To the great rout, where togidder were
The nine battels that were so brade.
He fell Baners with them they had,
And of men so great quantitie:
That it was wonder for to see,
The good Erle hidder tooke the way,
With his battell in good arrap:
And assembled so hardily,
That men might heare that had beene by,
A great frush of the speares that brast:
For their foes assailyied fast,
That on the Steedes with merkle pride,
Came pricking, as they would ouer ride
The Erle, and all his companie:
But they met them so sturdelie,
That many of them to eird they bare,
And many a Steed was sticked there:
And still good men felled under feet,
That had no power to rise yet.
There men might see an hard battaile,
And some defend, and some assaile:
And many a rumble great and red,
Be raught there on ather side,
While through the by might brast the blood,
That on the eird in streames yood.
The Erle of Murray and his men,
So stoutlie them contenned then:
That they wan place ay maire and maire:
On their foes, the whilis were,
Ay ten for one, or nia perfay.
So that it seemed well that they
Were tynt among so fell Weapis,
As they were plunged in the sea.
And when the Englishmen hes kene

The

The Erle, and all his men bedeene,
Feght so hardly but affraying,
Right as they had none abasing.
They prealled them fast with all their might,
And they with speares and swords bright,
And ares that right sharplie share,
In middes the vilage met them there:
There men might see a stalward stour,
And many men of great valour,
With speares, Palles, and with knives,
And other weapons willell lives:
So that many fell downe all dead.
The gresse wort of the blod all red.
The Erle that wight was and worthie,
And his men fought so manfullie:
That who so had them seene that day,
I trow forsoth, that he should say,
That they their devoure did full well:
So that their foes should it feele.

How Walter Steward and Dowglas,
Came with their battell that worthy wa.

When that thir two battells were,
Assembled, as I said you aire:
The Stewart Walter that then was,
And good Sir Iames of Dowglas,
In a battell when they saw,
The Erle withoutten dread or aw,
Assembled with his companie,
On all tha folke so sturdelie.
For to helpe him they held their way,
With their battell in good array:
And assembled so hardely,
Beside the Erle a little by:
That their foes felt their comming well.

with weapons ſtalward of ſteele,
ey dang on them with all their might,
eir foes receiued them well I bigge,
th ſwordes, ſpeares, and with pas,
e battell there ſo fell one was,
als ſo great ſpilling of blod:
ile on the erth the ſtreames rode,
e Scottiſhmen ſo well them bare,
ſo great ſlaughter made they there:
ra ſo feill there liues they left:
at all the field was bloudy left,
at time that the three battells were
de for ſide, feghting well nere:
en might men heare many a dint,
weapons upon armours ſtint.
ſo ouer tumbled Knights and Stedes
many one rich in Ropall wedes,
elwed foullie under feete:
me held on loft, ſome lint the ſweet.
lang time thus they faught, and were
at men no noiſe, nor erte might beare:
ere was nought els but graines and dints,
ey ſhoke the fire as men on flints:
ey faught ilkane ſo egerlie,
at they made nouther noyle nor cry:
bang on other with their might,
ith weapons that were birneiſt bright:
e arrowes als ſo thicke they flaw,
at men might ſay well that them ſaw,
at they an hideous ſhowr can ma,
where they fell I vnder ta.
ey left efter them rakinning,
at neded (as I trow) leeching,
e Engliſh archers ſhot ſo faſt,
at if their ſhot might have had laſt,
had beene hard to Scottiſhmen. But

But King Robert that can well ken,
That the archers were perilous:
And their bow hard and grisly,
Ordained before the assemblie,
His Marshall, with a great Menyie,
Five hundreth armed in steels,
That on light Horse were horsed well,
To pricke among the archers,
And so assail them with Speares,
That they no leasure have to shute,
His Marshall that hereof I mute,
That Sir Robert of Keith was calde,
(As I before have to you talde)
When he saw the battells to
Assembled, and togither goe,
And saw the archers shut fourthe,
Then with them of his companie,
In by among them can he type,
And overthrow them at a stee,
And rushed among them so rudely,
Stryking them to dispiteously,
And in sa fa wan dushing them downe,
And slaying them without ransome:
That they them skailled everilkane.
And from that time forth there were nane
That assembled thicke togeders,
When Scottish archers saw it was sa,
They were rebuted, they wort hardie,
And with all their might shot egerlie,
Among the Horsemen that their rode,
And wounds wide to them they made:
And slew of them a well great deill.
And bure them hardlie and well:
For from their foes archers were,
Skailled, as I said to you aire,

That moe than they were by great thing
So that they dred not their shoting.
They wort so hardie, that they thought
They should set all their foes at nought.
The Marshall and his companie,
Was yet (as to you sire (said I)
Among the archers where they made,
With speares rowm, where eber they rade
And slew all that they might overta:
For they right lightlie might doe so.
For they had not in straite to flyte,
Nor for to hold againe an dynt,
Against armed men into the fight
For naked men have little might.
They skailled them on sik maner,
That some to their great battell were
Withdrawen then, in full great by,
And some were fled allutterly.
But the folke that behind them was.
That for their owns folke had no place,
Yet then to come to the feghting,
Againe right smertly can them ding.
The Archers that they met fleeing
That then was made right recreeing
That their hearts were tynt cleanely.
I trow they shall not shaith greatlie:
The Scottishmen with shot that day;
And the good King Robert that ay
Was filled full of great bountie,
Saw how that his battells three,
So hardlie assembled were,
And in the feght so well them bare
And so fast on their foes can ding:
That him thought none had abaising,
And how the Archers were skailled then,

The

He was all blyth: and to his men
He said, Lordings, now lwke that yes
Worthie, and of good comfort be,
At this assemble, and hardy.
And assemble you so sturdely,
That nothing may before you stand,
Our men so fiercely are seghtand
That they their foes hes cumbred sa:
That be they preatled, I underta
A little faster, ye shall see
That they discomfit some shall be,
Now go we one them so hardily,
And ding on them so doughtily,
That they may keill at our comming,
That we them hate in meekle thing:
For great cause they have us made,
That occupied our lands brade,
And put all to subjectioun:
Your goods they made all their's commoun:
Our kin and friends for their owne,
Despitteoustie hanged and drawne:
And would destroy us if they might,
But I trow God through his forsight,
This day hes granted us his grace,
To wreke us on them in his place.
When this was said, they held their way,
And one ane side assembled they
So stoutly, that at their meeting,
Their foes were rushed a great thing,
Their men might see them fiercelie figh
And they that worthie were and wight,
Doe many a worthie vassalage.
They faught as they were in a rage,
For when the Scots archerie,
Saw their foes so sturdelie
Stand in the battell them againe,

with all their might, and all their maine,
They laid on as men out of wit:
And where they with full straike might hit
There might none armour stint their strak
They trubed all they might ovettake:
And with ares sik dulhes gave,
That they Heades, and Helmes clave.
And their foes right hardelie
Met them, and dang on doggedlie,
With weapons that were styth of stæle,
There was a battell right cruell.
So great dinging there was of dynts,
Of weapons upon armours stynts:
And of speares sik brissling,
And sik thrang, and sik thrysting:
Sik graining, girnyng, that was so great,
And noyse: that they can other beat:
Eeping Enlemyies on ilk sloe,
Giving and taking wounds wide,
That it was hiddeous for to heare:
All the foure battells with that were
Fegting in a front hailly,
O mightie GOD how doughtely,
Sir Edward the Bruce and his men,
Among their foes conteened them then:
Fegting in so good conuyne:
So worthy, hardy, and so fyne,
That their Wangard rubed was,
And magre theirs, left all the place.
And to their great rout into warrand
They went, that then had upon hand
So great noise, that they were affrayed
For Scottish men that them hard assayed:
That they were in a shiltrum all,
Who hapned in that preasse to fall,

But King Robert that can well ken,
That their archers were perilous:
And their shot hard and grisly,
Ordained before the assemblie,
His Marshall, with a great Menyie,
Five hundreth armed into steely,
That on light Horse were horsed well,
To pricke among the archers,
And so assaile them with speares,
That they no leasure have to shute,
His Marshall that hereof I mute,
That Sir Robert of Keith was calde,
(As I before have to you talde)
When he saw the battells so
Assembled, and togither goe,
And saw the archers shot so thicke,
Then with them of his companie,
In hy among them can he ryde,
And overthrow them at a syde,
And rushed among them so rudely,
Stryking them so dispitously,
And in that fassion dashing them downe,
And slaying them without ransome:
That they them skailled eberilkane.
And from that time forth there were manie
That assembled thicke unto me,
When Scottish archers saw it was so,
They were rebuted, they wort hardie,
And with all their might shot egerlie,
Among the Horsemen that their rade,
And wounds wide to them they made:
And slew of them a well great deill.
And bare them hardie and well:
For from their foes archers were,
Skailled, as I said to you aire,

That moe than they were by great thing
So that they dred not their shoting.
They wort so hardie, that they thought
They should set all their foes at nought.
The Marshall and his companie,
Was yet (as to you aire (said I)
Among the archers where they made,
With speares rowm, where euer they rade
And slew all that they might overta:
For they right lightlie might doe so:
For they had not an straits to shyt,
Nor for to hold againe an hyt,
Against armed men into the fight
But naked men have little might.
They skailled them on sik maner,
That some to their great battell were
Withdrawen then, in full great hy,
And some were fled allutterly.
But the follie that behind them was.
That for their owne folke had no place,
But then to come to the feghting,
Quine right quietly can them ding.
The Archers that they met fleeing
That then was made right recreeing
That their hearts were tynt cleanely.
Now shall not slaith greatlie:
The Scottishmen with shot that day;
And the good King Robert that ay
Was filled full of great bountie,
Saw how that his battells three,
Full hardlie assembled were,
And in the feght so well them bare.
And so fast on their foes can ding:
That him thought none had abasing,
Nor how the Archers were skailled then,

He was all blyth: and to his men
He said, Lordings, now leike that yes
Worthie, and of good comfort be,
At this assemble, and hardy.
And assemble you so sturdely,
That nothing may before you stand,
Our men so fiercly are seghtand
That they their foes hes cumbred sa:
That be they prealled, I undertа
A little faster, ye shall see
That they discomfit some shall be,
Now go we one them so hardily,
And ding on them so doughtily,
That they may feill at our comming,
That we them hate in meekle thing:
For great cause they have us made,
That occupied our lands brade,
And put all to subjectioun:
Your gods they made all theirs common:
Our kin and friends for their owne,
Dispitteoullie hanged and drawne:
And would destroy us if they might,
But I trow God through his forsight,
This day hes granted us his grace,
To wreke us on them in his place.
When this was said, they held their way,
And one anе side assembled they
So stoutly, that at their meeting,
Their foes were rushed a great thing,
Their men might see them fiercelie figh
And they that worthie were and wight,
Doe many a worthie ballalage.
They faught as they were in a rage,
For when the Scots archerie,
Saw their foes so sturdelie
Stand in the battell them againe,

ith all their might, and all their maine,
hey laid on as men out of wit:
where they with full ſtraike might hit
here might none armour ſtint their ſtrak
hey ruthed all they might obertake:
with ares ſik dulhes gave,
hat they Heades, and Helmes clave.
their foes right hardelie
et them, and dang on doggedlie,
ith weapons that were ſtyth of ſtæle,
here was a battell right cruell.
great dinging there was of dynts,
weapons upon armours ſtynts:
of ſpeares ſik briſting,
ik thrang, and ſik thrysting:
graining, girnyng, that was ſo great,
noyſe: that they can other beat:
eying Enſemyes on ilk ſide,
ving and taking wounds wide,
hat it was hiddeous for to heare:
l the foure battells with that were
ghting in a front hailly,
mightie GOD how doughtely,
Edward the Bruce and his men,
ong their foes conteened them then:
ghting in ſo good conuyne:
worthy, hardy, and ſo ſtyne,
hat their Wangard ruſhed was,
magre theirs, left all the place.
to their great rout into warrand
hey went, that then had upon hand
great noiſe, that they were affrayed
e Scottiſh men that them hard aſſayed:
hat they were in a ſhiltrum all,
o happned in that preaſſe to fall,

I trow, againe he shall not rise.
Their men might see on many wise,
Yardements eschewed doughtely:
And men that wight were and worthy,
Downe under foot lying all dead:
Where all the field with blood was red:
Armoures and coates that they bare,
Where so with blod defouled there,
That they might not discribed be,
And who had them borne by to see,
The Steward VValter, and all his rout,
And the Lord Dowglas that was stout,
Feghting into that stalwart stour,
They should say, that of all honour,
They were worthie, that in that fight,
So fast pressed their foes might,
And rushed them where ever they yeed,
Men might see then so many Steeds
Fleeing on stray, that Lord had nane.
O GOD, who then good tent had tane
To the good Erle of Murray,
And his, that so great dints gave:
And so fast fought in that battell:
Tholling sik paine, and sik travell:
That they and theirs made sik debate,
That where they came they made them gate.
There men might heare Enelyries crie:
And Scottishmen cryed hardelie:
On them, on them, on them they rallyie:
With that so heard they con assallyie,
And slew all that they might overta.
And the Scots Archers allswa,
Shot among them right sturdelie,
Engreeving them so greetumlie:
That what for them that with them faught

And so great routs to them raught,
And preassed them full egerlie:
And what for arrowes, that fellounlie,
Many great wounds can them ma:
And slew fast of their boole alswa:
That they recoyled all a little wie,
They dread so greatly for to die;
That their conscyence wart worse than eir.
Fra they that feghting with them were,
Get hardement, and strength, and will,
And heart, and courage to fulfill;
With all their mane, and all their might,
To put them fullie to flight.

How Scottish Swaynes of sheetes made,
Them Baners, and in battell rade.

Bot this tyme that I tell of here,
That thir battels on this maneere,
Where stricken, where on ather side,
Whre many men of mekle pryde:
Feghting they were full ernestly:
They might have seene wha had werne by,
Yeomen, and Swaynes, and Pedaill,
That in the Parke to keepe vittaile,
Were left, when they mist but leesing,
That their Lords with hard feghting,
On their foes assembled were:
One of themselves that was there,
Captaine ower them all they made,
And sheetes, that were somedeill brade
They made in stead of Baners,
And fastned on long arres and speares
And said, that they would see the fight,
And help their Lords at their might:
Then hereto all assented were.

In a rout they assembled are.
Fifteene thousand they were, and ma;
And then in great hy can they ga,
With their Baners all in a rout,
As they had bene men styth and stout
They came with all their assemblie,
While that they might the battells see.
Then all at once they gave a cry:
Sla, sla, upon them hardely:
And therewithall comming were they,
But they were yet well far away.
And Englishmen that frushed were
Through force of fight, as I said are,
When they saw men with sik a cry
Comming with sik a company,
That they well neere als manp were,
As they were feghting with them yare:
And they before had not them seene:
Then wit ye well withouten weene,
They were abaled so greatumly:
That the best and the most hardy,
That was into that Dail that day,
Wald with his Pensh have bene away.
The King Robert by their reilling,
Saw them well neere discomfiting,
Then his Enseuyie he can sail cry
And with them of his company,
His foes he prealled so fast, that they
Then were into so great affray:
That they left place ay maite and maite.
For all the Scottishmen that were there:
When they saw them eschew the fight,
Dang on them so with all their might:
That they skailled in trowples fetre,
And till discomfiting drew neere.

And some of them fled all plainely:
But they that wight were and hardy,
That shame letted to take the flight
With great mischiefe maintained the fight,
And stoutly in the stour can stand.
And when the King of England,
Saw his men flee in sundrie place,
And saw his foes rout that was
Worthen so wight, and so worthie,
That all his folke were haillelie
So astoneyed, that they had no might,
To stint their foes in that fight:
He was abaised so gretumlie,
That hee, and in his companie,
Fifteene hundreth armed men at right,
Into that frush towke all the flight:
And to the Castell towke their way.
And I habe heard yet some men say,
That of Vallance Sir Aymer,
When hee the field saw banquisht neere,
By the renyie led away the King,
Against his will from the feghting,
And when Sir Geiles de Argentie,
Saw the King with his Menzie,
Shape then to flee so speedily,
He speed then to the King in hy:
And said (Sir sen that ye will so,
That ye thus gaite your way will goe,
Habe good day: for againe will I,
Yet fled I never sikkerlie.
And I chose rather to bide and die,
Then for to live, and shamefullie flee,
His bridle then but more abade:
He turned and againe he rade,
Adread of no kin thing had hee:

And pricked crying, Argentie
Right on Sir Edward Bruces rout.
That was so stalward and so stout:
And they right sturdely him met,
And so keill Speares on him set,
That he and Hoyle were charged so,
And both downe to the yird can goe:
And in that place there slaine was he,
And of his death was great pitie.
He was the third best knight, perfay,
That men wist living in this day:
And did full many faire journey,
On Saracens three derenpies made hee:
And into like derenpie of tha,
He quickly vanquisht Saracens twa,
His great worship tooke their ending:
And fra Sir Aymer, with the King,
Was fled, there durst not one abide,
But fleeing skailled on like side.
And their foes preased them right fast,
To say the soth they were agast:
And fled so done attrayedlie:
That of them a great companie,
Fled in the Water of Forth, and there
The most part of them drowned were:
And Banockburne within the braes,
Of men and Hoyle so charged was:
That upon drowned Hoyle, and Men,
Folke might passe dry out over it then,
And Laddes, Swaynes, and the Mangall,
When they saw vanquisht the battell,
Ran among them, and so can sla
Tha folke that no defence might ma,
That it was pitie for to see:
I never heard in no Countrie,

folkes at so great mischife were glad,
On one side they their foes had,
That slew them downe without mercy,
And they had on the other party,
Bannockburne, that so cummerlome was,
For slike and depnesse for to passe:
That there might none out over it ride,
But there behoved them to abide:
So that some slaine, some drowned were:
Might none eschape that ever came there,
But yet full many gote away:
That else where fled, as I heare say.
The King with them he with him had,
In a rout to the Castell rade:
And would have bene therein, for they
Wist not what gate to get away.
Sir Philip Mowbray said him till,
The Castell Sir, is at your will,
But come ye in it, ye shall se
That ye shall fone alleged be:
And there is none in all England,
To make reskourse dare take in hand:
And but reskourse may no Castell,
Be holden long, this wate ye well,
Therefore comfort you and relie
Your men about you, right straitlie:
And hold about the Parke your way,
All sadlie knit, as ever ye may,
For I trow that none shall have might,
That chooses with to fell to fight.
And as he counseld so have they done:
And beneth the Castell went they sone.
Right by the round table their way,
And the new Parke environde they.

And toward Linlithgow held in hy:
But I trow they shall hastelie,
Be connoyed, with sik folke that they,
I trow, might sucker well away.
For Sir James Lord of Dowglas,
Came to the King, and asked the cace:
And he gave to him lieve but bade.
But all to few of Horse he had:
He had not in his rout seytie,
But yet he sped him hastelie,
The way after the King to ta.
Now let him on his wayes ga,
And after this we shall well tell,
What to him in the chase befell.

How the Earle of Hartfurd in Bothwell was,
Tane over the walles, fled from the chase.

When the great battell on this wise,
Was discomfist, as I devise.
Where threttie thousand well were dead,
And drowned, and slaine into that stead,
And some were into hands tane:
And other some their gaite are gane.
The Erle of Herfurde fra that melle,
Departed with a great menyie;
And straight to Bothwell held their in hy,
That then in Englishmens fay
Was holden as a place of weare.
Sir Walter Gilbertson was there
Captaine, and it had in ward.
The Erle of Herfurd bidder rade,
And was tane in over the wall,
And fiftie of his men withall;
Are set in Houses sinderlie,
So that they had there no maistrie.

The lave went toward England,
Fet of that rout, I take on hand,
The third part were slaine, or tane:
The leave with great paine haue are gane.
Sir Morise also the Barclay,
Fra the great Dast held his way.
With a great rout of Wales men,
There ever they rade, men might them ken:
For they well nere all naked were,
Of linnen claithes had but maire.
They held their way in fell great by:
But many of their company,
Ere they in England came were tane:
And many of them als were slaine.
They fled als other wayes fetre:
But to the Castell that was nere,
Of Striuling, fled sik a Meynie,
That it was wonder for to see.
For all the Craigges so beilled were
About the Castell here and there:
Of them that for strength of that sted,
Sidderward to warrand fled.
And for they were so feill, that there
Fled under the Castell were.
The King Robert that was wittie,
Held ay his good men nere him by:
For dread that rise againe should they.
This was the cause forsoth, to say,
Wherethrough the King of England,
Escaped home into his land.

When that the field so cleane was made
Of Englishmen, that none abade:
The Scottishmen tuke some in hand,
So great riches there they fand.
Silver and gold, clothes and arming.

That

and vessell, and all other thing,
That ever they might lap on their hand,
So great a riches there they fand:
That many men were rich made,
Of the riches that they there had.
When this was done, that here lay I,
The King sent a great companie,
Up to the Craigges them to assaile,
That were fled from the great battaile:
And they them yald without debate,
And them in hand they take full haite:
Syne to the King all brought were they,
And they delpended haillie that day
In riches, and in spraith taking:
Fra end was made of the fechting.
And when they naked spoyled were,
That were slaine in the battell there,
It was forsoth a great sorly,
To see so many there dead to ly:
Two hundreth paire of spurres red,
Were tane of knights that were dead.
The Erle of Glocester dead was there,
That men called, Sir Gilbert of Clare:
And Geiles de Argentie als wa,
And Payn Typont, and other ma:
That their names not tell can I,
And upon Scottishmens partie,
There was slaine to the knights tua,
William Wepont was on of tha:
And Sir Walter of Rose another,
That Sir Edward the Kings brother
Loved, and held in the daintie,
That as himselfe him loved he.
And when he wist that he was dead,
He was so wa, and full of read,

That

That he said, making full well chearie,
That him had rather the journey were
Undone, ere he so dead had beene,
Outtaken him, when hes not seene.
When he for any man made meaning,
And the cause was of his loving,
That he his sister in Paramours
Loved; and held at great retoures
Vis awne wife Dame Isabell:
And therefore so great distance fell
Betwixt him, and the Erle Dauy
Of Atholl brother to this Lady;
That the Erle on Samct Johns night,
When both the Kings were boun to fight
In Cambuskynneth the knights battaile
Loke, and hardlie can assaile
Sir William of Airth, and him slew,
And with him men mo than anew,
Therefore syne into England
He was banisht, and all his land
Was seazed, as forfeite to the King,
That did thereof all his liking.
AND when the field, as I told aire,
Was dispoyled, and made all bare.
The King and all his companie,
Glade, and joyfull was, and merie
Of the grace that them fallen was:
Toward their Innes the wayes tars
To rest them: for they wearie were.
But for the Erle Gilbert of Clare
That slaine was in the battell place,
The King somedeill annoyed was:
For to him nere sibbe was he.
Then to a Kirk he gart him be
Brought, and walked all that night,

And

And on the morne when day was light,
The King raise as his vse was:
And to an English knight through cace
Hapned, that he perde wanerand:
So that no man laid on him hand:
And in a buske he hid his arming,
And waited while he saw the King,
In the morning come forth earlie:
Then is he went to him in hie,
Sir Marmaduk the Twemane he hight:
He raiked to the King full right,
And hailsed him upon his knee.
Welcome Sir Marmaduk (laid he)
To what man art thou prisoner?
To none (he said) but to you here,
I pelde me at your will to be,
And I receive thee, Sir, said he.
Then gart he treat him courteouslie.
He dwelt long in his companie:
And syne in England him sent he,
Arrayed well but ransome free:
And gave him great gifts thereto:
A worthie man that so could do,
Might make him greatly for to prise.
When Marmaduk upon this wise
Was polden, as I to you say.
Then came Sir Philip the Mowbray:
And to the King yald the Castell,
His cunnand hes he holden well
Then with him treated to the King,
That he beleft of his dwelling,
And held him leisely his day,
To the last end of his life day.

How James of Dowglas convoyed the King Of England home but sojourning.

NOw speake we of the Lord Dowglas,
And tell how hee followed the chase:
He had whæne in his compane,
But hee sped him in full great hy,
He as hee through the Torwood rane,
He saw come riding over the Raze:
Sr Lawrence of Abernethie,
That with fertie in companie,
Came for to helpe the Englishmen,
For hee was Englishman pet then
And when hee heard how that it was,
He left the Englishmens peace,
And to the Lord Dowglas there,
For to hee lætle and trew hee sware,
And then they both followed the chase:
And ere the King of England was
Called Linlithgow, they came so neere,
With all the folke that with them were,
That well among them shot they might.
But they thought them to few to fight,
For five hundreth armed they were,
In the great rout that they had there,
Togidder full surelie rade they,
And held them upon bridle aye,
They were governed full wittelie:
For it seemed they were aye ready,
For to defend them at their might
If they assailzied were in fight.
And the Lord Dowglas and his men,
Thought it was not good purpose then,
To feght with them all openlie,
But convoyed them so nartowlie

That

That of the hindmeſt ape tooke hée,
Wight none behind his Fellowes hée,
A pennie-ſtone-caſt, but be in hy,
Was tane or ſlaine deliueredlie,
They no reſcourſe would to him ma,
Although he followed never ſa.

IN this maner conuoped them hé,
While that the King and his Penyie,
To Winchéburgh all commen are.
Then lighted they all that there were,
To baite their Horſe that were wearie:
And Dowglas and his componie,
Baited alſo beſide them neere.
They were ſo ſtill without ten weere.
And in armes ſo cleanlie dight:
And ſo arayed for to fight,
And hée ſo weens, and but gaddering,
That hée would not in plaine feghting
Aſſaillyie them, but cave them by,
Watting his time ſo eithandly,
A litle while they baited there,
And ſyne lap on, and forth can fare,
And hée was alwayes by them neere,
And léete them not habe ék leiſer
As anes water for to mn.
And if that any ſtad were ſa,
And behind left was any ſpace
Dezed in hand als ſone hée was,
They conuoped them upon this wiſe,
While that the King and his rout is
Comde to the Caſtell of Dumbar.
Where hée, and of his men ſo were,
Receiued right well, for pet than.
The Erle Patricke was Engliſhman:
That gart with meate and drinke alwa.

Ketur

Refresh them well, and syne can ta,
A baite and send the King by lay
To Bamburgh in his awne Countrie.
Their Hoste there left they all on stray,
Bot leesed als soone in hand were they,
The leave that leaved were without,
Addressed them into a rout:
And held to Barwicke straight their way,
In a rout; the suth to say,
They leaved of there men partly,
Ere they came there, but not for thy
They came to Barwicke feire, and there
Into the towne received were:
Else at great mischiefe had they beene.
And when the Lord Dowglas hes seene,
That he had lesed there his paine,
Toward the King he went againe.
The King escaped on this wise,
(Loe what falding to fortune lyes)
That whiles upon a man will smile,
And pricke him syne another while:
In no time stable can shee stand,
This mightie King of England,
Shee had set on her wheele at hight,
When with so terrifull a might,
Of men, of armes and archers,
And of fot men and Hobilers,
He came riding out of his Land,
As I before have borne in hand:
And in a night syne and a day,
Shee set him into so hard assay,
That he with few men in a baite,
Faine was for to hold home his gaite
Out of this like wheele turning,
King Robert should make no mourning,

For his syde of the wheele on hight
Rose, when the other downe can light,
For two contraires ye may wit well,
Set against other in a wheele,
When on is hie, another is law,
And if it fall that Fortoun thrawe
The wheele about it that on hight
Was eir, on force it mon downe light:
And it that laigh was under aire,
Mon leape on hight in the contraire,
So wore it of thir Kings two.
For when King Robert stad was so,
That in his great mischiefe was he,
The other was in his Majestie.
And when the King Edwards might
Wort lesse, then Roberts raise on hight:
And now sik Fortoun came him till.
That he was hied and had his will.

AT Striuiling was he yet lyand,
And the great Lords that he fand,
Dead in the field, he gart burie.
In holie places honourablie.
And the lave syne that dead were there,
Into great Pittes buried were.
The Castle and the towres syne,
Even to the ground downe gart he myne,
And syne to Bothwell sent he,
Sir Edward with a great Pepyle,
For they therein send to him word,
That the rich Erle of Herfurd.
And other mightie alls were there.
Betraited he with Sir Walter,
That Erle and Castell, and all the laue,
Into Sir Edwards hand he gaue.
Then to the King the Erle sent he,

That gart him right well keped be.
While at the last they trated sa,
That he to England home should ga,
Without paying of ransome free:
And that for him should changed be,
Bishop Robert that blinde was made,
And the Quene that they taken had
In prison, as before said I,
And her Daughter Dame Marjory.
The Erle was changed for their three:
And when they commen were home all free,
The Kings daughter that was faire,
And was als his appearand aire,
With Walter Stewart can her wed:
And they well sone got of their bed
A man-childe through Gods grace,
That after his good old father was
Called Robert, and syne was King,
And had the land in governing,
After his worthie sonne Davy
That reigned nine yeres and thrittie,
And in the time of the compyling
Of this boke this last Robert was King:
And of his Kinrik passed was
Fyve yeres, and was the yere of grace,
A thousand three hundreth and seventie
And fyve: and of his eild fyftie.
And that was efter the good King,
Robert was brought to his ending,
Yer and fourtie Winter but maire,
GOD grant, that they that commen are
Of his ofspring, maintaine the land,
And hold the folke well to warrand:
And maintine right, and eke lawtie,
As well as in his time did he.

## How King Robert rade in England, And brunt up all Northumberland.

KIng Robert now was well at bight,
And ilke day then grew more his might:
His men wort rich, and his Countrie
Abounded well of corne and fee:
And of all kinde of other riches.
And mirth, solace, and all blythnes
Was in the haill land commonlie:
For ilke man blyth was, and joly.
The King after this great journey,
Throngh rede and counsell of his prudie,
In sundrie townes gart cry on hight,
That who so clamed to have right,
To hold in Scotland land and fee,
That within twelve moneths should he
Come and claime it: and then to do
To the King, as pairtained thereto.
And if they come not in that peare,
Then should they wit withoutten weare
That hard thereafter none should be.
The King that was of great bountie,
Had busines when this was done,
An Mask gart summond after sone,
And went then into England,
And over rade all Northumberland,
And burnt townes, and toke their pray,
And syne went home upon their way.
I let it shortly passe far by:
For there was no great Chevalry
Prowed, that is to speake of here.
The King went oft in this maners
In England, for to rich his men,
That in riches abounded then,

How Sir Edward tooke in hand,
For to make weere into Ireland.

The Erle of Carrik Sir Edward,
That stouter was than a Leopard,
And had no will to libe at peace,
Thought that Scotland to little wes
To his brother, and him allswa:
Therefore to purpose can he ta,
That he of Ireland would be King:
Therefore he sent, and had treating,
With the Irshyp of Ireland,
That in their lawtie toke on hand,
Of all Ireland to make him King:
With thy, that he with hard feghting,
Sight overcome the Englishmen,
That in that land were winning then,
And they should helpe with all their might:
And he that heard them make sik beght,
Into his heart he had great liking.
And with the consent of the King,
Gathered him men of great bountie:
And syne at Air shipped hes he,
Into the neist month of May,
To Ireland held he straight his way,
And had there in his companie,
The Erle Thomas that was worthie,
And good Sir Philip the Mowbray,
That sikker was in hard assay,
Sir John Sowles that was wight,
And Sir John Stewart a good Knight:
The Ramsay als of Oughtrethous,
That was right wise and Chevalrous,
And Sir Fergus of Ardrossane,
And other Knights many ane.

In Wolvings Firth arrived they,
Saiflie, but bargane or assay,
And sent their shippes home againe.
A great thing have they undertane,
That with so whæne as they were,
That was leven thousand men but maire,
Shupe for to weirray all Ireland.
Where they shall see many thousand,
Come armed on them for to fight:
But though they whæne were, they were wight
And without dread or affray.
In two battells they toke their way,
Toward Craigfergus, it to see,
But the Lords of that Countrie,
Maundewile, Bisset and Logane,
Their men they sembled everilkane.
The Sauages als was with them there:
And when they all assembled were,
They were well nære twentie thousand,
When that they wist, that in their land,
Sik a Menyie arrived were,
With all the folke that they had there,
They went toward them in hy.
And when Sir Edward wist surely,
That to him nære comming were they,
His men right well he gart array.
The Vangard had the Erle Thomas,
In the Ræregard Sir Edward was.

The first battell that Sir Edward,
Wan in Ireland, with feghting hard.

THeir foes approached to the fighting,
And they met them but abasing,
There men might see a full great melle,
The Erle Thomas and his Menyie,

Dang on their foes so doughtely,
That in short time men might see ly,
Understandeth that all blondie were;
For dobynes that were sticked there,
Killed and slang, and great rowme made,
And kest them that upon them rade,
Sir Edward and his companie,
Assembled then so hardelie,
That they their foes their rushed all:
Who happened in that feght to fall,
It was great perill of his rising.
The Scottismen in that feghting,
So apertlie and well them bare:
That all their foes rushed were,
And they haillie the slight tes tane,
In the batt ell were taken and slaine,
All haill the floure of Ulister,
The Erle of Murray great prise had there
For his right worthie Chevalrie,
Comfortit all his companie.
This was a well faire beginning,
For newlings at their arriving.
In slaine feght they discomfist there
Thre folke, that aye foure for ane were,
Syne to Craigfergus are they gane,
And in the towne hes Innes tane.
The Castle new was stuffed then
Right well with bittaill and with men,
Thereto they set a Siege in by.
And many tithe full apertlie
Made was, while the Seige their lay:
While truce at the last tooke they.
When that the folke of Ulister,
Of his peace haillie commen were,
Then Sir Edward would take on hand,

To ride farthermore in the land.

## The withletting of the passe of Endnellane.

AND of the Kings of that Countrie,
There came to him and made keWtie,
Well ten or twelve, as I heard say,
But they hold him short while perfay,
For two of them, one Makgoulchane,
And another heght Macartane,
Umbeset him into his way,
Where him behoved of need to ga,
With two thousand men with Speares,
And als many of their archers:
And all the Cattell of the land,
Were driven hidder to warrand.
Men called that place Endnellane,
In all Ireland straitter is nane:
For thy Sir Edward there kept they:
And thought he should not passe that way,
But hee his voyage straight hes tane,
And even toward the place is gane.
The Erle of Murray Sir Thomas,
That first put him to all assayes,
He lighted on fote with his Menzie,
And apertlie the place tooke he.
The Irish Kings I spake of aire,
That in the place embushed were,
Met him full stoutlie: But he
Assailed so with his Menzie,
That magre theirs he wan the place,
Slaine of their foes full many was.
Throughout the Wood then chealed they,
And seized in sik abundance the Prey.
That all the folke of their Host were,
Refreshed well an weeke or mair.

Kylſagart Sir Edward lay,
And there well ſone he hes heard ſay,
That at Dondalke was an aſſemblie,
Made of the Lo:ds of that Countrie,
An Hoſt they were aſſembled there
There was firſt Richard of Clare
That in all Ireland Lievetenand
Was to the King of England.
The Erle of Deſmound als was there.
And the Erle alſo of Kildar.
The Bryane eke, and the Wardane
That were Lo:ds of great Renoun.
The Butler alſo there was,
And Sir Moriſe le fitz Thomas,
That with their men were commen there,
A right great Hoſt, fo:ſooth they were,
And when Sir Edward wiſt ſurelie,
That there was ſik a Cheavalrie,
An hy his Hoſt he gart array,
And hidderward he toke his way,
And nære the towne toke his Harbrie,
Bot, fo: he wiſt right perfitelie,
That in the towne were many men.
His battells he arrayed then:
And ſtod arrayed in battaile,
To kæpe them, if they would aſſaile.

The battell of Dondalk in Ireland,
That Sir Edward tooke with his hand.

AND when that Sir Richard of Clare,
And other Lo:ds that were there:
Wiſt that the Scottiſhmen ſo nære
With their battells comming were,
They toke the counſell that at night,
For it was late, they would not fight:

But on the morne in the morning,
Well soone after the Sun-rising,
They should issue forth all that there were
Therefore that night they did no maire,
But Harbred them on either partie,
That night the Scots companie,
Were watched right well at all their might:
And on the morne when day was light,
In tow battells they them arraved,
And stod with Baners in hand displayed,
For the battell all readie bowne;
And they that were within the towne,
When the Sun was risen shinning cleare,
Send forth of them that with them were,
Fiftie to sæ the conteening
Of Scottishmen, and their comming.
And they rade forth, and saw them soone,
Syne come againe withoutten bone,
And when that they all lighted were,
Then told they to their Lords there,
That Scottishmen sæmed to be
Worthie, and of right great bountie,
But they are not withoutten were:
Halfe deill a Denner to us are here.
The Lords had of that tiding
Great joy, and great recomforting:
And great men through the Citie cry,
That all should arme them hastelie.
When they were armed, and purvayed,
And for the fight all haill arraied,
Then went they forth in good array
Syne with their foes assembled they,
That kæped them right hardelie,
The stoure began then cruellie:
For ather partie set all all their might,

To rush their foes into that fight:
And with all paine on other hang.
That stalward stour lasted weill lang:
That men might not perceive nor see
Who most there at abone should be:
For fra some after the Sun rising,
Till after mid-none the feghting
Lasted, into sik a dout:
But then Sir Edward that was stout,
With all them of his companie,
Shot upon them so sturdelie:
That they might thole no maire the fight,
All in a frush they take the flight.
And they followed full egerlie,
Into the towne all commonlie,
They entred both Intermelle:
There men might fellonn slaughter se.
For the right Noble Erle Thomas,
That with his rout followed the chase.
Bade sik slaughter into the town,
And so fellonn Decissionn:
That all the Rewes bloode were,
Of slaine men that were lying there,
The Lords were gotten all awap.
And when the towne (as I heard say)
Was through great force of feghting tane,
And all their foes fled, or slaine,
They harbried them within the towne,
Where, of vittaile was sik fussonn,
And so great aboundance of wine,
That the good Erle had dout therein,
That of their men should drunken be,
And make in drunkennesse some melle.
Therefore he made of wine, liberie
To sik man, that he paped should be,

And they had all inough pertay.
That night right well at ease were they,
And right blyth of the great honour,
That them befell for their valour.

The third battell in Ireland,
That good Sir Edward tooke on hand.

EFter this sight they sojournde there,
Into Dondalk three daies or maire:
Then toke they Southerward their way,
Erle Thomas rade before them ay,
And as they rade through the Countrie,
They might upon the hilles see,
So many men it was ferly.
And when the Erle would sturdelie
Dresse him to them with his Baner:
They would flee all that ever they were:
So that in sight not one would byde.
And they swith on their wayes did ryde,
While to a great Forest came they,
Kylros it hecht, as I heard say,
And they toke all their harbrie there.
In all this time, Richard of Clare,
That was the kings Lievetenand,
Of all the barnage of Ireland,
An great Host there assembled had,
That was five battells great and brade:
And Sir Edward, and his men,
Well nere him were they commen then.
He gote sone witting, that they were
In haill battell comming nere.
His men addressed he them againe,
And gart them stoutlie take the Plaine:
And syne the Erle came them to see:
And Sir Philip de Mowbray sent he,

Sir John Stewart went alswa,
to discover the way they ta:
saw the Dast neere come at hand,
That were to gesse fiftie thousand.
Some to Sir Edward rade they then,
and said, that they were many men.
He said againe: the ma they be,
The moze honour all out have we,
Gif that we beare us manfully:
We are here set in jeopardie,
To wine honour, oz loz to die,
We are to far fra home to flee,
Therefoze let ilk man wozthie be,
Some are but gaddered of this Countrie,
And they shall flee, I trow, lightlie,
Gif we assailyie them manfullie.
All they said then, they shozld well do.
With that they approched neere them to,
Their battels readie foz to fight,
And they met them with nieckle might.
They were ten thousand wozthie men,
The Scottishmen all on foot were then,
And they on Steedes trapped well:
Some heilled all in Styne and Steele.
But Scottishmen at their meeting,
With speares pierced their arming:
And sticked hozse and men downe bare,
A fellonn slaughter was then there:
I can not tell their straikes all,
Noz who in feght gart others fall:
But in shozt time I underta,
They of Ireland were cumbred sa:
That they durst them abide no maire,
But fled shailled all here and there,
And leaved in the battell stead,

Well

Well mony of their good men dead,
Of weapons, arming, and dead men,
The field was hailly overstrowed then:
That great Oast rudely rushed was:
But Sir Edward lete no man chase,
But with prisoners that they had tane,
Toward the Wood againe is gaine:
Where that their harnesse leaved were,
That night they made them merie cheare,
And loved GOD fast of his grace.
The good Knight that so worthie was,
To Judas Macchabeus might
Be likened well, that into fight,
Forsoke no multitude of men,
While hee had one against ten.

How an Irish King false and froward,
Leete out a Loch upon Sir *Edward*.

THus as I said, Richard of Clare,
And his great Host rebuked were:
But hee about him nought for thy,
Was gaddering men aye thandly,
For hee thought yet to recover his cast,
It angred him even selloun fast:
That twise into battell was hee
Discomfist with a few Penyie:
And Scottishmen that to the Forrest,
Were riding for to take their rest:
All tha two nights there they lay,
And made them mirth, solace and play,
Toward Endrosly syne they rade,
An Irish King that aith had made
To Sir Edward of his fewtie
For before that time him prayed hee
To sée his land, and his vittaile,

Be

God nought that they might helpe thould faile.
Sir Edward trowed into his night,
And with his rout rade bidder right,
A great River hee gart him paſſe,
And in a right faire place that was
Laigh by a Burne, hee gart them ta
Their Harbery, and ſaid, hee would ga,
To gar men vittaile to them bring.
Hee held his way but more dwelling,
For to betraiſe was all his thought,
In ſik a place hee hes them brought.
Whereſra two journeyes well and mare,
All the Cattell withorawne were,
So that they in that land might get
Nothing that worth was for to eat.
With hunger hee thought them to ſterbliſh.
Syne bring on them their enemies,
This falſe treatour men had made,
A litle South where hes harbred had,
Sir Edward with the Scottiſhmen,
The Ithe of a Loch to dem.
And let it out within the night,
The water then with ſik a might,
On Sir Edward, and his men came down
That they in perrill were to drowne,
For ere they will, on flot were they,
With meekle paine they got away,
And held their lives, as God gave grace:
But of their Harneſſe tint there was,
Hee made them no god feaſt perſay,
And not for thy avenge had they:
For though they wanted of the meat,
I warne you well, they were well wete
In great diſtreſſe there were they ſtad,
For great default of meate they had.

And

And they betwirt great Rivers two
Were set, and might passe non of tho
The Ban, that is an arme of the sea,
That with Horse may not passed be,
Was betwirt them and Ulister,
They had bene in great perill there,
Were not a scummer of the Sea,
Thomas of Dun called was he,
Heard that the Host so straitly than
Was stad, he sailled up the Ban:
While that he came neere where they lay,
They knew him well, and blyth were they
Then with foure ships that he had tane,
He set them over the Ban ilkane,
And when they came in bigged Land,
Wittaile, and meat aneugh they fand,
And in a Wood them harbried they,
None of the Land wist where they lay.
They reflet them, and made good cheare.
Into that time beside them were,
With a great Host Richard of Clare,
And other great of Ireland, were
Harbried into a Forrest side:
And ilk day they gart men ride,
To bring wittailes in seir maners
To them from the towne of Cogners,
That well neere ten miles was them froe,
Ilke day as they would come and goe.
They came the Scottishmens Host so nere
That but two mile betwirt them were.

How Sir Thomas of Randell,
Wan from the Irishmen their vittall.

AND when Erle Thomas perceuing
Had, of their come, and their ganging

gat him a good companie
hre hundreth on horse wight and hardy,
here was Sir Philip the Mowbray,
nd Sir John Stewart als perfay,
nd Sir Ailane Stewart allwa,
r Robert Boyd, and other ma.
hey rade to mæte the vittallers,
hat with their vittaile from Cogners
ame, holding to their Host the way,
o suddenlie on them set they:
hat they were so abaled all,
hat all they let their weapons fall,
nd mercie pitteouslie can cry.
nd they toke them in their mercie,
nd hes them up so clænelie tane,
hat of them all escaped nane.
he Erle through them gat wittering:
hat of their Host in the Evening,
ome would come out of the Wod side,
nd for to mæte their vittaile tide,
e thought on them a jopardie,
nd gart his men all baillelie,
ight them in Prisoners arrap.
heir Prisoners als with them toke they:
nd while the night was nære they bade,
nd syne toward the Host they rade.
ome of their mækle Host hes sæne
hem come, and weind well they had bæn
heir vittaillers, therefore they rade
gainst them safelie: for they had
o dread that they their foes were.
nd als they hungred verie saire,
herefore they came abandounlie.
nd when they nære were, in great hy
he Erle, and all that with him were,

Rushed

Rushed on them with weapons bare:
And their Vnsenyie hielv can cry,
And they that saw so suddenly
Their foes ding on them, were rad,
That they none heart to helpe had,
But to their Wod their way they ta,
And they chased, and so feill can sla,
That all the fieldes ouerstrowed were.
Woe then a thousand dead were there:
Right to their Dast they can them chase,
And syne againe their waies gaes.

Of this wise was the vittaile tane,
And of the Irish men many slaine:
The Erle syne with his companie
Prisoners, and vittaile hastlelie,
They brought all to Sir Edward Swyth:
And he was of their comming blyth.
That night they made them merry cheare:
For they eben at their ease now were:
They were all watched ay sickerlie.
Their foes upon the other partie,
When they heard how their men were slaine,
And how their vittaile als was tane:
They toke the counsell, that they would
Their wayes toward Cogners hold,
And harbrie in the Citie ta.
And in great hy they have done sa,
And rode by night to the Citie,
They found their vittaile great plentie,
And made them merie and good cheare:
For in the towne all t[illegible]aill they were.
Upon the morne they sent to spy,
Where Scottishmen had tane harbry,
But they were met with, and all tane:
And brought vnto the Dast Iliane

The Erle of Murray right mæklie,
Speered at one of their Campanie,
Where their Dait lay, & what they thought
To doe, and said, gif that he meught.
Find, that the ſoth to him ſaid he,
He ſhould gang home but ranſome free.
He ſaid, for ſoth, I ſhall you ſay,
They thinke the morne when it is day,
To ſeeke you with all their Penyie,
If they may get wit where ye be:
They have gart through the Citie cry,
On paine of life full fellounly,
That all the men of this Countrie,
The morne into the the Citie be,
And truely they ſhall be ſo feill,
That ye ſhall no wiſe with them deale.

How Thomas Randell chaſed hame,
The Scurreours, that fra Cogners came.

DE Pardew (ſaid he) it may well be,
To Sir Edward with that paed he,
And told him utterly this tale,
Then have they tane for counſell haill,
That they will ride to the Citie.
That ſame night, ſo that they may be,
Betwirt the towne with all their rout:
And they that were the towne without,
As they deuiſed: ſo have they done,
Before the towne they came all ſone,
And but halfe deill a mile of way
Fra the towne, areſt tooke they.
And when the day was dawning light,
Fifte on Hobines that were wight,
Came to a little hill that was
From the towne a little ſpace:

And saw Sir Edwards harbyte,
And of that sight had great fertie:
That to wheene upon any wise,
Durst undertake so bie empyse,
As for to come so hardilie.
Upon all the great Chevaltie
Of Ireland, to bide battaile:
And so it was withoutten faile,
For against them were gaddered there,
With the Wardane, Richard of Clare,
The Butlers, and the Erles twa,
Of Desmound, and Kyldar alswa:
Brunhame, Wedoun, and Sir Waryne,
And Sir Plastayne, a Florentyne,
That was a Knight of Lombardie,
And was of full great Chevaltrie
And Maundewell was there alswa,
Bissatris, Loganes, and other ma.
The Sevages als, and yet was ane,
That heght Sir Michel of Kylcalave,
And with their Lords so fetll was then,
That against on of the Scottishmen,
I wate well they were five or ma.
When their Discurreours hes seene sa
The Scottish Hast, they went in hy,
And told their Lords openly:
How they to them were comming nere:
To seeke them far was no mystere.
And when the Erle Thomas had seene:
That tha men at the hill had beene,
He toke with him a great Penyie,
On horse an hundreth they might be.
And to the hill they toke their way,
And in a Slak embushed they,
And in short time free the Cittie,

They saw come ryding a Pepyle.
To discouer to the hill.
They were blyth, and held them still,
While they were commen to them neire:
Then in a rush all that they were,
They set upon them hardelie:
And they that saw so suddenlie
The folke come on them, abaised were,
Bot not the lesse, some of them there
Made stoutlie to make debate:
And other some are fled their gaite,
And in short time were all tha,
That made arest discayed la:
That they fled hastelie their gaite,
And they them chased to the yait:
And one part of them hes slaine,
And syne went to their Mast againe.

The third battell made in Ireland,
That Sir Edward wan with strong hand.

When they within hes seene so slaine
Their men, and chased home againe,
They were all wa, and in great by,
To armes, highly can they cry.
They armed them all that they were,
And for the battell made them pare,
And ished out all well arrayed:
In haill battell with Baner displayed,
Round on their wapes for to assaile
Their foes, into fell battaile.
And when Sir Philip the Mowbray,
Saw them ishe in so good array,
To Sir Edward the Bruce went he:
And said, Sir, it is good that we
Shape for some slight that may availe,

To help us in this great battaile,
Our men are good, but they have wille
To doe more than they may fulfill,
Therefore I rede, our Cariage
Withoutten any man or page,
By themselves arrayed be,
And they shall seme far moe than wee.
Set we before them our Baners
Pone folke that commeth out of Cogners
When that our Baners they shall see;
Shall trow straitlie that they are we,
And hidder in great hy shall ride,
Come we then on them at a side,
And we shall be at a vantage,
For fra they in our Cariage
Be entred, they shall cumbred bee:
And then with all our might may we,
Lay on, and doe all that we may,
And as he ordainde, done have they,
And they that came out of Cogners,
Addressed them to the Baners:
And strooke the Horse with spurres in hy,
And rushed among them suddenly.
The barrell ferrars that were there,
Cumbred them fast that ryding were:
And then the Erle and his battaile
Come on, and sadlie can assaile.
And Sir Edward a little hy,
Assembled with his company.
That many a fey fell under feete,
The field with blod wort sone all weete;
With so great fellony there they raught,
And so great vauntes to other raught:
That it was hiddeous for to see,
How they maintained that great melle,

Be kenelie they faught on either syde
Dying and taking routes red,
That prime was past, or men might see,
What part sowelt abone should be,
But sone after that prime was past,
The Scottishmen dang on so fast:
They set upon them at aboundoun,
Is like man were a Scarpioun,
That all their foes toke the flight,
Was none of them that was so wight,
That ever durst abide his fære,
But like man fled his wayes sære,
To the towne fled, the most partie,
And the Erle Thomas is egerlie,
And his men chaled with swords bare,
That among them they mingled were,
And all togidder came in the town,
Then was the slaughter so fellonn,
That all the rewes ran of the blod,
Whom ever they gote, to death he yod,
So that there were als leill dead,
Well nære, as in the battell stæd.
The Swaryne was taken there,
And so seared was Richard of Clare:
That he held to the South Countrie,
All that Moneth I trow that he,
Shall have no great will for to fight,
Sir Iohn Steward a Noble knight
Was wounded through the body there,
With a speare that right sharply share,
But to Mount Peller went he syne,
And lay there long into Læching:
But at the last healed was he:
Sir Edward then with his Menzie,
Toke in the towne their harbrie,

That night they dipty were and folie,
For the victorie that they had there.
And on the morne without en maire
Sir Edward gart men gang and se,
All the vittaile of that Citie:
And they found sik fusloun therein
Of corne, and floure, and wax and wine;
That they of it had great ferlie,
And Sir Edward gart bailleit
To Craigfergus it carted be,
Syne bidder he went with his Menzie,
And held the Siege full stalwardly,
While Palmesunday was passed by.
Then to the Tuesday in Pasch Dulk,
On either side they treiwes take:
So that they might that holy tide,
In pennance and in prayer bide,
But upon Pach Even right,
To the Castell into the night,
From Divilling came shippes fifteene,
Charged with armour and men bedeene.
Three thousand trow I well they were,
That entred in the Castell there.
The Maundwell also, and Sir Thomas
Captaine of that Menzie was:
In the Castell full privilie
They entred: for they gart spy,
That many of Sir Edwards men,
Were skailled in the Countrie then.
Therefore they thought in the morning,
To ishe but longer delaying,
And to surprise them suddenly,
For they thought they should traistily,
For the treiwesse that taken were:
But I trow falset ever maire

Shall have mischeife, and evill ending.
Sir Edward wist of this nothing:
For of treason had he no thought.
But for the trewes he letted nought
To set watches to the Castell.
The night he gart wake it full well:
And Neill Fleming woke that night.
And sertie worthie men and wight,
And allone as the day was cleare,
They that within the Castell were,
Had armed them and made them bowne:
And syne the drawbrig they let downe:
They ished then in great plentie,
And when Neill Fleming can them see,
He sent one to the King in hy,
Syne said to them, that was him by:
How shall men see, I undertake,
Who dar for his Lords sake,
How beare you well: for sikkerlie,
With all your Penzie feght will I:
Into bargane them hold shall we,
While that our Master armed be.
And with that word assembled they,
That were all out to few perfay,
With sik a great rout for to fight:
And not for thy with all their might,
They dang on them so hardelie,
That all their foes had great ferlie,
That they were all of sik manhed:
That they no dread had of their dead:
But their feill foes so can assaile.
That there might no worship availe,
But they were slaine up everilkane,
So cleene that there escaped nane.
And the man that went to the King,

For to warne him of their iſhing,
Warned him in full great hy,
Sir Edward was then commonly,
Called the King of all Ireland,
And when he had ſik haſte on hand,
In full great haſte he got his geare:
Twelue with him in his chamber were:
That armed them in full great hy
Syne with his Baner hardely,
The mides of the towne he taes.
With that neere comming were his foes,
That had delt all their men in three.
The Maundewile with a great Penyie,
Right thrangh the towne the way held down
The leaue on other ſide the towne,
Held to méete them that fleing were:
They thought that all that they fand there
Should die but ranſome eberilkane:
But otherwiſe the gyle is gane,
For Sir Edward with his Banére,
And his twelue that I told of eir,
On all the rout ſo hardelie
Aſſembled, that it was ferlie.
For Gib Harper before him pád,
That was the doughtieſt of déed,
That might be found of his eſtate:
And with an Axe made him ſik gaite,
That he the firſt felled to the ground,
And ſyne into a little ſtound,
The Mandewile by his arming
He knew, and raught him ſik a ſwing,
That he to eird paſt haſtely,
Sir Edward that was neere him by,
Reuerſed him and with a knife,
Right in that place he reft his life,

With that of Ardroſſane Sir Fergus,
A knight wight and courageous
Aſſembled with ſertie men and ma:
They prealled then their foes ſa:
That they that ſaw their Lord ſlaine,
Tint heart, and would have beene againe,
And ay as Scottiſhmen might be
Armed, they came to the melle:
And dang upon their foes ſa,
That they haillie the backe can ta,
And tha men chaſed to the pait,
There was great fight and hard debaite.
There ſlew Sir Edward with his hand
A knight that of all Ireland,
Was called beſt, and of moſt bountie,
To ſurname Maundewile beght he,
His proper name I can not ſay,
But his folke to ſo hard aſſay
Was ſet, that they of the Dungeoun,
Durſt open no pait, nor brig let doun.
Sir Edward ſo them fought perfay,
That iſhed forth on him that day,
That there eſcaped never ane,
But they were either ſlaine or tane.
For to the fight Manakill then
Came with two hundreth of ſpeare men,
And they ſlew all they might to win,
This ilk Manakill with a gin,
Wan of their chippes foure or five,
And haillie reft the men their life.
When end was made of that feghting,
Yet then was life in Neill Fleming,
Sir Edward went him for to ſee,
About him ſlaine lay his Menyie,
All in a lumpe, on aither hand,

And he to die readie thatwand,
Sir Edward of him had great pitie,
And him full greatlie mened he:
And regrated his great manheede,
His worſhip and his doughtie deede,
Sik mone he made they had ſerlie:
For he was not cuſtomablie
Wont, for to mene any thing,
Nor would not heare men make meening,
He ſtod there by whille he was dead:
And ſyne had him to hallowed Steed:
And ſyne with worſhip gart him be
Eirded, with great ſolemnitie.

How King Robert wan the Iles to hand.
And gart his ſhippes ſaile on dry land.

IN this wiſe iſhed Mandewile,
But wit ye well that fraud and guile,
Shall alwayes habe an euill ending.
As well was ſeene by this iſhing,
In time of trewes iſhed they,
And in ſik time as on Paſch day,
When Chriſt raſe to ſave mans kin,
Fra weme of old Adams ſin.
Therefore ſo great miſchance them fell,
That ilk one (as ye heard me tell)
Was ſlaine up, or eis taken there.
And they that in the Caſtell were,
Were ſet in ſik a fray that hour,
That they could ſee no where ſuccour
Should come to relieve them, that day:
That ſhortlie then treitted they,
To yeeld the Caſtell to him free
To ſave their lives, and certes he
Held them full well all his cunnand,

The Caſtell toke he vrhis hand,
And vittailde it well, and in it ſet
A good Wardane, it ſor to get,
And there a while reſted he.
Of him no more now ſpeake will we:
But to King Robert will we gang,
That we have left unſpoken of lang:
When he had conuoyed to the ſea,
His brother Edward with his People,
With his ſhippes he made him pare,
Into the Iles for to fare.
Walter Stewart with him toke he,
His Paich, and with him great People,
And other men of great Nobly,
To the Tarbarts they toke their way,
In Caillayes ordainde for their fare.
But them worthed their ſhips draw there:
And a mile was betwixt the ſeas,
And that is loned all with treis:
The King his ſhippes there gart draw,
And for the wind can ſtoutlie blaw,
Upon their backe, as they can ga,
He gart men Paiks, and rapes ma,
And ſet them in the ſhippes hie,
And Dailes to the toppes tie.
And gart men gang there by drawing.
The wind them helped that was blawing:
So that into a little ſpeace,
Their flote all there ouer drawne was,
And when they that in the Iles were:
Heard tell, how that the good King there,
Durt his ſhippes with Dailes goe.
Out ouer betwixt the Tarbarts two,
They were abaſed alluterlie:
For they wiſt through old Prophecy,

That

That he that should gar shippes ga
Betwirt the seas with Sailes gae,
Should win the Iles to his hand:
That none with strength should him withstand
Therefore they came all to the King,
Durst none gainstand his bidding,
Duttaken John of Lorne allane,
But well sone after he was tane:
And presented right to the King,
And they that were of his leading,
That to the King have beaten fay,
Were all destroyed and dead away.
This John of Lorne the King has tane,
And sent him forth to Dumbartane,
A while in prison for to be:
Syne to Lochleven sent was he,
Where he was long time in fetting,
Itrow he made there in writing,
The King when all the Iles were
Brought to his liking less and maire,
All that season there dwelt he,
At Hunting, and at game, and gle.

Lord Dowglas with battell plaine,
Reskewed the Prey, and brought again.

When the King upon this maner
He daunted the Iles as I tell here
The good Sir James Dowglas
Into the Forrest dwelling was,
Desesning doughtelie the Land,
That time in Berwicke was wirnand,
Edmound of Callak a Gascoun,
He was a Knight of great Renoun:
And into Gasconyie his Countrie,
Lord of great Senyeorie was he:

had had then Berwicke in keping,
he made a priue gadering,
and gote him a great companie,
of wight men armed iolelie.
all the nether end of Tewidall,
he preyed into him all haill:
and of the Mers a great partie:
syne toward Barwick went in hy.
Sir Adam of Gordoun, that then
was becommen Scottishman,
saw them driue so away his fee,
and weind they wheene were for that he,
saw but the fleeing skaill perfay,
and them that seized on the Prey,
That to Sir James of Dowglas,
in full great hy the way he taes:
and told how Englishmen their Prey
had tane, and syne were went away:
Toward Berwicke with all their se,
and said they wheene were: and if he
would speed him, he should well lightly
win them, and reseue all the ky.
Sir James sone gaue his assent
to follow them, and furth is went:
and followed them in full great hy,
and came well neere them hastelie.
For ere they might fullie se,
They came well neere with their People.
But then both fo:ray and the haill,
were knit into a sop all haill:
but knaues and swaines that had no might,
for to stand into field to fight,
before them gart they driue the ky,
They were a right faire companie,
and all togidder in a staill.

The

The Dowglas saw their lamp all hall,
And saw them of so gud conuyne,
And that they were so many fone,
That they for on of his wiste two,
Lordings (he said) sen it is so:
That we hane chaist on sik manere,
That we are now commen so nere,
That we may not eschew the fight,
But if we fullie take the flight,
Let like man of his life then meene,
And how we many times hade beene
In great thrang, and commen well away.
Thinke we to doe right so this day:
And take we of this Fawd heere by,
Our auantage: for in great hy,
They shall come on us for to fight,
Get we then will, and strength, and might,
For to meete them right hardelie,
And with that word full hastelie,
He hes displayed his Banere,
For his foes were comming nere.
And when they saw they were so wheene:
They thought all was their owne bedeene,
And assembled full hardelie.
Their men might se them fight fellie.
Ardar ght cruall melle make
And many a straike gade, and take.
The Dowglas there right hard was stad,
But the great hardment that he had,
Comforted them on sik a wise,
That no man thought on Cowardise,
But faught so fast with all their maine,
That they feill of their foes hade slaine:
And though they were full many moe
Then they yet them they remained for;

hat Edmund de Callok was dead,
hough Dowglas right in that like stead:
all the leave fra this was borne,
ere all batle discomfist swne,
they that chased some hes slaine,
turned the Prepes baill againe,
he hardest feghting this was,
hat ever the gwd Lord Dowglas
as in, and of so few People,
had not bene his great bountie,
hat slew their Chiftaine in the fight,
s men to dead had bene all right.
he had into custome ay,
hen ever he came to hard assay,
realled the Chiftane for to sla:
herefore hope I that he did sa,
hat gart him have victorie full syle,
hen Sir Edmund upon this wise,
as dead, the gwd Lord Dowglas,
the Forrest his way he tase:
s foes greatly can him dread,
he word sprang far of his manhead.
that in England nere there by,
n spake of it right commonly.

How James of Dowglas slew Newel,
That vowed to meete him in battell.

Sir Robert Newell at that tide
Winned in Barwicke there beside,
he Marches where the Lord Dowglas
the Forrest repairing was,
n had him in full great enuy,
l for he saw him so manfully,
ke his bounds ay more and maire:
heard the folke that with him were,

Speake

Speake of the Lord Dwglas might,
And how he fought was in fight:
And how him oft fell faire fortoun,
Ye wraithed him thereat full sone:
And said, what weene ye, is there nane
That ever is worth, but he allane:
Ye set him as he were but Peere,
But I avow before you heere,
If ever he come into this land,
He shall find me neere at his hand.
And if I ever his Banere
May see displayed upon weere,
I shall assemble it but dout,
Although ye hold him never so stout
Of this avow sone Bodword was
Brought, to Sir James of Dowglas.
That said, if he will hold his height,
I shall doe so, he shall have feght
Of me, and of my company,
Yet or ought long, well neere him by,
His retinue then gadered he,
That were good men of great bountie:
And to the March in good array,
Upon a night he toke the way,
So that in the morning earely,
Ye was with all his companie
Before Barwicke, and there he made
Men to display his Banet made,
And of his Penyte sone sent he,
For to burne townes two, or three:
And bade them sone againe them speed,
So that at hand if there come need,
They might before the fight be ready,
The Newell that with verelie,
That Dowglas commen was so neere,

And saw all wode stand his Banere:
Then with tha folke that he had there,
That with him a great Menyie were:
For all the good of that Countrie,
Into that time with him had he:
So that he with him there had then,
Well mo then were the Scottishmen.
He held his way up to an hill,
And said, Lordings, it were my will,
To make end of the great deray,
That Dowglas does to us this day,
But me thinks it spedfull that we
Abide till that his Menyie be
Shailled all, to take our Pray:
Then fiercely set on them we may:
And we shall have them at our will.
Then they gave all assent theretill,
And on the hill abade howand.
The men fast gaddered of the land,
And drew to him in full great hy:
And Dowglas then that was worthy,
Thought it was foly more to bide,
Toward the hill then can he ride,
And when the Newell saw, that they
Would not passe forth to the Foray,
But preassed to him with all their might,
He wist well then that he would fight:
And to his Menyie can he say:
Lordings, now hold we forth our way:
Here is the floure of this Countrie,
And mo then they also are we,
Assembled we then hardely,
For Dowglas with yon Menanry,
Shall have no might to us, perfay:
Then in a trush assembled they.

That men might heare the speares brast,
And ilkone dang on other fast,
And blod brast out of woumds wide.
They fought fast upon ather side:
For ather partie can them paine,
To put their foes on backe againe
The Lord the Newell, and Dowglas,
When that the fighting fellest was,
They fought felly with all their maught,
Great routes ather to other raught.
But Dowglas starke was a knight,
And more used als in the fight,
And set heart and will alswa:
For to deliver him of his fa:
While at the last through mickle maine,
Of force, the Newell hes he slaine,
Then his Enlenyie can he cry,
And on the lave so hardely
He rushed with all his Menyie,
That in short time men might sée
Their foes take on them the flight:
And they them chaist with all their might:
Sir Raph the Newell in that place,
And the Baroun of Hiltoun was
Taken, and other of mickle might.
There was feill slaine into that fight,
That worthie in their time had bene.
And when the field was cleanged cleane
So that their foes everilkane,
Were slaine, or chast away, or tane,
Then gart he forray all the land,
And sacked all that ever he fand:
And burnt the townes in their way,
Syne haill and feare home commen are they.
The Prey among his Menyie,

Efter

Efter their merites dealt hes he:
And held nothing to his behowde.
Sik dædes ought to gar men love
Their Lord, and so they did, perfay.
He treated them so wisely ay,
And with so mæble love alswa,
And countenance, that he would ma,
Of their dæd, that the most Coward;
He made stoutter then a Leopard.
With cherilling this gaite made he
His men wight, and of great bountie.
When Newell thus was brought to ground
And of Callok Sir Edmound,
The dread of the good Lord Dowglas,
And his Renowne so skailled was,
Throughout the Marches of England,
That all that were therein dwelland,
Ded him as the selfe Devil of hell,
And yet I heave heard oft syse tell,
That he so greatly ded was then,
That when wives would their children bann
They would even with an angrie face,
Betake them to the blacke Dowglas.
Through his great worthip and bountie
So with his foes ded was he,
That they growed to heare his Name,
He may at ease now dwell at hame
A while, for I trow he shall nought,
With foes many dayes be fought.
Now let him in the Forrest be,
And of him speake no more will we,
But of Sir Edward the worthie,
That with all his Chevalrie,
Was at Craigfergas yet lyand,
To speake more we will take on hand.

Here past in Ireland the Noble King,
To his brother with great gaddering.

When Sir Edward, as I laid aire
Had discomfist Richard of Clare,
And of Ireland all the Bar age,
Thile through his worthie Vallalage.
And syne with all his men of maine,
To Craigfergus was comde againe.
The gud Erle of Murray Sir Thomas,
Tooke liede in Scotland for to passe:
And he him left without grudging,
And syne him charged to the King,
To pray him speciallie, that he
Would come in Ireland him to see.
For were they both into that land,
They should find none should them withstand.
The Erle then forth his way hes tane.
And to his Shippes is he gane,
He sailled well out over the sea,
In Scotland sone arrived he,
Syne to the King he went in hy.
And he received him joyfully,
And speered of his brothers fare,
And of his journeyes that they had there,
And he him told all but leesing:
And when the King left had speaking,
His charge to the King told he,
And he said, He would blythlie see
His brother, and also the affaire
Of the Countrie, and what it were,
A great Menzie then gaddered he,
And two Lords of great bountie,
The one Walter Stewart was,
The other James of Dowglas,

Marcht

Wardans in his absence made he.
For to maintaine well the Countrie,
Syne to the sea he tooke his way,
And at Lochryane in Galloway,
He shipped with all his Menzie,
To Craigfergus soone commen is he,
Sir Edward of his come was blyth,
And went downe for to meete him swyth:
And welcommed him with gladsome cheare
So did he all that with him were,
And specially the Erle Thomas
Of Murray, that his Nevoy was,
Syne to the Castell went he there,
And made them meekle feast and fare:
They sojournde therein dayes three,
In mirth, solace and royaltie.

KIng Robert now upon this wise
Into Ireland arrived is,
And when into Craigfergus had he
With his men sojournde dayes tyte,
He tooke counsell that he wold,
With all their folke their wayes hold,
Through all Ireland from end to other,
Sir Edward then the Kings brother,
Before into the Vangard rade,
The King himselfe the Reeregard had,
That had into his companie,
The Erle Thomas that was worthie.
Their wayes forward have they tane,
And soone passed over Ikane.

Here faught King Robert in Ireland,
With 5. thousand against 40. thousand.

THIS was in midis the nirthfull May,
When Birds sings in ilke Spray:

Making their Notes with semlie soun:
For softnesse of the swæt season:
And Leaves of the Branches spreds,
And blomes bright about them brædes,
And fields strowed are with Flowres,
Well sauouring of seir colours
And all thing worthed blyth and gay,
When that the good King tuke his way.
To ryde Southward, as I said aire,
The Wardane then Richard of Clare,
Wist the King was arrived sa:
And wist the shype him for to ta
His way toward the South Countrie
Of all Irelaud then gaddered he:
Both Burgesse and Chevalrie,
And Nobilers, and Yeamanrie,
Till he had nære fourtie thousand:
But he would not yet take on hand.
With all his foes in field to fight:
But vmbethought him of a slight,
That he with all that great Menyie,
Would in a Wood enbushed be.
All privilie beside the way:
Where their foes behoved to ga,
And let the Vangard passe far by,
And allembled syne hardely:
On the Rèeregard with all his men.
They did as he devised then.
In a Wood they enbushed were.
The Scottishmen rade by them nære,
But they no thowing to them made,
Sir Edward went forth before rade,
With them that were of his Menyie:
To the Rèeregard no tent tuke he:
And Sir Richard of Clare in hy,

When

When Sir Edward was passed by,
And light Yemen that well couth shot,
To bikker the Reregarde upon hot.
Then two of them that sent forth were
At the Mod sde them bikkered there,
And shot among the Scottishmen.
The King that with him there had then,
Well nére five thousand wight and hardy
Saw them two so abundantly
Shot among them, and come so nére,
He wist right well withoutten were:
That they well nére some power had.
Therefore a biddining hes he made,
That no man should be so hardy,
To breake at them, but sowerly,
Ride readie ay into battaile,
To defend if men would assaile:
For we shall some, I underta,
Be said have for to doe with ma.
But Sir Colin Campbell that nére
Was by where tha two Yemen were,
Shoting among them hardely,
Pietked on them in full great by:
And some the one he hes overtane,
And with a speare him syne hes slaine.
The other turned, and shot againe:
And at that shot his horse hes slaine,
With that, the King came hastelie,
And into his Melancholie,
With a Trunchcoun into his nése,
To Sir Colin sik duth did give:
That he fell downe on his Arsoun.
Then bade he smertlie tit him doun.
For other Lords that was him by,
Hes mealed the King in some party:

Bot he said, breking of bidding,
Might be cause of discomfiting.
Weene ye yone Kibald durst assaile
Us so here in our owne battaile:
But if they had supplee right nere,
I wate right well withoutten were,
That we shall have to doe in hy:
Therefore lowe ilk man be ready.
With that well nere thretie and ma
Of bow-men came, and bikkered sa:
That they hurt of the Kings men.
The King hes sent his Archers then
To shot, for to put them againe.
With that they entred in the Plaine.
And saw arrayed against them Rand,
In foure battels, fourtie thousand.
The King said, Lordings, now let se,
Who worthie in this fight shall be.
On them withoutten more abare.
So stoutly with that on them they rade,
And assembled so hardely:
That of their foes a great party
Were laid at erd, at their meeting.
There was of speres sik a breisting,
As ather upon other rade,
That it a full great frush hes made;
Horse came there rushing head for head:
So that feill on the ground lay dead.
Many a wight, and worthie man,
As ather upon other ran,
Were dushed dead downe to the ground
That blod ran out at many wound,
In sik effusioun, that eben than,
Of very blod the streames ran:
With weapons that were bright and bare

The

That many a good man died there.
And they that worthie were, and wight,
And stoutly with their foes can fight.
Preasled them formest for to be.
There men might cruell battell see,
And hard bargaine I take on hand.
In all the weare of Ireland,
So great a feghting was not seene,
And when of great victories nineteene,
Sir Edward had withoutten weare.
And that in lesse then in three peare,
And into sundrie battels of tha,
He vanquisht twentie thousand and ma,
With trapped horse even to the feete,
But in all that time he was yet,
By one for five, when leest was he:
But the good king into this melle,
Had alwayes eight of his fa men,
For one, but he so bare him then:
That his good deede and his bountie,
Comforted so all his Penyie:
That the most Toward hardy was,
For where he saw the thickest preasle,
So hardely he on them rade:
And so great roome about him made,
That he slew all he might overtake,
And rudely rushed them aback.
The Erle Thomas that was worthy,
Was in all times neere him by,
And faught as he were in a rage.
So that through their great Vassalage:
Their men sik hardement did take,
That they no perill did forsake:
But them abandoned so stoutly,
And dang on them so hardely,

Till

Till all their foes affrayed were.
And they that saw well by their fare,
That they elsshewed some deill the fight,
They dang on them with all their might,
And prealled dinging on themso fast,
That they the backe gave at the last:
And they that saw them take the flight,
They dang on them with all their might:
And in their fleeing feill can fla.
The Kings men hes chaled sa:
That they discomfist them ilkane.
Richard of Clare the way hes tane
To Deviling in full great hy:
With other Lords that fled him by,
And garnisht both Castell and townes,
That were in their possessioons.
They were so fellounly sleyed there:
That as I trow, Richard of Clare,
Shall have no will to find his might,
In battell, nor in field to fight,
While King Robert, and his Menyie,
Is dwelling into that Countrie.
They stuffed strengths on this wise,
And the King that was so to prise,
Saw in the field right many slaine.
And one of them that there was tane,
That was arrayed full worthely,
He saw him wæp right dulfully.
He asked him why he made sik cheare:
He said, Sir, withoutten wære,
It is no wonder that I græte,
I sæ so many slaine at my fæte,
The floure of all North Ireland,
That hardiest was of heart, and hand
And most douted in hard affay.

en said the King to him, perfay:
ou hast moze cause myths to ma,
hat thou the deed escaped la.
Ichard of Clare on this maner,
And all his foes discomfist were,
ith few folkes as I have to you told,
o when Edward the Bruce sa bold
st that the King had foughten so,
With so many, and he therefro
ght no man see a wraither man,
t the good King said to him then:
hat it was in his owne folie:
e he rade so unwittelie,
far before making no ward.
them that were in the Reregard:
e he said, who on weere would ride,
the Wangard, he should no tide.
ide from his Reregard, far from sight:
e great perill so fall there might.
this fight will I speake no maire,
t the King, and all that were there,
ade forward in a better array,
o neere togidder then ever held they,
hrough all the land they plainlie rade
hey fand none that them obstacle made
hey rade even before Drochynda,
o before Deviling all twa:
t to give battell none they fand.
ne went they Southward in the land,
o right to Lymrik held their way,
hat is the Southmost towne, perfay,
hat in all Ireland may founden be,
here lay he dayes two or three,
o busked syne againe to fare,
o when that they all readie were,

The

The King hes heard a woman cry,
He asked what was that in hye?
It is a Lavender, Sir, said anie,
That her child evill hære hes tane:
And mon leave now behind you here.
Therefore thé makes yone evill cheare,
The King said, Certes, it were pitie,
That she in that time left should bé,
For I trow Certes there is no man,
But he will rew of Woman then.
His Host then all arested he,
And gart a tent sone stented be,
And gart her gang in hastelie,
And other Women be her by:
While she delivered was, he bade,
And syne forth on his wayes rade,
And how she forth should tarried be,
Ere ever he fure, ordained he,
This was a right great courtesie,
To sik a King, and so mightie.
That gart his men dwell on sik maner,
Only for a poore Lavender.
Againe norward they twite their way,
Through all Ireland then passed they.
Through all Connoch, to Deviline,
Throug all Meath and Tyrrell syne,
Through Munster, and through Linster
And syne hastily through all Vlster
To Craigfergus without battell,
For there was none durst him assaile,
The Kings of the Irishrie,
Came to Sir Edward hastilie,
And all maurent can to him ma,
But if that it were one or twa,
To Craigfergus they came againe,

In

...n that way was no bargane:
...t if it any Skirmish were,
...ar is not for to speake of here.
...e Irish Kings everilkane,
...en bone to their repaire are gaine,
...o undertoke in all kin thing,
...r to obey to the bidding
...f Sir Edward, that their King called they,
...e was well set now in good way,
...o conquesse the land haillelie,
...s he had now on his partie
...e Irishry, and all Ulster.
...d he was forth on his Were,
...hat he wes past through all Ireland,
...rom end to end through strength of hand.
...uld he have governed him with skill,
...n followed not to fast his will,
...t with measure have led his deed:
...t was well like withoutten dreed,
...hat he might have conquesstd well,
...e land of Ireland everilk deill.
...d his outraigeous succudry,
...d will that more was then hardy,
...f purpose letted him perfay,
...s hereafter I shall you say.

How Dowglas slew Richmond, syne at meat
In battell their harbreours served in seat.

NOw leave we here the Noble King,
All at ease, and his lyking:
...n speake we of the Lord Dowglas,
...hat left to kepe the Marches was.
...e gart get Wrights that were ler,
...d in the hawgh of Lyntalle,
...e gart them make a faire Paner,

Lyon

And when the Houſe bigged were,
He gart purvay him right well there:
For he thought to make an Infare,
And to make good cheare to his men.
In Richemond there was winning then,
An Erle that called was Sir Thomas,
He had enuy at the Dowglas:
And ſaid, If that he his Banet,
Might ſée diſplaped upon wære,
That ſome on it aſſemble ſhould he.
He hard how Dowglas thought to be.
At Lyntalle a feaſt to ma.
And he gat witting well alſwa,
That the King, and a great Menzie,
Were paſſed then off the Countrie:
And the Erle of Murray Thomas,
Therefore he thought the Countrie was
Fæble of men, for to withſtand
Men that them ſought with ſtalward hand
And of the Marches then had he
The Gobernance and the pauſtie,
He gaddered folke about him then,
While he was well ten thouland men:
And Mood ares gart them take,
For he thought he and his men would make,
To hew downe Jedburgh Forreſt cléne,
That no tree ſhould therin be ſéene,
They held them forth upon their way:
And the good Lord Dowglas, that ay,
Had ſpyes out on everilke ſide.
Got good witting that they would ride,
And come upon them ſuddenlie,
Then gaddered he right haſtelie,
Them that he might of his Menyie,
I trow, that then with him had he

ytie, that worthie wicht and wight,
n at all point armed and dight:
d of Archers a great menyie,
embled als with him had he.
place then was there in the way:
here he wist well that passe would they.
That had wood upon ather side.
The entrie was well large and wide:
d as a Shield it narrowed ay,
While that into a place, the way
Was not a penniestane cast of breid.
The good Lord Dowglas hidder yeid,
When he wist they were nere cummand,
to a Cleugh on the one hand,
ll his Archers embushed he:
d bade they should hold them pryve,
y while they heard them rise the cry:
d then should they shot hardely
mong their foes, and saile them saire:
While that he through them passed were:
d then with him hold forth should they,
Then bykes on ather side the way,
That young and thicke were growing near,
They knit together on sik manere:
That men might no well through them ride.
When this was done, he can abide,
pon the other side of the way:
d Richemond in good array,
ame riding in the first Eschell.
The Lord Dowglas hes sene him well:
d gart his men all hold them still,
While at their hand they came them till.
d entred in the narrow way,
Then with a shout on them set they:
d cried on high, Dowglas Dowglas,

And

And Richmond that right worthie was,
When he had heard so rise the cry,
And Dowglas Baner saw plainely:
He dressed him hidderwards in hy.
And they came on so hardely,
That through them have they made their way,
All that they met to strd dang they.
The Richmond borne downe there was,
And sone arested him Dowglas,
And him reuersed with a knife.
And in that place he left his life,
An hat upon his Helme he bare.
And that tooke Dowglas with him there.
In takinning that it forced was.
And syne in hy his wayes taes,
While in the Wood they entred were.
The Archers well hes tane them there:
For well and hardely shot they.
The Englishmen in great affray
Were set: for Dowglas suddenly
With all them of his company,
Ere ever theywist was in their rout:
And thirled them well nære throughout,
And had almost done his dead,
Ere they to help them could take hede.
And when they saw their Lord was slaine,
They tooke him up, and turned againe,
To draw them fra the shot away,
Then in a Plaine assembled they:
And for their Lord that then was dead,
They chuse them in that ilk stead,
For to take harbry all that night;
And then the Dowglas that was wight,
Gat wit that a Clerke Eleis,
With well three hundreth enemies,

Straight to Lyntalle were gane
To harbyte for their Maist had tane:
Then bidder is he intill in by,
With all them of his companie,
And found Clerke Eleis at the meat,
And all his rout about him set:
Syne they came on them stoutly there,
And with swords that sharplie share
They served them full egerlie.
They were slaine downe so haillelie,
That well neere there escaped nane.
They served them in full great wane,
With shearing swords, and with knives,
That well neere all leesed their lives.
They had a fellown Intermais,
For that subcharge to charging was.
They that escaped there through cace,
To their great Maist the waies taes.
And told, how that their men were slaine
In sleene, that there escaped nane.
And when they of the Maist had heard,
How that Dowglas with them tarde:
That had their herbyours all slaine,
And themselves rushed all againe:
And slew their Lord in mids their rout,
There was none of them all so stout:
That moze will had them to assaile.
Therefoze they habe tane to counsaile,
That time, and to purpose hes tane,
To wend homeward, and home are gane:
And sped them so upon their way,
That to England some commen are they,
The Fozrest left the standing still.
To bew it then they had no will,
And specially while the Dowglas,

So neere hand by their neighbour was:
And he that saw them turne againe,
Perceived well their Lord was slaine:
And by the hat that he had tane,
He wist right well and for me
That taken was sayd him surely,
That Richemound ay commonly,
Was wont that furred hat to were.
Then Dowglas blyther was than nir:
For he wist well that Richemound,
His fellown foe was brought to ground.

SIr James Dowglas on this wise
Throughe his worthyp, and his emprise,
Defended worthely the land.
This point of weere, I take on hand
Was undertane right apertly,
And encheeved right hardely,
For he attoneyed withoutten were.
Tha folke that well ten thouland weren,
With fiftie armed men but ma.
I can als tell you other two
Points: that well encheeved were
With fiftie men: and but all weere,
They were all done so hardelie,
That they were prayled Soueraynely,
Attour all other points of weere,
That in their time encheeved were.
This was the first: that with strife,
Was brought to end, and so stoutly,
In Galloway the other fell,
When as ye heard me before tell,
How Sir Edward the Bruce with strife,
Vanquisht of Saint Iohn Sir Aymery:
And fifteene hundreth men by taile
The third fell into Eskedaile,

When

When that Sir John of Sowles, was
The gobernour of all that place,
And to Sir Andro Herkelay,
With fiftie men befet the way,
That had nære in his compane,
Thræ hundreth Hozsed iolelie.
This Sir John into plaine Pelle,
Though Doberagine hardement, and bountie,
Langniht them sturdelie ilkane,
And Sir Andro in hands hes tane.
I will not reherse now the maner,
For who so liketh they may heare.
Young Wemen when they will, play
Sing it among them eberilke day,
Thir were the wozthie points thræ,
That I trow ever more shall bee
Praised, while men may on them mene,
It is well wozth withoutten wene:
That their names for evermaire,
That in their time so wozthie were,
That men to heare hes yet daintie,
That their worship, and their bountie,
Be alway lasting into loving.
Where he that is Almighties King
Bring them bie up, to Heavens bliss,
Where alwapes lasting loving is.

How the Bishop of Dunkelden syne,
Scomfist the shipmen beside Dumferling.

IN this time that the Richemound,
Was on this maner brought to the ground.
Ben of the coastes of England,
That dwelt in Homber, or nære hand,
Gadered them a great Penyie,
And went in shippes to the sea,

And toward Scotland went in by,
And to the Firth came hastely,
They went to have had all their lyking,
For they wist well that the King
Was then far out of the Countrie,
And with him many of great bountie.
Therefore into the Firth came they,
And endlang it held up their way,
While they beside Innerkething,
On the West halfe toward Dumferling
Tooke Land, and fast begouth to reill.
The Erle of Fyth, and the Shirreffe,
Saw to the Coast shippes approachand,
They gaddered to defend the Land,
And they forgane the shippes ay,
As they sailled they tooke their way,
And thought to let them land to take.
And when the shipmen saw them make
Sik countenance, and sik array,
They said among them, that they
Would not for them let land to ta,
Then to the land they sped them sa,
That they came there in full great by.
And arrived full hardelie,
The Scottishmen saw their comming,
And had thereof sike abasing:
That they all haill did ride them fro,
And the land but stop left them to.
They durst not fight with them, for thy
They withdrew them all haillely,
And yet they were five hundreth nære,
When they away thus riding were,
And no defence begouth to shape,
Of Dunkeldin the good Bishop,
That William was called the Sincler,
Came with a rout on good maner,

I trow on haste they were sixtie,
himselfe was armed jolelie,
He rade upon a stalwarde Steed,
A Chimmer for to beir his weed,
Above his armour had he then,
And armed also were his men.
The Erle and the Shireffe met he,
Riving away with their Penzie,
He asked them well faire what by,
Bade them to turne so hastely:
They said, their foes with stalwarde hand,
Into six fusion had taken land,
That they thought them all out to fell,
And they were few with them to deill.
When the Bishop hard it was sa,
He said, the King ought well to ma
Of you, that takes so well on hand,
In his absence to weare his land.
Certes, if he gart serve you well
The gilt spurres right by the heill,
He should in hy gar hew you fra.
Right worde, with Towards men did so:
Who loves his Lord, and his Countrie,
Come smartlie now againe with me,
With that he kest off his Chimmeere,
And hint in hand a stalwart Speare;
And rade toward his foes in hy,
All turned with him baillelie:
For he had them reprowed so:
That of them all none went him fra.
He rade before them sturdely:
And they followed full manfullie.
While that they were neire approachand,
Unto their foes that had tane land,
And some were knit in good array:
Then some were went to the Ferray. The

The good Bishop when he them saw,
He said, Lordings but dred ye nawe,
Pricke we upon them hardely,
And we shall have them well harkelie.
If they see us come battailing,
So that we heare make no more flinting,
They shall right sone discomfit be,
Now doe ye well, for men shall see:
Who loves the Kings Yemis this day,
Then all togidder in good array,
They pricked upon them fiercely,
The Bishop that was right hardy,
And merkle and starke, rode forward ay.
Then in a frush assembled they:
And they that at their first meeting,
Felt of their speares so faire sowing,
Vanquisht, and would have beene away,
Toward their shippes in hy held they,
And they them chased fellonlie,
And slew them still despeteoulie,
That all the fields overstrowed were,
Of Englishmen that slaine were there:
And they that yet held unslaine,
Prealled them to the sea againe.
And Scottishmen that chased sa:
Slew all that ever they might overta:
But they that fled yet not for thy
So to their shippes can them hy:
That in some baittes so fell can ga:
For that their foes them chased sa:
That they overtumbled: and the men
That were therein, were drowned then.
There did an Englishman that day,
A well great strength, as I heard say,
For when he chased was to the bait,

A Scottishman that him handled hait:
He hint up by the armes twa,
And were he well, or were he wa:
He even upon his backe him flang,
And with him in the baite can gang;
And kest him in even magre his:
This was a well great strength I wis,
The Englishmen that went away,
Toward their shippes in by went they,
And sailed home angry and wa,
That they had bene refuted sa.

The hame-come of King Robert,
Out of Ireland fra Sir Edward.

WHen the Shipmen on this wise,
Was discomfit, as I deuise:
The Bishop that so well him bare,
And had comforted all that were there,
Was yet into the feghting stead,
Where neere twa hundreth well were dead
Withoutten them that drowned were
And when the field was spoyled bare:
They went all home to their repaire.
To the Bishop is it fallen faire:
That through his praise and his bountie,
Encheved sik a great journey,
The King therefore ay fra that day,
Him loved, and praised, and honoured ay:
And had him into sik daintie:
That his owne Bishop him called he.
Thus they defended the Countrie,
On both halfes of the Scots sea.
While that the King out of the land
Was then, as I have borne on hand,
Through all Ireland his conquest made,

And againe to Craigfergus rade.
And when his brother as he were King,
Had all the Irithry at bidding:
And baillely Ulster allswa,
He busked home his way to ga:
And of his men that were most hardy,
And praised als of Chevalry,
With his brother great part left he:
And syne is went into the sea,
When they their liedes on ather party
Had tane, they went to ship in by,
The Erle Thomas with him he had,
And raiked Daile but more abade:
And in the land of Galloway,
Without perill arrived they.
The Lords of the land were fane,
When they wist he was come againe,
And to him went in full great by,
And he received them tenderly.
And made them Feast and gladsome cheare:
And then so wonder blyth they were
Of his comming, as man might say,
Great Feast to him for thy made they.
Where ever he rade, all the Countrie
Gadered in daintie him for to see,
Great gledneſſe was there in the land:
All was then win unto his hand:
Fra the red Syre unto Orknay,
Was none of Scotland fra his fay:
Excepting Barwicke it alane:
That time therein winned ane
That Captaine then was of the towne,
All Scottichmen into ſuſpicioun
He had, and treated them right ill:
He had ay to them right ill will,

And held them all at under ay:
Till that it fell upon a day:
That a Burgesse, Sym of Spalding,
Thought that it was right heavie thing,
In sik sort to rebuted be,
Therefore into his heart thought he,
That he would slely make conayne,
With the Marshall, whose Coulyne
He had wedded to his wife:
And as he thought, he did belyfe:
Letter to him he sent in hy,
With a traist man full prively:
And set him time to come, one night
With ladders, and good men, and wight,
To the Row pat right prively:
And bade him hold his tryst truely:
And he should meete them at the wall:
For ane that night his watch should fall.
When the letters the Marshall saw,
He umbethought him all a little thraw:
For he wist by himselfe, that he
Might nouther of might nor power be:
For to enchæve so great a thing.
And if he tooke to his helping
One another should wraithed be.
Therefore right to the King pæd he
And shewed him betwirt them twa:
The letter, and the charge allwa.
When the King heard that this traine
Was spoken into sik certaine:
That him thought therein no fantise:
He said him, certes thou hes wrought wise
That hes discovered it first to me,
For if thou had discovered thee,
To my Nevoy the Erle Thomas

Thou

Thou should displease Lord Dowglas,
And him also in the contrare,
But I shall worke on his maner:
That thou at thine intent shall be,
And haue of them no maire,
Thou shall take keepe well to thy day,
And with them that thou purchase may,
At Even shall thou embushed be,
In Dunce Parke, but by yvidie:
And I shall gar the Erle Thomas,
And the Lord also of Dowglas,
Aithere with a certaine of men
Be there, to doe as thou shall ken,
The Marshall then but maire delay,
Tooke leave, and held forth on his way,
And held his speech yvidie and still,
Till the day that was set him till.

The winning of Barwicke and the feghting
That was in the towne at the winning.

THen of the best of Lowthiane,
He with him to his tryst hes tane:
For Shireffe then thereof was he.
To Dunce Parke with his menzie
He came at Even full yvidie
And syne with a good companie,
Sone after came the Erle Thomas,
That was met with the Lord Dowglas,
A right faire companie there were,
When they were met togidder there.
And when the Marshall the commune,
To both the Lords, lone by lyne
Had told, they went forth on their way,
Far from the towne their horse left they,
To make it short, so wrought they then,

That but seeing of any men.
Duttane Sym of Spalding allane,
That gart that thing be undertane,
They set their Ladders to the Wall,
And but perceiving came in all:
And held them in a nuke patie,
While that the night should passed be,
For ordainde that the most partie
Of their men should gang sikkerlie
With their Lords, and hold a Taill,
And the remnand should all baille,
Skaill through the towne, and take and sla,
All the men they might overta.
Bot some his ordinance brake they,
For als soone as it dawen was day,
The two part of their men and moe,
All skailled through the towne can goe,
So gredie for to get the good,
That they ran eben as they were wood,
And sleged Houses and slew men,
And they that saw their foes then,
Come upon them so suddenlie,
Throughout the towne they raisde the cry,
And shot together here and there.
And ape as they assembled were
They would abide and make debate:
And they berne warned well I wate,
They should have sold their lives deare,
For they were good men: and all they were
Far moe, then they were that them sought:
But they were skailled so that they moght
On no maner assembled be.
There was great melles two or three:
That their foes all rushed were,
But Scottishmen so well them bare:

And

And diſrayed at the laſt were ſa:
That they all hauld the flight can ta.
Some gat the Caſtell, but not all,
And ſome were ſlidden oder the wall,
And ſome were into hands tane:
And ſome were in the bargane ſlaine,
On this wiſe them contened they,
Till it was nere none of the day,
Then they that in the Caſtell were,
And other that fled were to them there.
That were a right great companie,
When they the Waners ſo ſimplie
Saw ſtand, and ſtuffed with ſo wheene,
Their paites habe they opned ſone,
And ſhed on them hardelie.
The Erle Thomas that was worthie,
And the gud Lord als of Dowglas,
With all the folke that with them was,
Met them ſtoutly with weapons ſeir,
Then men might ſee who had beene neere,
Men abandoun them hardely:
And Engliſhmen faught cruelly
And with all mights can them paine,
To ruſh the Scottiſhmen againe,
I trow, they had done ſo perfay,
For they were fewer far than they,
Had it not beene a new made Knight
That to his name Sir William hight
Of Keith, and of the Galliſtoun,
He heght through difference of Surnoun:
That bare him right well that day.
And put him to ſo hard aſſay,
That he ſtk dints about him dang,
That where he ſaw the thickeſt thrang,
He preaſſed with ſo merkle might:

...o so enforcedlie can fight.
...hat he made to their Semple way:
...o they that nere were to him ay,
...ang on their foes so hardely:
...hat they habe tane the bache in hy.
...o to the Castell held their way:
...ith great mischiefe there entred they:
...o they were preassed there so fast;
...hat they left many of the last.
...ut they that entred not for thy,
...ekid the gates right hastelie.
...o in hy to the walles ran:
...o they were not all ekker then.

Here sent they word to the King,
Come to the Castell yeelding.

The towne was tane upon this wise.
Through great worthip and great emprise:
...nd all the good that they there fand:
...as feeld battle in their hand.
...attaile they fand in great fassoun,
...nd all that serued to stuffe a towne,
...hat keeped they from destroying.
...nd syne hes sent word to the King,
...nd he was of that tything blyth,
...nd sped him hidderward full swyth,
...nd as he through the Countrie rade,
...en gaddered to him while he had
...l meikle rout of worthie men,
...nd the folke that were winning then,
...n the Mers and Teuidaile:
...nd in the Forrest als all haill:
...nd the East end of Lowthiane:
...efore that the King came, are gane
...o Berwicke with a stalwart hand:

That nane that was that time command,
On pond syde Tweede durst well appeare,
And they that in the Castell were.
When that their foes on syde plentie,
Saw before them assembled bee,
And had none hope of restrewing,
They were abaised in great thing.
But they the Castell not for thy,
Held syve daies right stedely:
And paild it on the sext day.
Syne to their Countrie home went they.

Here Walter Setwart tooke of the King,
Baith Towne, and Castell in keeping.

Thus was the Castell, and the Toun,
To Scottishmens possessioun
Brought and sone after the King
Came ryding with all his gadderyng
To Barwicke: and in the Castell,
He was harbrzed both faire, and well:
And his great Lords all him by.
The remnand all commonly,
To harbrze in the toun are gane.
The King hes then to counsell tane,
That he would not breake down the wall,
But Castell and the toun withall:
Stuffed wellwith men and with vittaile,
And all kin other apparile,
That might apaile or pot mister:
To hold Castell, or toun of weare.
And Walter Stewart of Scotland,
That then was young and hastyeand,
And sonne in law to the good King,
Had ay sik will, and sik yarning,
Weare hand the Marches for to be.

at Berwicke in kepyng then towke he,
receyved of the kyng the towne,
the Castell, and Burrowgrum.
he kyng gart men of great Nobillay,
ome in England for to take Pray,
brought out great plentie of fe:
with some Countries trewes towke he,
battaile that in great fullsum,
gart bring fmertly to the towne:
that both Town and Castell were
ufked well for one yeere or maire,
¶ The good Stewart of Scotland then,
ent for his freinds and his men,
ll he had with him but Archers,
nd but Burgesses, and Aullters,
fyue hundreth men wight and hay,
hat bare armes of Ancestray,
ohn Crab a Fleming als had he,
hat was of so great subtelte,
o ordaine, and to make apparaile,
or to defend and to assaile,
Castell of weare, or ther Citie:
hat no fleear might founden be.
gart Ingines, and Traines mu,
nd purvayed great fires assus,
fyre-galdes, and thoe on fetr manere,
hat to defend Castell effeires:
e purvayed into full great wame,
ut gunnes for eraches had they wane.
ey yet in Scotland then but weene
he use of them had not bene seene.
nd when the towne upon this wise,
was stuffed (as I here devise)
he Noble King his way hes tane,
ridden toward Louthiane:

And

And Valter Stewart that was stout,
He left in Barwice with a rout;
And ordained full for apparaile,
To defend, if men would assaile.

## The King of England his power, Gaddered to siege Barwike but weere.

When to the King of England,
Was told, how that with stalwart hand
Barwike was tane, and stuffed syne,
With men, and armour, and vittaile fyne;
He was annoyed gretumly,
And gart be summond hastely
His counsell. and hes tane to reed,
That he his Host would hidder lead:
And with all might that he might get,
Unto the tour a Siege set:
And gart dyke them so stalwartly,
That while they liked there to ly,
They should far out the furer be.
And if the men of the Countrie,
With strength of folke would them assaile
At their dykes in plaine battaile:
They should auantage have greatly,
Although forsooth it great folp
Were, for to assaille into feghting,
At their dykes so starke a Ring.
When his counsell on this maner
Was tane, he gart from far and ner
His men hastily assembled be.
A great Host with him then had he,
Of Longcastell the Erle Thomas,
That syne was Sanct, as some men sayes,
Into his companie was there.
And all the Erles als that were

In England wantly for to fight,
And Barouns als of mekle might,
With him to that allege had he:
And gart the shippes by the sea,
Bring shot, and other apparell,
And great Garnitoun als of vittell,
To Barwike then with his Menyie
And with his batteis arrived came he.
And to the Lords ilkane lugdy,
Ordainde a feld for their barby
Then men might se their Pauilloun,
Be stented on sindrie fassoun,
So feill that they a Toun made there:
Syne then both Toun and Castell were,
On ather halfe syne, on the sea.
Their shippes came in sik plentie,
With vitaile arming and with men,
That all the haven was stopped then.
And when they that were in the toun,
Saw their foes in sik fassoun,
By sea, and land come sturdely:
Then they as wight men, and hardy,
Shupe them sone to defend their Steid,
That they in attentoun of their dead,
Should put them, or then rush againe
Their foes: for their Capitaine
Created them so lovingly:
And therewith als the maist party
Of them that armed with him were,
Were of his blood, or sib men nere:
Or els they were of him allye.
Of sik comfort men might them se;
And als so fair in their contening:
That none of them had abasing,
Upon the day well armed were they.

And in the nights well watched ay.
Well ser dayes they so abade,
That they no full great bargane had.

How Englishmen dyked them about,
And syne went to the Siege but dout.

Into this time as I tell here,
That they withoutten bargane were,
The Englishmen so closed had,
Their Host, with dykes that they made,
That they were strengthned gretumlie,
Dyne with all hands bustlie,
They shup them with their apparell,
Them of the towne for to assaile:
And on our Ladies Even Mary,
That bure the birth that all can by,
That men calls her Natinitie:
Soone in the morning men might see
The English Host armed them in by,
And display Banere sturdelie,
And assembled to their Baners,
With Instruments on seir maners:
As Scaffolds, Ladders, and Coverings,
Pikkes, Howes and and ehe staffs slings,
To like Lord, and his battell,
Was ordained where they should assaile,
And they within, when that they saw
These men so raping them on a raw,
To their wairdes they went in by,
That were stuffed so stalwardly,
With stones and shot, and other thing,
That needed to their defending.
And into sik maner abade
Their foes, that to them sailyie made.
When they without were all readie,

The

They trumped to the assault in hy,
And like man with his apparile,
Where he should be went to assaile.
To like Rymell that there were,
Archers to shot assigned are.
And when on this wise they were bowne,
They went in hy toward the towne,
And filled the Dykes right hastelie,
Syne to the walles right hardelie,
They went with Ladders that they had.
But they so great defence hes made,
That were abone upon the Wall:
That both Ladders, and men withall,
They gart fall flatlings to the ground.
Then men might se in little stound.
Men assailing right hardelie,
Spealing up Ladders doughtelie:
And them abone defending well,
Tumbling them downe to their unsell.
With great annoy defended they
Their towne: for if we the soth shall say.
The walles of the towne they were
So law: that a man with a Speare,
Might stryke another upon the face
And the shot als so thicke it was,
That it were wonder for to se.
And Walter Stewart with a Penzis,
Rade aye about for to se where
That for to helpe most misser were.
And where men preassed most he made
Succours, to them that misser had,
The mony folke that were without.
Had inuironed the towne about:
So that no part of it was free.
Their men might the assailyeares se,

Abandonn them right barelie:
And the defenders doughtelie,
With all their mights can them paine,
To put their foes force againe.
On this wise them contened they,
While None was passed of the day
Then they that in the shippes were,
Ordained a ship with full great fare,
To come with all their apparaile,
Right to the wall for to assaile.
To the mid Mast their baite they drew,
With armed men therein anew:
A brig they had for to let fall,
Right from the baite upon the wall:
With Barges by they can her tow,
They prealled her right fall to row,
Beside the Brighouse to the Wall:
On that intent they set them all:
They brought her while she came well nere
Then men might see on sek maner,
Some men defended, and some assaile,
Full bustlie, with hard battell,
They of the towne so well them bare,
That the shipmen so handled were:
That they the shippe on no maner,
Might gar come to the wall so nere:
That there Fall brig might reeke theretill,
So long abade they feghting still,
While that shee ebbed to the ground,
Their men might in a little stound,
See them by farre of war comme,
Then they were ever that was therein,
And when the Sea was ebbed so,
That men all dry might to her goe.
Out of the towne ished in by

To her a well great compante:
And fire in her hes kendled lowne.
Into short time to have they done,
That into fire they gart her birne,
And many slaine, that was therein:
And some were fled and away gane,
In Ingynour there have they taine,
That was slæst of that misstære,
That men will outher far, or nære
Into the towne syne entred they,
Ye sell them happilie that day:
That they got in so hastely,
For there came a great company,
In full great hy up by the sea,
When they the shippe saw burning hie,
Fat ere they came, the other was past,
The pait they barred, and closed fast,
The folke assailyied fast that day,
And they within defended ay:
On sik a wise, that they that were,
With sik a force assailyeing there,
Might doe their will on no manere,
And when the Euensong time was nære,
The folke without that were wearie,
And some wounded full cruellie.
Saw them within defend them sa.
And saw it was not eith to ta
The towne while sik defence were made.
By them that within the stæring had,
The Host saw that their ship was hynt,
And of their men some in hy were tynt,
And there folke wounded and weary,
They gart blow the retreat in hy,
Fra the shipmen rebuted were,
They læt the other assaile no maire:

For through the shipmen they weind ilkane,
That they the towne should well have tane,
And men sayes, that no ships then sa,
Pressed that time the towne to ta:
But for that there was burnt but ane,
And the Ingynour therein was tane,
Here therefore mention mave I,
But of one ship alanerlie.

When they blowen had the retreat,
Tha folk that tholed paines great:
Withdrew them haillie fra the wall,
The assault have they left with all,
And they within that wearie were,
And monie of them wounded saire,
Were blyth and glad when they them saw,
So in haile battell them withdraw:
And fra they wist surelie, that they
Held to their Pauillions the way,
They set good watches to their wall,
Syne to their Innes went they all:
And eased them that wearie were:
And als them that were wounded saire,
Had good leeches, forsooth I bight:
That helped them with all their might,
On ather side wearie were they:
That night they did no more perfay.
Fiue daies after they were still,
That none to other did great ill.

Here sent King Robert in England,
Dowglas and Murray with stalward hand.

Now leave we thir folke here stand,
All still (as I have borne on hand)
And turne the course of our carping,
To Sir Robert the noughtie King:

That assembled both far and nere,
In Oast, and when he wist but were
That the King so of England,
Had alleged with stalward hand,
Barwike, where Walter Stewart was,
To purpose with his men he tas,
That he would not sa sone assaile,
The King of England with battaile,
And at his dykes especially,
For it might well turne to sely.
Therefore he ordainde Lords twa,
The Erle of Murray was one of tha:
The other was the Lord Dowglas,
And fiftéene hundreth men to passe
In England, for to burne and sla:
And so great ryote there to ma,
That they that lay sieiging the toun,
When they heare the destructioun,
That they should into England ma:
Should be so dreading, and so wa:
For their Children, and for their Wines,
That they should dreed to lose th.ir lives,
And their to goods also, that they
Should dreede they should behad away,
And they should leave the Siege in hy
And wend to reskew hastely
Their goods, their freinds, and their land:
Therefore (as I have borne on hand)
Thir Lords sent he forth in hy
And they their wayes held hastely.
In England gart they burne and sla:
And wrought therein so meekle wa:
Ay as they fore throughe the Countrie,
That it was pitie for to see

To them that would it any gwd:
For they destroyed all as they yode.
So long they rade destroying sa:
That they trauersed oft to and fra:
So that they commen are to Kepoun,
And destroyed hailely that Town.
At Borrow brig their harbery
They toke, and at Midcoun there by.
And when the men of that Countrie,
Their men saw so destroyed be,
They gaddered into full great by.
Archers, Burgesses, and Pemanry,
Priests, Clarkes, Abbots, Freres,
Husbands, and men of all missers,
While they togidder assembled were,
Well twentie thousand men and maire:
Right gwd armour enough they had.
The Arch-bishop of Yorke they made
Their Capitaine, and to counsaile
Yes tane, that they in plaine battaile,
Would assaile the Scottishmen,
That far fewer than they were then.
Then he displayed his Baner,
And other Bishops that were there,
Gart display their Banes alswa.
And in a rout forth can they ga,
Toward Midtoun the readie way,
And when the Scottishmen heard say,
That they were to them comming nere:
They busked them on their best manere:
And delt them into battels twa,
Dowglas the Vangard can ma,
And the Rerregard made Erle Thomas,
(For Capitaine of the Dell he was)
And so ordained in gwd array,

Toward

Toward their foes they held the way.
When that they had of other sight,
They prealled on both the halfes to fight.
The Englishmen came right sadly,
With good countenance, and hardy,
Right in a fromt with their Baner.
While that their foes came so ner:
That they their visage well might se.
That speare length, trow I it might be
Betwirt them, then fis abailling
Loke them that but assonyeing.
They take the backe, and all to ga.
When Scottishmen hes seene them sa
Affrayedly flee all their way,
In great hy upon them set they,
And slew, and take a great party:
That the lave fled full affrayedly,
As they best mought, to seke warrand.
They were chased so nere at hand,
That well a thousand died there.
And of tha yet thare hundreth were
Priests that died in that place.
Therefore that bargaine called was,
The Chapter of Midroun: for there
Slaine so monie Priests were.

The other assault of Barwicke,
That was right sharpe to the Scots kinrike.

When that thir folke discomfist was,
And Scottishmen had left the chase,
They went then forward in the land,
Slaying, destroying, and burnand.
Then they that at the Siege lay,
Ere it was past the fift day,
Had made them swethe apparaile,

To

To gang eft ſones to aſſaile.
Of great Oeiſts a Dow they made,
That ſtalward beilling out with baid:
Mith armed men anew therein,
And Inſtruments for to myne,
Dundrie Scaffolds they made withall,
That were far hier then the Wall,
And ordainde als that by the ſea,
The towne ſhould right well aſſayed bee:
And they within that them ſa,
Do great apparell to them ma,
Throngh Crabbes counſell that was ſlee,
A Crane they habe gart dreſſe up hie,
Rinning on weeles that they might bring
It where that need were of helping:
And picke, and tar all habe they tane,
And Lynt, and Hardes and Mainſtane,
And dype tre that would well birne,
And melled ather other in:
And great Faggots thereof they made,
Girthed with Irne bands braide.
The Faggots well might meaſured bee,
To a great tunnes quantitie:
The Fagots burning in a baill,
Mith their Cran thought they ſhould anaile:
And if the Dow come to the wall,
To let it burning on her fall:
And with a ſtarke Chenyie hold it there:
Mhile all were burnt up that there were,
Ingins alſo for to caſt,
They ordained and made readie faſt:
And ſet like man to his ward.
And Sir VValter the good Stewart
Mith armed men ſhould ride about,
And ſee where that there was moſt dout.

ad succour there with his menzie,
as when they into like degree.
ad made them for their assailyeing,
In the Rood Eden in the dawing,
The English Hoste blew to assaile.
There might men see with sein apparaile,
The great Hoste come full sturdelie.
The towne inuironed they in by,
And assailyied with full great will:
For all their might they let theretill,
Full they them preassed to the towne:
But they that can them abandoun
To dead, or then to woundis fair:
Be well hes them defended there,
That Ladders to the ground they slang,
And with stones so fast they dang
Their foes, that feill they left lying,
Some dead some hurt, and some swouning,
But they that held on fote, in by,
Drew them away deliberly,
And sojournde there for no kin thing,
That went stoutlie to assailyeing.
And they above defended ay,
And set them to so hard assay:
While that feile of them wounded were,
And they so great defence made there,
That they stinted their foes might,
Upon like maner can they fight,
While it was nere None of the day,
Then they without in great array,
Preassed their Dow toward the wall,
And they within right fone gart call,
The Inginer that taken was,
And great mannance to him maes:
And swore that he should die, but he,

Preved

Præbed on the Dow fik subtelte,
That he should truth her like dede:
And he that hes perceived well,
That the dead was nære him till,
But if he might fulfil their will,
Thought that he all his might would doe.
Bended in great hy then was sho,
And to the Dow was then shen set.
In hy he gart draw the Cleiket:
And smartly swapped out a stone.
That even ober the Dow is gone,
And behinde her a little wie,
It fell: and then they cried hie.
That were in her forth to the wall,
For dreedlesse it is ours all,
The Ingynour then deliberte,
Gart bend the gyne full hastelie,
That kest the stone right smertly out.
It flew over whiddering in a rout,
And fell right even before the Dow,
Their heartes then begouth to grow.
But yet they with their mights all,
Prealled the Dow toward the wall.
And hes her set thereto cunningly.
The Ingynour then gart bend in hy
The gyn, and swakked out a stone,
That even toward the Lift is gone,
And with great weight duthed downe,
Right by the wall in a randonn,
And hit the Dow in sik a maner,
That it that was the most sower:
And starkest for t ostint strake,
In sunder with that dusly he brake.
The men ran forth in full great hy.
And on the walles they can cry:

That their Sow fertled was there.
John Crab that had his geare all there.
In the Faggots has set a fire,
And ouer the walles fone ran it wyre,
And burnt the Sow in brandes bare,
With this all fast assailzeing were
The folke without with fellown fight.
And they within with mickle might,
Defended manfully that stead
Into great aventure of their deed,
The shipmen with great apparaile,
Came with their shipes to assaile.
With Topcasteles garnisht well,
And with men armed into steele,
Their baites up in mides their Mall,
Drawne well hie, and fastned fall,
And prealled with their great aventure,
Toward the wall: but the Ingpnour
Pit an Alpine with a stone,
That the men that were therein vkane,
Came downe dushting on the land.
Fra hinefouth durst none take on hand,
With shippes to preasse them to the wall,
But the laide were assailzeing all,
On everilke side so egerlie:
That Certes, it was great ferlie,
That tha folke sik defence hes made:
For the great mischif they then had:
For their walles so lold they were,
That a man right with a speare,
Might strike another up in the face:
As here before told to you it was,
And feill of them were wounded saire:
And the leade so fast travelling were:
That none had laiser rest to ta;

Their

Their adversaries them assayed sa:
They were therein so straitly stad,
That their Wardane with him had,
An hundreth men in companie,
Armed, that wight were and hardie,
And rade about for to se where,
That his folke hardest prealled were:
But he of his haill companie,
Behoved to leave a great partie.
So that by he a courie had made
About, of all his men he had,
There was left with him onlie ane:
For he had them left evertilkane,
To relive where he saw mister:
And the folke that assailyeing were,
At Mary yait, they hewed had
The Barres, and a fire had made
At the Draw-brig, and burnt it down:
And were thringing in great fusioun,
Right to the yait a fire to ma.
And they within gart smertly ga,
Right to the Wardane for to say,
How they were set in hard assay.
And when Sir VValter Stewart heard
How that his men so straitly sarde,
He gart come fra the Castell then,
All that were there of armed men:
For there that day assailyied nane.
And with that rout in by is gane,
To Mary yait, and to the wall
Is went, and saw the perill all.
And unbethought him suddenly,
Wat if great helpe were sent in by
Thereto, they should burne up the yait,
With the fire that he found thereat.

Thereto

Therefore upon great hardement,
He indenlie set his intent:
And gart all wide set up the pait,
And the fire that he found thereat,
With strength of men he put away.
He set him in full greet assey:
For they that were assailyeing there
Assailed on him with weapons bare:
And he defended with all his might.
There men might see a fellom fight,
With sticking, stopping, and straiking:
There made they sturdy defending,
Ingre their foes, while the night:
Gart them on both haltes leave the fight.
They of the Wast, when night can fall,
Fra he assault withdrew them all:
Wounded, and wearie, and forbest,
With faintnesse there the Wault they left,
And to their Innes they went in hy,
And set their Watches hastely.
The lave them eased, as they might best:
For they had great mister of rest.
That night they spake all commonly,
Of them within, and had ferly,
That they so stoute defence had made,
Against the great assault they had:
And they within on other party,
When they their foes so battisly
Saw them withdraw they were all blyth:
And their Watches hes ordainde swyth:
And syne are to their Innes gane.
There was but few of them then slaine,
But fell were wounded cruelly.
The leave out of measure were weary.
It was an hard assault, perfay:

For

For certainly I heard men say,
That no few men more defence had made:
That so right sharpe assailyeing had,
And of one thing that there befell,
I have ferly, that I of tell:
That is, that into all that day,
When all the most assailyied they:
And the shot thickest was withall,
A Woman with barnes, and children small
In armes full gaudered up, and bare,
To them that on the walles were,
Arrowes, and not ane staine was there:
Nor yet wounded, and that was maire.
To a miracle of GOD all thing thy,
And to noughteis it set can I.
On ather side, that night they were
All still, while on the morne but maire,
There come tythings out of England,
To the Oast that was mickyland:
How that at Borrowbrig by Midroun,
Their men were slaine and downgen down:
And that the Scottithmen through the land,
Rade yet burning, and slayand,
And when the King has heard this tale,
His counsell he assembled hale,
To see, whidder better were him till,
Abide about the towne all still:
And assaile while it winnen were:
Or then in England for to fare:
And reskew his land, and men.
His counsell fast disconsden then:
For the South men would that he made
Arest there, while he winnen had
The towne, and the Castell alswa.
But Northy men would not ying swa:

They dred their friendes for to tyne,
And moſt part of their gwds tyne,
Through Scottiſhmens crueltie.
They would be lert the Siege be,
And ride for to reſkew the land.
Of Longcaſtell, I take on hand:
The Erle Thomas was one of tha,
That counſeled the King home for to ga.
And for that, more enclined he,
To the folke of the North Countrie:
Then to the Southeroun mens will,
He take it to ſo mickle ill,
That he gart turſe his geare in hy,
And with his battell haſtely:
That of the Maſt nere third part was,
To England home his waies taes,
But lie be he home hes tane his gate:
Therefore fell after ſik debate,
Betwert him and the King, that ay
Leſted, and Andro Herkelay
That through the King was on him ſet,
Take him tyne, and into Pumfret,
Into the Hill beſide the towne
Strake off his head but ranſoun.
Therefore tyne hanged and drawn was he,
And with him a great Menyie.
Sen tyne ſaid efter that this Thomas,
That on this wiſe martyred was,
Was tyne a Saint, and mirackles did:
Bot ennie then gart them be hid.
Bot whidder he holie was or nane,
At Pumfret thus gate was he ſlaine.
And tyne the King of England,
When that he ſaw him take on hand,
To paſſe his way ſo openlie.

He thought that perill it was to ly,
His Harnelle therefore inclod he,
And with the leave of his Seruite,
To Englaud home can he fare.
The Scottishmen that destroying were
Throughout England full cruelly,
Burning and wasting right rigorously,
When that they have heard tythings tell
Of this great Seige that was to fell,
That they all stailled were and gane,
Unto England home againe.
So that their folkes relieved were,
And set now free from all danger.
Then did they take Westward the way,
And by Carlile returnd are they,
With praise, and with prisoners,
And other goods on fete maneers,
The Lords to the King are gane.
The King (I with) was wonder fane,
That they returned hail and fare,
And that they sped on that maneere,
That they their foes discomfit had,
And but tynsell of men had made
Recourse to them, that in Barwike
Were alleged right faire and thicke,
That into full great danger wes,
Through strength of them that sieged wes.
And when the King had speered tithand,
How they had farne into England,
And of their journey what progresse,
That they have had, and what successe:
And they have told him all their faire,
How Englishmen discomfit were,
Right blyth into his heart was he,
And made them feast with game and gle.

Barwike

Barwike was on this maner
Reskewed, and they that therein were,
He was worthie a Prince to be,
Through manhede, and subtilitie,
That could with wit so hie a thing,
Put tynsell bring to gud ending,
To Barwike tyne the King goes,
And when he heard syne how it was
Defended so owre manfullie,
He loved them that were there greitlie.
Walter Stewarts great wourtie,
Attour the lave commended he,
For the right great defence he made,
At the yeit, where men wount had
The brig, as yee heard me denise.
And Certes, he was mickle to praise:
That so stoutlie with plaine feghting,
At open Yate mave sik defending.
Sight he had lived, while he had bene,
Of persite eild, without ten wene,
His Renowne should have streiked fer,
But death that watches ever ner,
Into the flour of his Youthhed,
Gave end of all his daughtie dede,
As I shall tell furthermaire.
When the King had a while bene there;
He sent for Masouns far and nere,
That sleest were of that mistere:
And gart well ten fote hie the wall,
About Barwike the towne ober all.
And syne toward Louthiane,
With his Menzie he gate hes tane,
And syne he gart ordaine in hy,
Both armed men, and Pennanrie,
Into Ireland in hy to fare,

To helpe his brother that was there.
But he that reft annoyed ay,
And would in travell hir allway,
Ane day before the arriving
Of them, were sent him from the King,
He toke his way Southward to fare,
Magre them all that with him were.
For he had not then in that land,
Of all men (I trow) twa thousand.
Except the Kings of the Irishrie,
That in great routes rade him by.
Toward Dondalk he toke his way:
And when Richard of Clare heard say,
That he came with a few menzie:
All that he might assembled he
Of all Ireland of armed men,
So that he had there with him then,
Of trapped Horses twentie thousand,
By them that were on fot gangand:
And held forth Northward on his way,
And when Sir Edward heard men say,
That commen neere to him was he,
He sent Discurreours him to se,
The Sowles and the Stewart were they
And als Sir Philip the Mowbray,
And when they seene had their comming,
They went againe to tell tithing:
And said, they were well many men,
In hy Sir Edward answered then:
And said, that he should feght that day,
Though five, or sire times mae were they
Sir John Stewart said sicherlie,
I reede pe feght not in sike hy,
Bot layes your brother is cummand,
With sifteene hundreth men at hand.

And were they knit with you, ye might
Bide stalwartlie the fight.
Sir Edward loked right angerlie
And to the Sowles said in hy:
What sayest thou? Sir, hee said, perfay,
As my Fellow said, Sir, I say,
Then to Sir Philip the Mowbray said he,
Sir (said he) so our Lord me sæ,
We thought it folie for to byde
Fone men that spædes them for to ride:
For we are few, our foes are feill,
God may right well our Weirds deill,
But it were wonder that our might
Should overcome so feill in fight.
Then with great ire (alace) said he,
I weind never to have heard that of thæ:
Now help who will, for sickerly
This day but more bade fight will I.
Shall no man say while that I die,
That strength of men shall gar me flæ.
GOD shield that any should us blame,
That we defile our Noble fame.
Now be it swagait then (said they)
We shall take that God will purvay,
And when the Kings of Irishry,
Heard say, and wist it sickerly,
That their King with so whæne wald fight
Against so many of mækle might:
They came to him in full great hy,
And counselde him full tenderly,
For to bide with his men, and they
Should hold their foes all that day
Doing, and on the morne alswa,
With their assaults that they should ma.
But there might no counsell availe,

He would all gaites to the battell.
And when they saw he was so thra
To fight, they said, ye may well ga:
But we will quite us utterlie,
To fight with yone great companie,
For none of us will stand to fight:
Trust not therefore into our might:
For our maner is in this land,
To follow, and to fight fleeand,
And not to stand in plaine Pelle,
While the one part discomfist be.
He said, sen that your custome is,
I aske no more of you, but this,
That is, that ye and your Menyie,
Would altogidder arraped be,
And stand on farre but departing,
And see our feght, and our ending.
They said, well, that they should doe sa:
And syne toward their foes can ga.
They were well threttie thousand nere,
Edward, and they that with him were,
They were not fully two thousand,
Arraped then stalwardly to stand,
Against threttie thousand and ma,
Sir Edward that day would not ta,
His Coat-armour, but Gib Harper
That man held as withoutten peere,
Of his estate, had on that day,
All haill Sir Edwards array.
The feght abade they on this wise,
And in great hy their enemies,
Came to allemble all ready.
And they met them right hardely.
They were so few the soth to say,
That rushed with their foes were they:

And they that most preallit to stand,
Were slaine downe: and the remanand
Fled to the Irish for succour.
Sir Edward that had sik valour
Was dead, and Sir John Stewart allswa,
And Sir John Sowles als with tha.
And other of their company:
They vanquisht were so suddenly,
That few into the Plaine were slaine,
For the lane hes their wayes tane:
To the Irish Kings that were there,
That in haill battell bowing were.
John Thomson that was leader
Of them of Carrike that were there.
When he saw the discomfiting,
Withdrew him to an Irish King,
That of his acquaintance had he:
And he received him in daintie.
And when John commen was to the King
He saw men lead fra the feghting,
Sir Philip Mowbray the wight,
That had bene discomfit in the fight:
And by the armes led was he,
With two men upon the Causey,
That was betwixt them and the town,
That streiked long in a randoun:
Toward the toun they held their way,
And when in mids the Causey were they,
Sir Philip of his dealpnes
Overcame, and perceived he was
Tane, and swagaites led with twa,
The one he swakked swne him fra,
And syne the other in great by.
He drew his sword deliverly,
And to the fight the way he tacs,

Endlang the Caulley that there was
Filled into so great fusloun
Of men, that went then to the toun.
And he that met them, can them ma,
Sik payment, where he can them ta,
That well an hundreth men gart he,
Leave magre theirs the Caulley,
And John Thomson said surelie,
That saw his deedes all hailelie,
That toward the battell even he yede,
John Thomson thereto tooke good heed,
And cried to him in full great hy,
That they were vanquisht all plainely:
And said, come here: for there is nane
On life, for they are dead illkane.
Then stood he still a whyle, and saw
That they were all done out of daw:
Syne went he toward him sikkerlie,
This John wrought syne so wittelie,
That all that bidder fled they were
Come to Craigfergus haile and feere,
Although they left some of their geare.
And they that at the fighting were,
Sought Sir Edward to get his head,
Among the folke that there was dead:
And found Gib Harper in his geare:
And for so good his armings were,
They strake his head off; and syne it,
They have gart salt into a kit:
And in a present but bething
In England sent it to the king.
They weind Sir Edward it had beene:
But for the arming that was cheene,
They of the head deceived were:
Although Sir Edward died there.

On this wise were the Noble men,
Through wilfulnesse, all lossed then,
And that was sin, and great pitie:
For had their outragious bountie,
Bene led with wit, and with measure,
Yat if the more misaventure
Befell them it should bene hard thing,
Should lead them to discomforting,
Yat great outragious sucoudrie,
Cart them all deare their worship buy:
And they that fled from the Pelle,
Sped them in by toward the Sea:
And to Craigfergus commen are they:
And they that were into the way,
To Sir Edward, sent from the King,
When they heard the discomfiting,
To Craigfergus they went againe,
And that was not withoutten paine,
For they were many times that day
Assailyied with Irishrie: but they
Held them together sikkerlie,
Defending them so worthelie:
That they escaped oft through might,
And many times oft by slight.
For oft there to themselves gave they,
To let them skaithlesse passe away.
And to Craigfergus came they sa,
Then baits and shipmen they ta,
And sailled to Scotland into by,
And arrived all there safelie.
When they of Scotland had witting,
Of Sir Edwards discomfiting:
They meened him full tenderlie,
Over all the land full commonly:
And they that with him slaine were there.

Full tender als meened they were.
Sir Edward Bruce, as is said afre,
Was discomfist on this maner:
And when the fielde was cleanged cleene,
So that no resistance there was seene,
The Wardane then Richard of Clare
With all the folkes that he had there,
Toward Dondalke hes tane the way,
So that no debate made they:
At that time with the Irithry,
But to the towne they held in hy,
And syne hes sent to the King,
That England had in goverming,
Gib Harpers head into a kit,
John Mowppas to the King had it:
Whilke he received in great daintie,
Right blith of that Present was he.
For he was glad, that he was was so
Delibered of sike a fellown foe,
In heart thereofhetoke sike pride,
That in all haste he would ride,
With a great Host into Scotland,
To revenge him with stalward hand,
Of the tray, travell, and the teene,
That done to him therein had beene.
Then a right great Host gaddered hee,
And gert his shippes by the sea.
Come with great fustoun of vittaile.
For at that time he thought all baill,
For to destroy so cleane Scotland,
That none should be therein liuand,
And with his Host in great arrap
Toward Scotland he toke the way.
And when King Robert wist that he
Came on him with sik a Menzie,

He gaddered men both far and nere,
While so fell commen to him were.
And was als for to come him to:
That him thought he should well doe:
He gart withdraw all the Cattell.
Of Lowthiane everilkdeill.
And into strengthis gart them beld,
And ordainde men to defend that stead:
And with his Host all still he lay,
At Colros: for he would assay,
To gar his foes through fasting
Be feeble, and through long waking.
And fra hee feeblished had their might.
Assemble with them he would to fight.
He thought to worke upon this wise,
And Englishmen through great Maistries,
Came with their Host to Louthiane,
And then to Edinburgh are they gane,
And there abade dayes three.
Their ships that were upon the sea
Had the wind contrare to them ay:
So that upon no maner of way,
Power they had to the Firth to bring
Their vittaile to relieve their King:
And they of the Host that failyied meat,
When they saw that they might not get
Their vittailes to them by the sea,
They sent then forth a great Menpie,
For to forray all Louthiane.
But Cattell have they founden nane.
Except a Kow that was haltand,
That in Tranent towne they fand.
And when the Erle of Warrane,
Saw their Forrayours come againe.
And a Kow anerly come sa:

Hee

He asked if they found no ma?
And they have said all to him Nay.
Then Certes said he, I dare say,
This is the dearest beast, that I
Saw ever yet: for sikkerly
It cost a thousand pound and maire.
And when the King, and they that were
Of his counsell, saw they might get
No Cattell to their Host to eat.
Then they of fasting had great paine,
To England turned they home againe.
At Melros shupe they for to ly,
And sent before a company,
Three hundreth nere of armed men:
But the Lord Dowglas that was then,
Bestde into a Forrest nere,
Wist of their comming and what they were
And with them of his companie,
Into Melros all hastelie,
He howered into a bushment,
And a right sturdie Frere hes sent,
Without the Yate their comming to se,
And bade him hold him all privie,
While that he saw them commen all,
Right to the cunyie of the Wall:
And cried on hie, Dowglas, Dowglas,
The Frere then forth his wapes taes
That was right darfe, stout, and hardy,
His mickle hode covered hastely
The arming that he on him had,
Upon a stalwart Horse he rade,
And in his hand he had a Speare,
And abade upon that manere,
While that he saw them commen ner,
And when the formest passed were

The cunnie, he cried, Dowglas, Dowglas,
Then to them all, a course he maes,
And bare one dolyne deliberedlie,
Then Dowglas with his companie,
Shed upon them with a shoute.
And when they saw so great a rout,
Come upon them so suddenlie,
They were abased gretumlie:
And gave the backe but more abade.
The Scottishmen among them rade,
And slew all them they might overta,
And great martyrdome there can ma:
And they that scaped were unslaine,
Gone to their Mast went home againe:
And told them what good welcomming,
Dowglas then made at their comming,
Convoying them againe rudelie,
And warned them the plaine barbrie.

Here followed King Robert in fight,
The English King with all his might.

THe King of England, and his men,
That saw their harbreours come then
Rebuted on that great maner.
Annoyed in their hearts they were:
And thought it was a great folie,
Into the wood to take harbrie.
Therefore by Dryburgh in a Plaine:
They harbried them, and syne againe,
Are went to England but delay.
And when the King Robert heard say:
That they were turned home againe,
And how their harbreours were slaine,
In hy an Mast assembled he,
And went forth over the Scots sea:

Eightie thousand he was, and ma,
And eight battels he made of tha:
In ilk battell were ten thousand:
Syne went he forth to England,
And in haill rout he followed fast
The Englith King, while at the last,
He came approaching by Byland,
When at that time there was Ipand,
The King of England with his men,
King Robert that had writting then,
That he lay there with meeble might:
Tranoyntes to on him one night:
That on the morne by it was day,
Commen to the plaine field were they,
Fra Byland a little space:
But betwixt them, and it there was,
A craig bra ftreiked well lang,
And a great Path up for to gang,
Otherwife might they not have way,
To paffe to Bylands Abbay:
But if they paffed far about,
And when the meeble Englith rout,
Heard that the King Robert was neere,
The moft part of them that were there:
Went to the Path to take the bra,
There thought they their defence to ma:
Their Baners there they gart difplay,
And their battels in brade array:
And thought weill to defend the place.
When King Robert perceived hes,
That they them thought for to defend,
Efter his counfell hes he fend.
And asked what was beft to do:
The Lord Dowglas anfwered him to:
And faid, Sir, I will undertta,

That in short time I shall doe sa:
That I shall with yone place plainely:
Syn then gar all yone company,
Came downe to you intō this plaine:
Syn ye shall nevver trow me againe.
The King then said great GOD thē speid:
And he on swith his wapes prēde,
And of the Dast tho mist partie,
Set then alsō his companie:
And held their way toward the place
The Erle of Murray Sir Thomas,
Left his battell, and in great hy,
Set with few men in company,
Came to the Court of the Lord Dowglas,
And ere he entred into the place,
Before them all the place take he:
For he would that men should him se.
And when the good Lord Dowglas,
Saw, that he so commen was.
He praised him thereof greatly,
And welcommed him honorably,
And to the place can togidder ga,
When Englishmen saw them doe sa,
They lighted, and againtit them yeed,
Two knights, that doughtie were indeed,
Thomas of Struthers hight one to name,
And the other Sir Ralph of Cowbane;
Their two knights of good degre,
Came downe before all their menyie:
They were both of full great bountie,
And met their foes right manfullie.
There might men se well other assaile,
And men defend with stout attaile:
And arrowes flee in great full oun,
And they that above were, tumbled doun

Stanes

Stones upon them from the hight.
But they that set both will and might,
To win the Path and prealled sa:
That Sir Ralph Cowbane can ta
The way, right to his Tast in by,
And left Sir Thomas manfully
Defending with great might the place,
While that he so suppriſed was:
That he was tane through hard fighting,
And therefore syne while his ending,
He was renouned the best of hand,
Of one knight, was in all England.
For this ilk Sir Ralph of Cowbane,
In all England he had the name:
For the best knight of that land,
And for Sir Thomas dwelt still fightand,
Where Sir Ralph (as before said we)
Withdrew him above him praised was he.

## The discomfitting of Englishmen, At Bylands Path into the Glen.

THus were they fighting in the place:
And when King Robert, that was
Wise in his deedes, and eke worthie,
Saw his men ay so doughtelie,
The Path upon their foes ta,
And saw his foes defend them sa:
Then gart he all the Irishry,
That were into his company,
Of Argyle, and the Iles alswa,
Sped them in by unto the tra.
He bade them leave the Path hallely,
And climbe up on the Craiges thereby,
And speed them fast the hight to ta,
And in great by they have done sa:

An

And clambe as Gaites up to the bight
And left not for their foes might.
Negre their foes they bare them sa:
That they are gotten abone the bra.
Then faught they wonder fellounlie,
And rushed their foes right furdelie.
There was a right perilous bargaine:
For a Knight hecht Sir John of Britaine
That lighted hes abone the bra,
With his men great defence can ma,
But the Scottishmen can so assaile,
And gave to them so feill battaile:
That they were set in like effray,
That they that fle might, fled away.
Sir John of Britaine there was tane,
And most part of his Menzie slaine,
Of France there were tane Knights two,
The Lord of Sowllie was one of tho:
The other was the Marshall Britaine
That was a right great Lord at hame,
The lave some dead were, and some slaine,
The remnand fled were evertilkane.
And when the King of England,
As yet at Byland was lyand:
Saw his men discomfit plainlie,
He tooke his way in full great hy,
And Southward fled in all his might,
The Scots men chaled him hard, I hight:
And in the chase hes many slaine:
But he quicklie away is gane,
And the most part of his Menzie,
Walter Stewart of great bountie,
Set ay upon his Chevalrie,
With five hundreth in companie,
To Yorke Gates a chase can ma,

And there some of their men can sla:
And abade while neere the night.
To see if any would ish to fight.
And when he saw none would ish out,
He turned againe with all his rout:
And to the Host they went in hy.
That then had tane their harbery,
Into the Abbay of Byland,
And Rewes that were neere by lyand.
They delt among them that was there,
And gave the King of Englands geare,
That he had left into Byland,
All gripped they into their hand:
And made them glad, and eke merrie.
And when the King had tane Harberie
They brought to him their prisoners
All unarmed, as it affeeres:
And when he saw John of Brittaine,
He had at him full great disdaine:
For he of him would speake highly,
At home, and to dispite fullie.
He bade have him away in hy,
And loke he keeped were fraitlie,
And said, were it not that he were
A Captive, as he then was there
His words he should full deare aby,
And he full fast can cry, mercy,
They set him forth without maire,
And kept him while that they were
Commen home to their owne Countrie.
Long after syne ransomed was hee:
For twentie thousand pound to pay,
As I have heard among men say.

When that the King this speech had made,
The French Knights they taken had.

Were

Were brought there before the King,
And he made them faire welcomming,
And said, I wate right well that ye
For your great worthip and bountie,
Came for to see this fechting here:
For sen ye in the Countrie were,
Your strength, your worthip and your might,
Would not thole you sicherly the sight,
And sen that cause led you theretill,
Ane nouther wrath, nor yet ill will,
As friends ye shall received be,
And welcome be all time to me.
They kneeled, and thanked him greatly,
And he gart treat them courteously,
A long while with him them bein be,
And did them honour and bountie,
And when they passed to their land.
Unto the King of France in Pretand,
He sent them quite, but ransome free,
And gifts great to them gave he,
His friends thilgaite courteously.
He could receive, and right humbly,
And his foes stoutlie affoney.
At Byland all that night he lay,
For their victorie all blyth they were,
And on the morne withoutten maire,
They have Southwards tane their way
So far at that time travelled they,
Burning, slaying, and destroying
Their foes, with all their might noying,
While to the wall commen were they,
Syne North againe they tooke the way
And syne homewards in their repare,
They destroyed haill the wall of Bewar,
And syne with pylloners, and Cattell,

Riches, and many faire Jewell,
To Scotland tooke they home their way,
Blith and joyfull of their Pray.
And like man went to his repaire,
Thanking great God of their wellfare,
That they the King of England,
Through worthi and through strength of hand
And through their Kings great bountie,
Discomfist had in his own Countrie.

THus was the Land a while at peace:
But Couetise that cannot cease,
To set men upon fellony,
To gar men come to Newgate,
Great Lords of full great Renowne,
Made a feill Conjuration,
Against Robert the doughtie King,
They thought to bring him to ending:
And for to make after his dead,
The Kintrike, and Rigne in his stead.

Of the great Treasoun the ordaining,
To Robert the Bruce the noble King.

THe Lord Sowles Sir Williame,
Of this dead had most defame:
For principall thereof was he,
Both of assent and crueltie:
And had gotten with him sundrie,
Gilbert Malyerd, and John of Logie,
They were Knights, I tell of here,
And Richard Browne als a Squyer:
And good Sir David the Brechyne,
Was of this dead arested syne,
And I shall tell you furthermare,
But they ware discovered were,
Through a Ladie (as I heard say)

Ere to their purpose come might they:
For he told daily to the King,
Their purpose, and their ordaining,
And when that he should have beene dead,
And Sowles King into his stead:
And told him very takinning,
That this purpose was sothfast thing,
And when the King wist that it was sa,
No subtile purpose can he ta:
That he gart take them ever ilkane.
And where the Lord Sowles was tane,
Three hundreth, and sextie had he,
Of Squyers, cled in his Leverie,
At that time in his companie,
Outtane Knights that were jolie.
Into Barwike taken was he,
Then might men all his Menyie se,
Dole, and wo the soth to say.
The King let them all passe away.
And held them that he taken had.
The Lord Sowles then after made
Plaine granting of that haill purpose.
A Parliament therefore set was,
And hidder brought that Menyie were.
The Lord Sowles hes granted there
The deede, into plaine Parliament,
Therefore some efter he was sent,
To his paines in Dumbartane,
And died in that tower of stane.
Sir Gilbart Malyerd, and Logie,
And Richard Browne, thir three prattelie,
Was with assise there overtane,
Therefore they were drawn ilkane;
And hanged, and headed als thereto.
As men them damned had to do.

And good Sir David the Brechane,
They gart challenge thereafter syne:
And he granted, that of that thing
Was made to him discovering:
But thereto gave he no consent:
But for he heilled their intent,
And discovered it not to the King,
Whome of he held all his holding,
And had made to him fewtie,
Judged to hing, and drawen be
He was, and as they drew him to hing,
The people karly fast can thring,
Him and his mischiefe for to see,
That to behold was great pitie.
Sir Ingrame Vmfrauile that then
Was with the King a Scotishman,
When he that great mischiefe did see:
He said, Lordings where to preasse yee,
To see the mischiefe of this Knight,
That was so worthie and so wight:
For I have seene ma preasse to see,
Him for his Soveraigne bountie:
Than now does for to see him here,
And when thir words spoken were,
With sorp cheare he held him still,
While men had done on him their will.
And syne with lieve of the King,
He brought him menskfully to eirding:
And syne to the King said he:
One thing I pray you, Sir grant to me:
That is, that ye of all my land,
That is into Scotland lyand,
Would give me leave to do my will,
The King some hes said him till,
I will well grant that it so be:

Bat tell me what annoyes thee?
He said againe, grant me mercy,
And I shall tell you it plainely.
Mine heart gives me no more to be,
With you dwelling in this Countrie.
Therefore that it not you grieve,
I pray you hartily of your leave:
For where so Noble and worthie a Knight,
And so Chevalrous and so wight:
And so renowned of worship syne,
As Sir David the good Brechyne,
And so fulfilled of all manhede,
Was put to so villanous a dead:
Mine heart forsoth may not give me,
To dwell for nothing that may be.
The King said, sen that ye will sa
When ever ye will ye may ga:
And you shall have good leave thereto,
Thy liking of thy land to do:
And he him thanked gretumly,
And of his land in full great hy,
As him thought best, disponed he.
Syne at the King of great bountie,
Before them all that with him were,
His leave he take for evermaire.
And went in England to the King,
And he him told all but leesing.
How that the Knights destroyed were,
And all as I told you afore:
And of the Kings Courtesie,
That leaved him debonerlie,
To doe with his land his liking.
In that time were sent fra the King,
Of Scotland, Messingers to treat
For peace, if that they might it get,

As there of tyde before was send,
Suppose they could not bring it to end,
For the King had in his intent,
Den GOD sik grace to him had sent,
That he had winnen all his land,
Through strength of armes to his hand,
That he peace in his land would ma,
And all the land establish sa,
That his aire efter him should be
In peace, if men held their lawtie,
IN this time that the Vntrauile,
As I bare on hand aire whyle,
Came to the King of England,
The Scots Messengers there he fand,
Of peace and rest to have tretile,
The King wist Sir Ingrame was wise,
And asked his counsell thereto:
What he would rede him for to do.
For he said, he was laith to ma
Peace with King Robert Bruce his fa,
While that he denged of him were.
Sir Ingrame made to him answere,
And said, he dealt so courteously,
With me that on no wise should I
Give counsell to his hurting:
Thou behoves nædwise (said the King)
To this thing say thine auise.
Sir (said he) sen your will it is,
That I say wit ye sikkerlie:
For all your great Chevalrie,
To deale with them ye have no might,
His men so worthie are and wight,
For long vlage of feghting,
That have bene nourished in sik thing,
That ilke Yoman is so wight,

Of

Of his, that he is worth a Knight.
But if ye thinke your wære to bring,
To good purpose at your liking:
Long trewes with him take ye:
Then shall the most part of his Menzie,
That are but simple Pemanrie.
Be strenyied all commonlie,
To win their meat with their travill,
And some of them of need mon call
With pleugh, and harrow for to get,
And other Crafres their daylie meat.
So that their arming shall worth old,
And be roussed, destroyed, and sold,
And seill that now of wære are slæ,
Into these long trewes shall die.
And others in their stead shall rise.
That shall ken little of ilk maistries,
And when they thus diffused are,
Then may ye mowe on them new warre.
To this assented they illkane,
And efter some were trewes tane,
Betwirt the two Kings that were,
Taken to last for threttæne yære.
And on the Marches gart them cry,
The Scottishmen kæped them leilely,
But Englishmen upon the sea,
Destroyed through great cruitie,
Marchant shippes that sailling were,
From Scorland to Flanders with waire.
And destroyed the men illkane:
And to their use the goods hes tane,
The King sent oft to have redresse:
But nought thereof redresse there was,
And he abade all time asland.
The trewes on his halfe gart he stand,

Upon the Marches stabilly,
And gart men kæpe them lælely.

Walter Stewart here died hee,
At Paslay eirded syne was hee.

IN this time that the trewes were,
Lesting on Marches (as I said aire)
Walter Stewart that worthie was,
At Bathcat a great sickneslie taes,
His evill wort ay moze and moze,
While men perceived by his soze
That he of næd must pay the det,
That no man for to pay may let.
Shriven, and als repenting well,
When all was done to him like deill,
That Christen men ought for to have
As good Christen, the Gaist he gave.
Then might men heare folke wæpe and cry
And many a Knight and faire Lady,
Morning, and making full evill chere,
So did they all that ever were there,
All men him mæned commonlie,
For of his eild he was worthie.
When long time they their dule had made
The Cozps to Paisly have they had:
And there with great solemnitie,
And with great dule eirded was hee.
GOD for his might his soule mot bring,
Where Joy aye lasteth but ending.

The Erle of Murray and Dowglas,
With their Host commen to Wardel was.

AFter his death (as I said aire)
The trewes that so taken wer:
For to have lested threttæne yære,

When

When two of them were pallid nere,
And an halfe, I trow alswa:
King Robert saw men would not ma.
Nedzelle of shippes that were tane:
And of the men als that were slaine,
Bat ay continued their prantie,
Where ever they met upon the sea:
He sent, and quite him all plainely,
And gave the trewes up openly.
And in vengeance of this trespalle,
The Erle of Murray Dir Thomas,
And Donald Erle of Mar alswa,
And James of Dowglas with them twa,
And James Stewart that leader was,
After his good brothers decease,
Of all his brethers men in were,
He gart upon their best manere,
With many men boun them to ga,
In England, for to burne and sla,
And they held forth sone to England,
They were of good men ten thousand:
And brunt and slew into their way,
Their foes fast destroyed they.
And thusgaite forward can they fare,
To Wardall Parke while they commen are.
That time Edward of Carnauerane
The King, was dead, and laide in Lane.
And Edward his sonne that was ying,
In England crowned then was King:
And surname had of Windsore,
He had in France beene before,
With his mother Dame Issobell,
And was wedded (as I heard tell)
To a young Ladie faire of face,
That the Erles Daughter was

Of Henault, and of that Countrie,
Brought with him men of great bountie
That was right wise, and wight in were.
Sir John de Henault was leader,
And in that time the Scots men were,
At Wardall Parke (as I said aire)
Into Yorke was the new made King,
And heard tell of the destroying,
That Scottishmen made in his Countrie,
A great Host to him gaddered hee:
He was well nere fifte thousand,
Then held he Northward in the land,
In haill battell with that Menzie:
Eightene yere old that time was hee,
The Scots men they had all Cokdaill,
From end to end they harped haill:
And to VVardall againe they rade,
Their Discurreours that sight hes hed,
Of comming of the Englishmen:
To their Lords they told it then
Then the Lord Dowglas in a ling,
Rede swith for to see their comming:
And saw that seven battels were they,
That came riding in good array.
When he the folke beholden had,
Toward his Mast againe he rade.
The Erle spered if he had sene
The Mast? yea Sir (he said) but weene.
What folke are they? Sir, many men.
The Erle his aith hes made even then:
We shall fight with them, yea, though they were
Full mo by far, then they now are,
Sir, loved be God, he said againe:
That we have sik a Capitane,
That so great thing dare underta.

Bat by Saint Bryde, it beis not sa,
If my counsell may rewlit be:
For fight on no maner shall we,
Bat if it be at our avantage,
For me thinke it were no outrage,
To fewer folkes againſt ma,
Advantage when they ma ta:
As they were on this wile speaking,
On an high rig they gan streaking,
Toward them even in battell breade,
Baners and wi displayed they had:
And another comming efter neere,
And right upon the same maneere.
They came while even battels braide,
Out ower that high the passed had.
The Scottishmen were then ryand,
On North haile neere toward Scotland,
The haile was streitned well, I highe,
On ather side there was an highe,
And to the water downe ſpriedeth flay,
The Scottishmen in good array:
On their best wise hashes il kane,
Stod in their strength that they had tane:
And that was fra the Water of Weere,
A quarter of a mile well neere:
There stod they battell to abide.
The Englishmen there on ather side,
Came riding downward, while they were
To Weeres Water cumming neere:
And on the other haile that lies were:
Then bade they made a rest haile there,
And sent out Archers a thousand,
With Hounds and Bolves in their hand:
And gart them well wirrie of the wode,
And bade them gang to byrnet syne

The Scottish Oast in grandoun:
And lowke if they might ding them downe,
For might they gar them breake array,
To have them at their will thought they:
And armed men down with them send
Them at the Water to defend.
The Lord Dowglas hes seene their fare,
And men that right well horsed were,
And armed a great company,
Behind the battell priuily:
He gart bower to abide their comming.
And when he made to them tokenning,
They should come pricking fast, and ta.
With speares all that they might overta:
Donald of Mar their Chiftane was,
And Archbald with him of Dowglas.
The Lord Dowglas toward them rade,
And a gowne on his arming had:
And traversed alwayes up againe:
Them neere his battell for to traine.
And they that drunken had of wine,
Came ay up endlang in a line.
While that the battels came so neere,
That arrowes fallen among them were.
Robert of Ogill a good Squyar,
Came pricking on a good Courlar:
And on the archers cried againe,
Ye wate not who makes you that traine.
It is the Lord Dowglas, that will
Of his playes ken some you till.
When they heard speake of the Dowglas,
The hardiest man efraped was.
And againe turned battle ly.
His taken then he made in by.
And the folke that embushed were,

Do ſtoutly pricked on them there,
That well three hundreth have they ſlaine,
And to the Water home againe
The remanand all can they chaſe.
Dir William of Erskin that was
New made Knight the ſamine day,
Well horſed into good array,
Chaſed with others that were there:
So far-forth, that his horſe him bare
Among the lumpe of Engliſhmen
And with ſtrong hand was taken then,
But of him well ſone chang was made,
Of other men that they taken had:
Fra their Engliſh archers were ſlaine,
Their folke rade to their Maſt againe.
And right ſo did the Lord Dowglas
And when that he repaired was,
They might among their foes ſee,
Their Pauillions ſone ſtented be
Then they perceived ſome in by,
That they that night would take harbry,
And ſhape to doe no more that day:
Therefore them alſo harbred they:
And ſtented Pauillions ſone in by,
Tents and lodges als there by,
They gart make and ſet all on raw,
That day two new things they ſaw,
That before in Scotland had bene nane,
Symbres for Helmes was the ane,
That them thought they of great bountie,
And alſo wonder for to ſee.
The other, Traikes were for weere,
That they before had never eere.
Of thir two things they had ferlie,
That night they watched ſtalwardlie:

The moſt part of them armed lay,
While on the morne that it was day.

The Engliſhmen then vmbethought,
Vpon what maner that they mought,
Gar the Scots leave their advantage,
For they thought tolle, and outrage,
To gang vp to them to aſſaile.
Them at their ſtrength in plaine battaile
Therefore of gode men a thouſand,
Armed on horſe both ſwt and hand,
They ſent before, their foes to be,
Enbuſhed into a valley:
And ſhupe their battell as they would
Vpon them to the feghting hald.
For they thought Scottiſhmen of ſik will,
That they might not hold them ſtill,
For they knew them of ſik courage:
That they ſhould leave ſtrength and auantage
And meete them in the field plat nely.
Then ſhould their buſhment baſtely,
Behind breke on them at the bache,
So thought they well they ſhould them wrack
And make them to repent their play,
Their embuſhment forth ſent they,
And them embuſhed prially.
And on the morne ſome deill arly,
Into the Hoſt gone trumped they:
And gart their battells braide array,
And held toward the Water right,
And well arrayed for to fight.
The Scottiſhmen that ſaw them la,
Bowne on their beſt wiſe can them ma.
And in their battell well arrayed,
With Banners to the wind diſplayed,
They left their ſtrength, and all plainely

To feght they shupe them hastely,
In als good maner as they mought,
Right as their foes before had thought.
But the Lord Dowglas, that ay where,
Set out watches heere and there.
To wit of their enbushment,
Then in great hy some is hee went,
Before the battalls, and sturdelie,
Hee bade ilk man turne them in hy.
Right as they stood, them turned hee so
Up to the Strength hee bade them go:
So that no let bee therein made:
And they did as they bidding had.
Then turned they with meekle paine,
While to their strength they came againe:
And stood ready to give battaile,
If their foes would them assaile.
When Englishmen hes seene them so,
Toward their strength againe up go.
They cried hie, they flee away,
Sir John of Henault said, perfay
Yone fleeing is right Tragedie,
Their armed men behind I see,
And their Baners so that they there,
Shall turne them, as they standing were:
And bee arrayed for the fight,
If any would them preasse with might.
They have seene our enbushment,
And againe to their strength are went.
Yone folke are governed wittelie,
For hee that leades them is worthie,
For avise, wit, and wisedome,
To governe the Empire of Rome.
This spake that worthie Knight that day:
And the enbushment, so that they

Saw that they so discovered were
Toward their Host againe they fare.
And the battels of Englishmen,
When they saw that they failzied then
Of their purpose, to their Harbrie
They went and lodged them in hy.
On either halfe right so did they,
They made no more debate that day.

When they that day oberdriven had,
Fires in great fusion they made:
Als soone as night fallen was,
Then the good Lord of Dowglas,
That spied had a place thereby
But two myle hine where most trustily,
The Scottishmen might harbrie ta:
And defend them better alswa,
Then els, in any place them by,
It was a Parke, that hailely,
Was invironed about with wall,
It was neere full of trees all:
But a great Plaine into it was,
Bidder thought the Lord Dowglas
By night all their Host to bring:
Therefore without more dwelling,
They bet their fires, and made them pare:
And syne togidder swith can fare.
And to the Parke without tinsall
They came, and harbried them all haill
Upon the water, and als neere
To it, as they before were.
And on the morne when it was day,
The English Host missed away
The Scottishmen, and had ferlie,
And gart Miscurreours hastely
Passe to see where they were away,

And

And by their fires perceived they,
That they in the Parke of Wardaill,
Had gart harbry their Host all haill:
Therefore their Host but more abade
Busked, and even ament them rade,
On other side the Water of Weere,
Gart stint their Pavilloons all neere,
As of before stinted were they,
Eight dayes on this wise they lay:
That Englishmen durst not assaile,
The Scottishmen in plaine battaill.
For strength of eird that they had there,
There was like day nakins of weere,
And skirmising full appartly,
And men tane on either party,
And they that tane were on ane day,
On another changed were they.
But other deeds were not done.
That greatlie heere are for to mone,
While it fell on the ninth day,
The Lord Dowglas hes spied a way,
How that he might about them ride.
And come on them at the Forrest side,
And at Even purvayed hee,
And tooke with him a great Menzie:
Five hundreth on Horse wight and hardy,
And on the night all privilie,
Without noyse or din hee rade,
While that he neere enbyroned had
Their Host, and on the Forrest syde,
Toward them fiercle can he tyde:
And the maist part that with him were,
Bare in their hands swords bare,
And bade them hew Pavilions in twa,
That they the Pavilions might ma,

To fall on them that in them were:
Then should the leave that Forayours are
Strike downe with speares sturdely,
And when they heard his Horne in hy,
To the Water held downe the way:
When this was said (as I heard say)
Toward their foes fast they ride,
That on that side no watches had.
And as they were nere approaching,
An Englishman that lay baking
Him by a fire, said to his Fere:
I wate not what my tide us here:
But a great growing me taes:
I dreede me sore for blacke Dowglas,
And he that heard him, said perfay,
Thou shalt have cause, gif that I may:
By that, with all his company:
He rushed on them hardely,
And proud Pavillions downe he bare,
And with speares that sharply share,
They sticked men despiteously.
The noise gone raise, and als the skry:
They stobbed, sticked, and they slew.
And many Pavillions downe they threw:
And felloun slaughter made they there.
For they that lying naked were,
Had no poure defence to ma,
And but pitie they can them sla,
They gart them twit that great foly
Was, nere there foes for to ly
But gif they straitly watched were.
The Scottishmen were slaying there
Their foes, on this wise, while the cry
Was through the Oast all commonly,
That Lords, and others were on steere,

And

And when the Dowglas wist they were
Armed, then all commonly,
He blew his horne then to rely
His men, and bade them hold their way,
Toward the Water, and so did they.
And he abade hindmest to se,
Lest any of his leaved should be.
And as he abade so how and,
There came a Carle with Club in hand,
And so great routtes to him raught,
That had not bene his mekle maught,
And his right Soberaigne great manhead,
Into that place he had bene dead.
His men that to the Water down
Were ridden right in a randoun,
Pilled their Lord, when they came there.
They were dreading for him full saire.
Ilkone at other spered tything,
But yet of him they hard nothing.
Then can they counsell togidder ta,
That they to seeke him up would ga:
And as they were in that effray,
A towting of his horne heard they.
And they that have it knowne swyth,
Were of his comming wonder blyth:
And speered at him of his abade:
And he told how a Carle him made,
With his Club so felloun pay,
That met him stoutlie on the way:
That had not God helped him the maire,
He had bene in great perill there.
Thus gaite speaking they held their way,
While to their Mast commen are they:
That one swt armed on them bade,
For to help gif they misser had,

And

And allone as the Lord Dowglas,
Met with the Erle of Murray was,
The Erle spæred at him tything,
How he had farde in his outting:
Sir (said he) we have drawn blod:
The Erle that was of noble mode,
Said, and we all had bidder gane,
We had destroyed them ilkane.
It might have fallen well (said he)
But sikkerly a new were we,
To put us in pone aventure:
For had they made discomfiture
On us, that ponder passed were,
It might have stonight them that are here.
The Erle said, sen it so is,
That we may not with jeopardies,
Our fellown foes force assaile:
We shall it doe in plaine battaile:
The Lord Dowglas said, by Sainct Bryde,
It were great folp at this tide
To us, with sik an Mast to fight:
That ilke day growes of meze might,
And pittle hes at all plentie:
And in the countrie here are we,
Where there may come to us no succours,
Hard is to make us here re course,
For we not forray may not get meat,
Sik as we have here, mon we eat.
Doe we with our foes therefore,
That are lying here us before,
As I heard tell this other yere,
How that a Fore did with a fisher,
How did the Fore, the Erle can say?
He said, a Fisher whylum lay,
Beside a River fish to get,

His

His nets then he had there set,
A little Ludge there had he made,
And there within a bed he had.
And eke a little fire alswa,
And one dore was withoutten ma.
One night his nettes for to se.
He raise, and well long dwelt he,
And when he had done his dede,
Towards his Ludge againe he yede,
And with the light of the little fire,
That in the Ludge was burning shyre,
Into the Ludge a Fore he saw,
That fast in can a Salmond draw,
Then to the dore he went in hy,
And drew a sword deliverly:
And said, Traiter, thou mon here lout.
The Fore that was in full great dout,
Lokèd about him hole to se,
But none ish forth there could get he:
But where the man stod sturdy.
A Mantle he perceived him by.
Lying upon the bed, he saw,
And with his teeth he can it draw
Out over the fire, and when the man
Saw his Mantle ly burning then,
To rid it ran he hastely.
The Fore gat out then in great hy,
And held his way his warrand till,
The man thought him beguiled ill,
That he his Salmond so hes tint,
And also had his Mantle brint:
And the Fore harmlesse got away.
This Example I may well say.
By yone folke, and us that are here.
We are the Fore, they are the Fisher,

That stækes before us the way,
They thinke we may not get away:
But right where that they ly Parde:
Yet as they thinke, it shall not be.
For I have gart spy us a gaite,
Suppose that it be somedeill wat,
That not a Page of ours shall tine,
Our foes for this small tranopnting,
Weenes that we shall pride us sa,
That we plainlie on hand shall ta,
To give them open plaine battell.
But at this time their thought shall faill:
For we the morne and all this day,
Shall make als merie as we may:
And make us bowne against the night,
And then gar make our fires bright,
And blow our Hornes, and make faire,
As all the World our owne it were,
While that the night well fallen bar,
And then with all our Harnesse wae
Shall take our way homeward in by:
And altogidder hold sikerlie,
While we be out of their danger,
That thinks us now enclosed here:
And we shall be at our own will,
And we shall thinke them trumped ill,
Fra they wit well we be away.
To this haillely assented they,
And made them good cheare all that night
While on the morne that day was light.

¶ Upon the morne all privillis.

They turst Harnesse, and made ready,
So that ere Even all bowne were they.
Their foes that against them lay,
Earely ave their men that were there dead,

In Carts to an hallowed Steed
The Volks both all that day were
In peace till that the night was nére.
The Scots Volk that lying were
Into the Parke made Feast and Fare.
And blew Hornes and fires made,
And gart them burne both bright & brade
So that their fires that might was maire,
Than any time before there were.
And when the night was fallen well,
With all their Harnelle éverilke deille,
All prídilie they rade their way,
Syne in a Volle ſone entred they:
That was well two mile of bread,
Out over the Volle on ſote they péde:
And in their hand their Horſe led they,
It was a full great noyſome way
But Flaikes in the Wood they made
Of wands, and them with them had:
And ſykes therewith brigged they:
And ſo had well their horſe away.
On ſik wiſe that all that there were,
Come through the Volle both haill and fére:
And tint but little of their geare,
But if it were an olde Dowmére
That in the Volle was left lyand,
When all (as I habe borne on hand)
Out over the Volle that was ſo brade
Were commen, great gladneſſe they had,
And rade forth homeward on their way.
And on the morne when it was day,
The Engliſhmen ſaw the Harbrie,
Where Scottiſhmen before can ly,
All voide: and woundred greitlie then,
And ſent forth ſundrie of their men.

Whyle

While at the last their trace fand they,
And gote that they were gone away,
That to a mickle Holle them had,
That was so hiddeous for to waid:
That aventure of them durst none:
But to their Host againe is gone,
And told how that they passed were,
Where never man had passed aire.
When Englishmen heard it was sa,
In hy to counsell can they ga,
That they would follow them no maire,
Their Host right then they shailled there,
And like man to his owne they rade,
Bing Robert then that witting had,
That his men so in the Parke lay,
And what mischiefe then at were they:
An Host assembled he in hy,
Ten thousand men wight and hardy:
And sent them forth with Erles twa,
Of Strathame, and Angus were they,
The Host in Wardaile to releive:
And if they might so well enchæve:
That samine night that mæte might they,
They thought their foes to essay,
So fell it on that samine day,
That the Holle (as ye heard me say)
Was past: the Discurreours that there,
Ryding before the Holts were,
On ather Host hes gotten a sight,
And they that worthy were and wight,
At their mæting justed of wære:
Enseinzies hie they cried their,
And by their cry perceived they:
That they were friends, and no fay.
Then might men se them glad and blyth,

And

And toldit to their Lords swyth,
The Hosts met both togider syne,
There was right homelie welcomming,
Made among great Lords there:
Of their meeting joyfull they were:
The Erle Patrike, and his Menzie,
Had vittaile with great plentie.
And gaue it to them with glad cheare,
Thus went they homeward haile and feer,
Destroying the Countrie in their way,
In Scotland well commen are they.
The Lords went then all to the King,
That made them right faire welcomming,
For of their comming right glad was he:
And that they with sik propertie,
Withoutten tinsall escaped had,
They were blith, merie and glad.

How King Robert assembled there,
Three Hosts in England for to fare.

SOone efter that the Erle Thomas,
From Wardall thus repaired was,
The King assembled all his might,
And left non that was worthie to fight.
A great Host there assembled he,
And delt his Host in parts three.
One part to Norame went but let.
And there a stalward Siege they set:
And held them right in at their dyke;
Another part unto Anuike
Is went, and there a Siege set they,
And while that there the Seige lay,
At the Castell (as I said aire)
Part of assaults made they there:
And mony faire Chevalrie,

Eschcheved

Enchéved was full doughtely,
The King at the Caſtell lyand
Left his folke (as I bowe on hand)
And with the third Maſt held his way,
Fra Parke to Parke, him for to play:
Hwnting, as all his owne it were.
And to them that were with him there,
The Lands of Northumberland,
That next to Scotland was lyand
In fée, and heritage gaue he:
And they paped for the Deales fée.
On this wiſe rade he deſtroyand,
Whyle that the King af England,
Through counſell of the Mortymer,
And his Mother, that that time were,
Leaders to him, that then young was,
To King Robert to treat of peace,
Sent Meſſengers, and ſo ſped they,
That he aſſented on this way,
Then a perpetuall peace to take.
And they a mariage ſhould make,
With King Roberts ſonne Dauy,
That fyve yéres old was then ſurely
And of Dame Jane als of the towre,
That ſyne was of ſo great valour:
Siſter ſhe was to the young King,
That England had in goberning,
That had in eild then ſeven yére:
And King Robert for skaithes ſér,
That he did to them of England,
Had done in twére through ſtalward hand,
Twentie thouſand pound ſhall pay,
Of ſilver, and gold, and good money.
When men thir things ſpoken had,
And with Deales and oths made,

Déling

Deling of friendſhip and of peace,
For any cauſe it ſhould never ceaſe,
The Marriage then gart ordaine they
To be in Barwike and the day
They haue ſet, when that it ſhould be:
Syne went ilk man to his Countrie,
Thus made was peace, where were was aire:
And ſyne the Sieges raiſed were.
The King ordained for to pay,
The Silver, and againſt the day,
He gart well for the Mandery,
Ordaine when his ſonne Dauy,
Should wedded be: and the Erle Thomas,
And als the good Lord of Dowglas,
Into his ſtead ſyne ordainde he,
Deviſers of the Feaſt to be:
For his ſikneſſe tooke him ſo ſaire:
That on no wiſe might he be there.
His ſickneſſe came of a fundying,
He had tane through his cold lying.
When in his great miſchiefe was he,
He felt that hard perplexitie.
At Cardroſſe all that time he lay.
And when nere commen was the day,
That ordainde for the wedding was,
The Erle, and the Lord Dowglas,
To Barwike came with meikle fare,
And brought young David with them there.
The Queene, and with her the Mortimer,
On the other partie commen were.
With great effere, and Royaltie,
The young ladie of great beautie,
Bidder came with rich affere,
The wedding have they made right there:
With great feaſt and ſolemnitie.

There

There might men myth, and gladneſſe ſe:
For full great Feaſting made they there,
And Scottiſhmen, and Engliſh were.
Togidder in ioy, and ſolace:
No ſelloun ſpeche betwixt them was.
The Feaſt a well long time held they,
And when they bushed to fare away,
The Quæne hes her Doughter left there,
With great riches, and Royall fare,
I trow that long time no Lady
To houſe was giben ſo richly,
The Erle, and the Lord Dowglas,
Her in great daintie receibed hes
As it was worthy ſekerly.
For ſhe was ſyne the beſt Ladie,
And the faireſt that men might ſe
Efter this great ſolemnitie,
When on both ſydes the lieve was tane,
The Quæne to England home is gane:
And had with her the Mortymer,
The Erle, and they that leaved were,
When a while they her conuoyed had,
Toward Barwike againe they rade:
And ſyne with all their company,
Toward the King they went in hy:
And had with them the ponng Dauy,
And als Dame Jane the ponng Lady.
The King made them faire welcoming,
And efter but long delaying,
He hes gart ſet a Parliament,
And hidder with many men is went:
For he thought he would in his life,
Crolwne his ponng Sonne, and his Wife,
At that Parliament, and ſo did he,
With great fare and ſolemnitie.

The

The King David was crowned there,
And all his Lords that there were:
And also all the Commontie,
Bade him homage, and fewtie:
And before that they crowned were,
King Robert gart ordaine there:
If it fell that his sonne Davy,
Died but Aire Male of his body:
That Robert Stewart should be,
King, and bruke the Royaltie,
That his Doughter bare in matrimony.
And that this Taityie should lelely
Be holden, all the Lords sware,
And with their Seales affirmed it there.
And if it happed Robert the King,
To passe to God while they were ying,
The good Erle of Murray Sir Thomas,
While the Lord also of Dowglas,
While they had will to stere their Reigne,
Shold have them into governing.
And then the Lordship they should ta,
Hereto their aiths can they ma:
And all the Lords that were there,
To tha twa Wardanes aiths sware,
To obey them into Lawtie,
If it happed them Wardanes to be.
When all this thing thus treated was,
And affirmed with sikernes,
The King to Cardros went in hy,
And there him tuke so suddenly
His sickneſſe, and him trauelde sa;
That he wist him behoved ma
Of all this life the common end.
That is the death, when GOD will send:
Therefore his Letters sone sent he,

For

For all the Lords of his Countrie:
And they came as he bidden had.
His Testament then hes he made,
Before both Lords and Prelats,
And to Religious of seir Estates.
For haill of his soule gave he
Silver into great quantitie.
He Ordeinde for his soule right well:
And when this was doneilk daill:
Lords (he said) so it is gone
With me, that there is nought but one,
That is the death withoutten dreed.
That ilk man shall thole on need,
And I thanke God that hes me sent
Space in our life here to repent,
For through me and my wering,
Of blod there hes bene great spilling:
Where many sakleſſe man was slaine,
Therefore this sikneſſe and this paine,
I take in thanke for my trespalle,
And mine heart firmlie set was,
When I was in prosperitie,
From my sinnes to saved be
To travill upon Gods saes,
And sen he me now to him taes,
That the body may on no wise,
Performe that the heart can devise,
I would mine heart were hidder sent,
Wherein conceived was that intent,
Therefore I pray you everilkane.
That ye among you all chuse ane,
That be honeſt, wise and wight,
And of his hands a Noble knight,
On Gods foes mine heart to beare.
When soule and bodie disseuered are.

For

For I would it were worthelie
Had there: sen God will nought, that I,
Had power hidderward to goe:
Then were their hearts all so woe,
That none might hold them from greting
He bade them leave their sorrowing,
For it (he said) might not relive,
And might themselves greitlie grieve.
He prayed them in hy to do
The thing that they were charged to.
Then went they swith with derie made
And among them they thought it good,
That the worthie Lord Dowglas,
Whom in both wit and worthy was,
Should take the travell upon hand,
Hereto they were all accordand,
And to the King they went in hy,
And told him that they thought truely:
That the doughtie Lord Dowglas,
Best ordainde for that travell was,
And when the King heard, that they sa,
Had ordainde him his heart to ta,
That he most earned should it have,
(He said) so God himselfe me save,
I hold mee right well payed that ye,
Have chosen him for his bountie,
For Certes it hes bene my yarning,
Ay sen I thought to do this thing,
That he mine heart should with him beare;
And sen ye all attented are,
It is the more liking to mee,
Let see now what thereto sayes he,
And when the Lord of Dowglas,
Wist that the King thus spoken hes,
He came and kneeled to the King,

And on this wise made his talking.
I thanke you greatly (Lord) said he,
Of many larges and great bountie,
That ye have done to mee feill syse,
Sen first I came to your service:
But over all thing, I make thanking,
That ye so digne and worthie a thing,
As your heart, that illuminate was,
With all bountie, and worthinesse
Will that I in my keping take,
For you right blithly will I make
This travell, if God will me give
Laiser, and space so long to live.
The King him thanked tenderlie,
There was none in that companie,
That wæped not for great pitie,
That was greit sorrow for to see.

Here died King Robert, and was syne
Solemnedly buried in Dumferling.

When the Lord Dowglas, in this wise,
Hes undertane so hie Empryse:
As the good Kings heart to beare,
On Gods foes for to weare,
Praised for his Empyre was he.
And the Kings infirmitie,
Wart more and more, while at the last,
The dulefull death approached fast,
And when he had gart doe him to,
All that good Christen men should do.
With true repentance then he gave
The gaist whilke God to Heaven mot have,
Among his Chosen for to be,
In Joye, solace, and Angels glee:
And fra his folke wist he was dead,

The

The ſorrow raiſe from ſtead to ſtead,
There might men ſee men rive their haird,
And comlie knights greete full ſaire,
And their hands togidder dirke,
And as wood men their claithes ryve,
Regarding his worthie bountie,
His wit, his ſtrength, and honeſtie,
And over all the greit companie,
That he oft made them courteouſlie.
All our defence they ſaid, alas,
And he that haill our comfort was,
Our wit, our heale, our governing,
Is brought alace here to ending.
His worſhip, and his mickle might,
Made all that were with him ſo wight.
That they might never abaſed be,
While before them they might him ſee.
Alace, what ſhall we doe or ſay:
For in life while he lasted ay
With all our foes dred were we:
And into many other Countrie
Of our Worſhip ran the renowne:
And that was all for his Perſonn,
With ſike words they made their mane.
And ſikerlie wonder was nane:
For better Governour than he.
Sight in no Countrie founden be:
I hope that none that is on life,
The lament, and ſorrow can deſerve,
That tha folke for their Lord made.
And when that they long ſorrowed had,
And he bowelled was cleanely,
And balmed ſyne full richly,
The worthy Lord, the good Douglas,
His heart (as it forſpoken was)

He was receiued in great dignitie,
With great faire and Solemnitie.
They have him had to Dumfereline,
And him solemnedly cirned syne.
And in a faire Tombe in the Quiere,
Bishops and Prelats they there were
Assolyied him when the Seruice
Was done, as they could best devise:
And syne upon the other day,
Dozie, and wa they went away.

Here bouned the Lord Dowglas forwart,
To the haly Land with the Bruces Heart.

When that the good King buried was,
The Erle of Murray Sir Thomas,
Toke all the Land in governing,
And all obeyed to his bidding,
And the good Lord of Dowglas syne,
Cart make a Case of gold right fyne:
Enamalled through sylklatie:
Therein the Kings heart put he,
And ay about his halse it bare,
And fast he bouned him for to fare,
His Testament debiled he,
And ordained his lands should be
Goberned, while his saine comyn,
By friendes, and all other thing,
That to him pertained any wise,
With sik forezight as men could devise,
Ere his forth palling ordained he,
That nothing might amended be.
And when that he his leve bes tane,
To shipe at Barwike is he gane:
And with him a Noble compane,
Of Knights, and of Squyery,

He

He put him in hy to the Sea,
A long way forward sailed he,
Betwirt Cornewall, and Bartanyie,
He sailed, and left the ground of Spainyie,
On North halke him, and held their way,
While to Massillie ground came they,
But greatly was his men, and he,
Travelled with tempests on the Sea:
But though they greatly grieved were,
Haill and feare they commen are,
And landed at the great Sivile;
And after it a little whyle,
Their horse to land they gard illkane,
And in the toune hes harberyt tane;
And him conveyed right richly:
For he had a faire company,
And gold enough for to dispend,
The King Alphonse efter him send,
And him right well received he,
And proffered him in great plentie,
Gold and silver, horse and arming:
But he thereof would take nothing,
For he said, he tuke that voyage,
To passe into his pilgrimage,
On Gods foes, that his travell,
Night after to his Saull availe.
And sen he wist that he had weare
With Saracens that dwelled there,
To help him was his will haillly.
The King him thanked courteously,
And betaught him good men that were
Well knowen with the lands weare,
And the maner of the land allswa,
Syne to his Innes can he ga.
And well good Sojourne there he made,

And mækle treating als he had.
Knights that came of far Countrie,
Came in great routtes him to sée,
And honoured him full gretumly:
And ouer all men most Soberainely,
The English Knights that were there,
Him honoured, and great company bare;
Among them all was one strong Knight,
That was holden so wonder wight,
That for one of the best was he;
Praised of all Christaintie,
So fast to hewen was all his face,
That it well nære all wounded was.
Ere he the Lord Dowglas had sæne.
He weind his face had all wounded bene:
But never a hurt in it had he.
When he unwounded can it sée,
He said, that he had great ferly,
That sik a Knight and so worthy,
And praised of so great bountie,
Might in his face unwounded be.
And mækely thereto answered he,
And said, God lent me hands to beare,
Wherewith I might my head wære,
Thus made he courteous answering,
With a right hie understanding:
That for default of Fence it was,
That so evill hewen was his face.
The good Knights that then were by,
Praised his answere gretumly:
For it was made with small speaking,
And had right hie understanding.

The judging of the Lord Dowglas,
That in his time ſa worthie was.

VPon this maner ſtill they lay,
¶While throngh the Countrie they heard ſay,
That the King of Palmeryn,
¶With mony a mody Saracene,
¶Was entred in the land of Spaine:
All haill the Countrie to demaine.
The King of Spaine on the other party,
Gaddered his Oaſt deliberly,
And delt them into batteles thrie.
And to the Lord Dowglas gave he.
The Vangard for to lead and ſtere,
And all the ſtrangers that with him were:
And the great Maiſter of Sainct Jake
The other battell gart he take.
The Reeregard made himſelfe there,
And thus devided, forth they fare.
To meete their foes that in battaile
Arrayed was, ready to aſſaile,
And came againſt them ſturdely.
The Dowglas then that was worthy,
¶When he to them of his leading,
Had made a faire admoniſhing.
To doe well, and no dead to dreede,
For Heavens bliſſe ſhould be their meede,
If that they died in Gods ſervice.
Then as good weerryours, and wiſe.
¶With them ſtoutlie aſſembled he.
There men might felloun feghting ſee,
For all they were wight and hardie,
That were on the Chriſtian partie,
But ere they ioyned in battell.
¶What the Dowglas did, I ſhall you tell.

¶The Bruces Heart that on his breſt

Was hinging, in the field he kest,
Upon a stone-cast, and more before
And said, Now passe thou forth before,
As thou was wont in field to be,
And I shall follow, or else die:
And so he did withoutten ho,
He faught even while he came it to,
And tooke it up in great daintie,
And ever in field this used he,
So fast they faught with all their maine,
That of their servants many were slaine,
The whilke with many fell fusioun,
Many a Christian dang they downe,
But at the last the Lord Dowglas,
And the Christians that with him was,
Prassed upon the Saracenes sa,
That they haillie the flight can ta.
And they chased with all their maine,
And many in the chase was slaine.
So farre chased the Lord, Dowglas,
With few folkes that he passed was,
Forth far from them that chased then,
He had not with him, but skant ten,
Of all men that were with him there,
When he saw all repared were:
Toward his Host syne turned he,
And as he turned, can well see,
That all the Chaillers turned againe:
And they rælled with mickle paine.
And as the good Lord of Dowglas,
(As I said aire) reparing was.
So saw he right before him nere,
Where that Sir William de Sincleere,
With a great rout inuironed was.
He was annoyed, and said, alas,

Pone

Pone worthie Knight will sone be dead,
But he have helpe through our manhead,
Let us then helpe him now in hy,
Sen that we are so neere him by,
And I wate well our intent is,
To live and die in Gods service.
His will in all thing doe shall we.
There shall no perill eschewed be,
While he be put out of pone paine,
Or then we shall be with him slaine.
With that with speares right speedely,
They strake the Horse in full greit hy:
Among the Saracenes they rate,
And rome about them have they made,
They dang on fast with all their might,
And feill of them to death were dight,
Greiter defence made never so wheene,
Against so feull, it was right seene,
While they might last to give battaile,
There might no worship there availe,
That time, for slaine was ilkane there:
The Saracenes so many were,
That they were twentie large for ane,
The good Lord Dowglas there was slaine,
And Sir William Sinclare alswa:
And other worthie Knights twa,
Sir Robert Logane, hecht the ane,
And the other Walter Logane,
Wherefore our Lord with meekle might,
Their soules have to the Heavens hight.
The good Lord Dowglas thus was dead,
And the Saracenes on that stead,
Abade no more, but held their wap,
Their Knights dead there some leave they.
Some of the good Lord Dowglas men,

That their Lord dead had founden then,
Pæd nære all wood for dule and woe,
Long for him they sorrowed so,
And syne with great dule home him bare,
And the Kings Heart have they founden there.
And that home with them have they tane,
And are toward their Innes gane,
With græting and with evill cheare,
That sorrow and griefe it was to heare:
And of Keith good Sir Williame,
That all that day had bëene at hame
For at so great disease was he,
That he came not to that Journie,
For his arme was broken in twa,
When he tha folkes fik dule saw ma,
He asked what it was in hy,
And they told him all openly,
How that their doughtie Lord was slaine,
With Saracens that had turned againe,
And when he wist that it was so,
Attour all other he was most woe:
And made a wonder evill cheare,
That all wondred that by him were.
But to tell of their sorrowing,
Annoyes, and pe'pes but little thing,
Men might well wit though none them told
What dule and sorrow men make wold,
For to tine sike a Lord as he
Was unto them of his mensie,
For he was swëete and debonaire,
And well could treat his frinds fare,
And his foes right fellounlie,
Astonish through his great Chevalrie:
For of full little feare was he,
But over all thing he loved Lawtie:

At

At treasoun growed so greatly,
That no traitour might be him by,
But he thould wit that he should be,
Well punisht for his traitourie.
I trow the Lord Fabricius,
That from Rome to Wærray Pirrhus,
Was sent with a great Menyie,
Hated treasoun no lesse than he.
The whilke when that Pirrhus had
On him, and on his Menzie made,
An outragious discomfiture,
When he escaped through aventure
And mony of his men were slaine:
And he had gaddered his Host againe,
A great maister of Medicine,
That Pirrhus had in goberning,
Profered unto Fabritius,
In treasoun for to slay Pirrhus,
For in his first potatioun,
He should give him deadly poysoun,
Fabricius that wonder had,
That he sik proffer to him made,
Said, Certes, Rome is mickle of might,
Through strength of armes for to fight,
To vanquish well their foes, though they
Consent to Treasoun by no way:
And for thou would doe that Treasoun,
Thou shalt go fetch the warisoun,
Even at Pirrhus, and let him do
What ever him lies in heart thereto.
Then to Pirrhus he sent in hy,
This Maister, and gart him openly,
From end to end, tell all his tale.
When Pirrhus had it heard all haill:
He said, was never man that sa,

For Lawtie bure him to his fa:
As here Fabricius beares to me.
It is als ill to gar him be
Turned fra way of righteousnesse,
Or to consent to wickednesse,
As at middap to turne againe
The sunne, that rinnes his course all plaine
Thus said he of Fabricius,
That syne banquisht this same Pirrhus,
In plaine battell through hard fighting:
His honest lawtie gart me bring,
In this Example now, for he
Had Soveraigne praise of true Lawtie:
And right so had the Lord Dowglas,
That honest, leele, and worthy was,
That was dead, as before said we,
Men mered him in ilk Countrie:
When his men had made mourning,
They bowelled him but delaying,
And gart seeth him, that might be tane
The flesh all quite eben fra the bane.
The Corps there in a holy place,
Cirded with great worship was.
The bones have they with them tane,
And syne are to their shipps gane.
When they were leaved of the King,
That dule had of their severing,
To Sea they went, good wind they had,
Their course to England have they made,
And there safely arrived they.
Syne toward Scotland held their way,
And there they are commen in great by,
And the bones right honourably,
Into the Kirk of Dowglas there
Cirded, with dule and mickle care.

Sir Archbald his brother gart syne,
Of Allabast both faire and fine.
Ordainde a Tombe full richly:
As it effæred to so worthy.

The Erle of Murray died here,
Through Poysoun given by a false Frere.

When that on this wise Sir Williame
Of Keith, had brought the bones hame,
And the good Kings Heart alswa,
And had gart men richly ma,
With faire affære, a Sepulture;
The Erle of Murray that the cure
That time of Scotland had haillly,
With great worship hes gart bury
The Kings Heart in the Abbay,
Of Melros where men do pray ay,
That he, and his have Paradise.
When this was done, as I devise,
The good Erle governed all the land,
And held the peace well to warrand,
The Lawes so well maintained he,
And held in peace so the Countrie,
That it was never led ere his day
So well, as I heard old men say,
But syne alas poysoned was he,
By a false Monk full traiterously.
Thir Lords died upon this wise,
He that Lord of all thing is,
Up to his joyfull blisse them bring,
And grant us grace, that their offspring
Lead well the land: and intentife
Be, for to follow in all their life,
Their Noble Elders great bountie.

The

The onefald GOD in Trinitie,
May bring us up to Heavens blisse,
Where alway joy and resting is. Amen.

Here endes the Booke of the Noblest King,
That ever in Scotland yet did ring,
Called King Robert the Bruce,
That was maist worthie of all race,
And of the Noble good Lord Dowglas,
And many ma that with him was.

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